"Of more value,
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags."
Shakespeare.

EDITED BY R.H. STODDARD.

The Sans Souci Series

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO.

743 & 745 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

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SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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Sans-Souci Series

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

EDITED BY

H. E. SCUDDER

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NEW YORK
SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, AND COMPANY
1876

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This is taken from "The Westminster Magazine," London, for February, 1778, and is a satire aimed at the inactivity of the British forces during their occupation of Philadelphia, the winter of 1777-78. The following is the explanation printed in the magazine.

I. The commerce of Great Britain, represented in the figure of a milch cow.

II. The American Congress sawing off her horns, which are her natural strength and defence; the one being already gone, the other just agoing.

III. The jolly plump Dutchman milking the poor tame cow with great glee.

IV., V. The Frenchman and Spaniard, each catching at their respective shares of the produce, and running away with bowls brimming full, laughing to one another at their success.

VI. The good ship "Eagle" laid up, and moved at some distance from Philadelphia, without sails or guns, and showing nothing but naked port-holes: all the rest of the fleet invisible, nobody knows where.

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VII. The two brothers napping it, one against the other, in the city of Philadelphia, out of sight of fleet and army.

VIII. The British Lion lying on the ground, fast asleep, so that a pug dog tramples upon him as on a lifeless log. He seems to see nothing, hear nothing, and feel nothing.

IX. A free Englishman in mourning, standing by him, wringing his hands, casting up his eyes in despondency and despair, but unable to rouse the Lion to correct all these invaders of his royal prerogative, and his subjects' property.

It is unnecessary to add any commentary upon the above, the whole being too fully verified and demonstrated by daily authentic intelligence from all quarters; and by the speeches, arguments, and solemn declarations delivered in the great assemblies, which are inserted in this magazine, and will be continued in our next publication. If any thing could yet be wanting to give the most perfect confirmation of the design of the picture, the minister's recent motion and introductory speech, and the measures now pursuing in consequence thereof, are irrefragable proof, from which there can be no appeal.

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PREFACE.

IT is not impossible that the interest which we take in the trivialities of our ancestors' lives is due somewhat to the indifference which our ancestors themselves showed toward preserving what now we so eagerly search after. Had the men and women of a hundred years ago, whom we now scrutinize so diligently, been more self-conscious, it is possible that they would not have lived with quite the same freedom to do great deeds, or to suffer patiently. In saying this, we seem half to reflect upon our own generation, which can scarcely be obscure, one would say, to the descendants who celebrate its deeds a hundred years hence. The novels of society, the familiar reports of every-day doings, the records in the illustrated papers, the magpie-like garnerings of libraries and historical societies, will surely embarrass the *chiffonier* who scratches in the dust-heap in the next century, by the very abundance of material.

Yet, after all, then, as now, it will be rather the unconscious expressions of men and women, which will sparkle, and attract the eye; and we may even hope that the brass and brilliance which now confuse contemporaneous judgment will have so receded from hearing and sight,

that a clear field will be found for the display of private and civic virtue, existing now in the knowledge of right-minded men, and finding record in one form or another, though not the most conspicuous form.

In searching thus for such sketches of life a hundred years ago as shall give us a glimpse of those who belonged to the heroic years of the Republic, we are constantly reminded, that they are to be found in half-forgotten annals or unpretentious books. In some cases, it is true, the affectionate regard of a generation immediately succeeding has preserved for us records, which, from the first, had a preciousness. Again, the survivors of the period, whose lives had issued in a sunnier time, found a wise delight in the reminiscences which a younger generation received with eagerness. It must be confessed, however, that our forefathers rarely had that gift of anecdote which comes partly by nature, but more by constant practice under favoring conditions. "English stories, bon-mots, and the recorded table-talk of their wits," says Emerson in "English Traits," "are as good as the best of the French. In America we are apt scholars, but have not yet attained the same perfection; for the range of nations from which London draws, and the steep contrasts of condition, create the picturesque in society, as broken country makes picturesque landscape; whilst our prevailing equality makes a prairie tameness. And, secondly, because the usage of a dress dinner every day at dark has a tendency to hive and produce to advantage every thing good. Much attrition has worn every sentence into a bullet."

The plan of this volume is as simple as could be devised. I have taken the period which we call a hundred years ago, keeping within the general limits of the gen-

eration which was at maturity during the War for Independence; and, rambling over the thirteen colonies, have gone to this book and that for such familiar, and oftentimes quite unliterary, accounts of contemporaneous life, as seemed likely to furnish one with a light and intelligible view of society and persons at that time. The heroic and the homely lie side by side in this volume, as they were in juxtaposition in life. There is nothing exhaustive about the book. I have dipped here and there into letters, journals, and volumes of reminiscences, only seeking, as far as possible, to allow the life of the times to be depicted by the persons who lived then; so that all should be at first-hand. Whatever worth there may be in the reports of travellers then is enhanced by the air with which they tell their stories; and I should be sorry to break in upon some of the delicious passages, for example, in Mrs. Grant's "American Lady," by any comments of my own, pertinent or impertinent. The reader is not likely to witness the good lady's mystification over the delights of "coasting," or "sliding down hill," and miss the pleasure of smiling politely behind his hand; nor will the same intelligent reader fail to represent to himself the piquant Baroness Riedesel, who always seems to say every thing with an accent.

For convenience, the various sketches have been grouped under the heads of the several sections of the country. In New England, the relative importance of Boston and Cambridge was greater then than now; and scenes and incidents connected with the two places take the precedence. Boston narrowly escaped destruction from the hands both of its friends and of its enemies. What would have happened, had it been destroyed, instead of besieged, it is hard to say; but there is reason to

believe that the site of the Old South would have been marked by a monument, and the good people would never have ceased to regret the historic church. The Province House would have lived in the memory; the Old State House would have been mourned over in a hopeless way; and the spot where Faneuil Hall stood would have been railed about as too sacred to be trod upon. But now, since the city escaped all that, we can only regret the loss of Winthrop's house, and make up for a tardy destruction by casting an evil eye on each of the public buildings in town. If we can once get rid of the Old South and Faneuil Hall, and the Old State House, we can have the satisfaction of perpetuating our regret by marble tablets on the several spots.

The siege of Boston was a tragedy without a fifth act; and the story of the life led within the town is told best by the letters of that hopeful merchant, John Andrews, preserved for us in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. From current journals, as excerpted from by Mr. Frank Moore in his "Diary of the American Revolution," one may catch a notion of how the history that was making appealed to the makers of it, although the journals of the day are meagre enough. I have taken passages here and there from these two volumes. The Baron and Baroness Riedesel also, whom the fortune of war enabled to see something of New England and the Middle States, left some record in their Journals; and these, translated and edited by W. L. Stone, have furnished some very *naïve* reports. From The Harvard Book, a repertory of college traditions, I have taken a page or two descriptive of peculiarities of college life, which always retains much the same flavor; since, whatever changes take place among grown people,

youth has its own mysterious, unchanging laws. Sidney Willard's "Memories of Youth and Manhood" has furnished some hints of the rulers of the college.

The most personal narrative in this portion is derived from the fresh and entertaining pages of John Trumbull in his "Autobiography: Reminiscences and Letters from 1756 to 1841." It is from the early part only of this volume that I have drawn, as we have to do only with the period embraced in Trumbull's early life, and adventures in Europe. The artist in him was very strong; and the sketches given in the volume indicate, more than do his finished pictures, a capacity for character-drawing which seems never to have had a fair chance, so early was he brought under the influence of the stilted historical school of the period. The insight which he gives into the higher life of his country — that which concerns itself with pictures and books — is valuable for its unconscious disclosure of the misfortunes of an artistic temperament doomed to a Connecticut existence.

Another volume has been drawn from to depict the salt life of New England. Hector St. John Crevecœur was of French birth and English education: he signs himself St. John de Crevecœur in the letters to Gov. Bowdoin, which are published in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings for February, 1874. He came to this country in 1754, and settled on a farm in Orange County, New York. His home was broken up by the disturbances of the Revolution; and he returned to France in 1780, visiting this country again in 1783. In the interval was published in London his "Letters from an American Farmer, describing certain provincial situations, manners, and customs not generally known, and conveying some idea of the late and present interior cir-

cumstances of the British colonies in North America: written for the information of a friend in England." The book, in its manner and tone, is influenced by the falsetto sentiment which found its most notable illustration in "Paul and Virginia." But, in spite of one's impatience at this, one is induced to read it for the fresh and vivid descriptions which it gives of certain phases of life here, and is struck by the prominence which the author gives to what has now receded into insignificance. Then Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard filled a larger place in his mind than Charleston, and seemed especially worth his mention. I have selected portions of his narrative, but have been obliged to omit some chapters which do not fall behind in interest. The book has claims for a renewed life.

Another book by a Frenchman — a traveller, however, and not a resident — has yielded a few pages. The Marquis de Chastellux was one of Count Rochambeau's officers, and from his rank found easy admission to the best society which America afforded. But it is fair to infer from his "Travels," that his own manner and freshness of nature commended him to the favor of Washington, and all with whom he associated. His book is certainly one of the most agreeable records of travel which we have for the period which it covers.

Lieut. Anburey, an officer who served in Burgoyne's expedition, published, in two volumes, "Travels through the Interior Parts of America, in a Series of Letters." The form of his narrative enabled him to write cursorily; and he makes no pretence of giving a full narrative; but his observations are those of a gentleman, vexed, indeed, sometimes, by his unpleasant position as a prisoner of war, but by no means ill tempered. Like other travellers

of the time, he was more observant of Nature than of human nature; but he has given occasional sketches of the people, which are not without interest.

There are two writers whose reminiscences have been drawn from slightly in the early part of the volume; both New-Englanders, but belonging in two quite distinct circles. Elkanah Watson was a well-to-do merchant, whose portrait was painted by Copley, in itself a guaranty of respectability. He saw a little of volunteer-service, but during much of the Revolution was in Europe, engaged in mercantile transactions. On his return, he interested himself in many matters of public concern, but never was properly a public man. The titlepage of the book containing his reminiscences reads, "Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including his Journals of Travels in Europe and America from the year 1777 to 1842, and his correspondence with public men, and reminiscences and incidents of the American Revolution. Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson." From this book I have taken some amusing sketches, in which Franklin figures, and the graphic picture of scenes in the House of Lords upon occasion of the king's speech announcing his recognition of American independence. This book and Trumbull's Autobiography illustrate the reflection of American life in Europe.

Joseph Tinker Buckingham was also a New-England boy; but he represents rather the class which is either literary, or allied to literature. The greater part of his "Personal Memoirs, and Recollections of Editorial Life," deals with a later period; but the opening chapters, from which I have drawn, give a pathetic picture of a New-England boy's life and struggles in the direction taken by so many since.

Leaving New England, the fullest description of domestic and social life in New York is unquestionably to be found in "Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution." By Mrs. Anne Grant, commonly called Mrs. Grant of Laggan. The author, a daughter of Duncan McVickar, — a Scottish officer of the British army, — was with her father when he was on duty in Albany and the neighborhood, in 1757. She was a mere child then; but fortune threw her into the companionship of Madam Schuyler, widow of Col. Philip Schuyler; and from her she learned much of the private history of a generous family. She returned to Scotland, and married the Rev. James Grant of Laggan, Inverneshire, who left her a widow in 1801. She was ambitious of literary distinction, but will be remembered by this book, which, after all, owes its charm to its subject, rather than to any peculiar grace in Mrs. Grant's style; though at times she has the true air of a charming old lady telling of her girlhood.

For the sketches of Philadelphia and of Pennsylvania life in general, we turn, perforce, to "Watson's Annals," — a book which could only spring from a genuine love of antiquities, and of the city which it honors. Philadelphia and Boston are fortunate in having had their local antiquaries; but, for fulness of detail and delightful incoherence, Watson bears off the palm. The leisurely title-page of his work prepares one for the steady flow of anecdote and localization which follows: "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, in the olden time; being a collection of memoirs, anecdotes and incidents of the city and its inhabitants, and of the earliest settlements of the inland part of Pennsylvania, from the Days of the

Founders. Intended to preserve the recollections of olden time, and to exhibit society in its changes of manners and customs, and the city and country in their local changes and improvements. By John F. Watson, member of the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts." With this is to be named another source of my material, — the racy "Memoirs of his own Time; with Reminiscences of the Men and Events of the Revolution, by Alexander Graydon, Esq., edited by John Stockton Littell."

For the Southern Colonies, I have relied upon Garden's "Anecdotes of the American Revolution," and "Traditions and Reminiscences chiefly of the American Revolution in the South; including biographical sketches, incidents and anecdotes, few of which have been published, particularly of residents in the upper country. By Joseph Johnson, M.D., of Charleston, S.C."

The material was more abundant for the Northern Colonies, since the life led there was grouped more decidedly about cities; and cities make society and anecdotes. De Quincey, in his paper "On War," says, "All anecdotes, I fear, are false. I am sorry to say so; but my duty to the reader extorts from me the disagreeable confession, as upon a matter specially investigated by myself, that all dealers in anecdotes are tainted with mendacity. 'Where is the Scotchman,' said Dr. Johnson, 'who does not prefer Scotland to truth?' But, however this may be, rarer than such a Scotchman, rarer than the phœnix, is that virtuous man: a monster he is, nay, he is an impossible man, who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote on the consideration that it happens to be a lie. All history, therefore, — being built partly, and some of it altogether, upon anecdotage, — must be a tissue

of lies. . . . Are these works, then, to be held cheap, because their truths to their falshoods are in the ratio of one to five hundred? On the contrary, they are better, and more to be esteemed on that account; because *now* they are admirable reading on a winter's night, whereas, written on the principle of sticking to the truth, they would have been as dull as ditch-water. Generally, therefore, the dealers in anecdotage are to be viewed with admiration, as patriotic citizens, willing to sacrifice their own characters, lest their countrymen should find themselves short of amusement." Having thus disarmed the critic, by admitting beforehand all that he could object, I invite the gentler reader to put himself under the lead of the "patriotic citizens."

To the various authors of the books used, and to their several editors, I return my thanks for the pleasure I have found in following their narratives. I beg the reader to believe that I have not stripped the trees of all their fruit. My work has been to arrange this material, and I have distinguished my own phrases by enclosing them in brackets [ ]. The footnotes have been credited to the authors, where any obscurity was likely to occur.

H. E. S.

NEW ENGLAND.

The Siege of Boston.

THERE are a good many diaries and letters which throw light upon the early movements of the patriots about Boston; and the prominence of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, have served to bring out much historical material relating to the first engagements between the British and colonial forces. The events of the siege of Boston were not of a character to receive so much illustration from contemporaneous writers; but it chanced that there remained in the town during the siege a lively merchant, named John Andrews, who had been carrying on a correspondence with his brother-in-law, William Barrell of Philadelphia; and, although the correspondence during the actual siege was interrupted, the letters, which were in a half journal form, that preceded and followed the siege, furnish the best knowledge that we have of the interior life of Boston at this time.]

Near half the inhabitants [he writes May 6, 1775] have left the town already; and another quarter, *at least*, have been waiting for a week past with earnest expectation of getting papers, which have been dealt out very sparingly of late, not above two or three procured of a day, and those with the greatest difficulty. It's a fortnight yesterday since the communication between the town and country was stopped. Of consequence, our eyes have not been blessed with either vege-

tables or fresh provision. How long we shall continue in this *wretched* state, God only knows ; but that no more blood may be shed is the earnest wish and prayer of your affectionate friend. . . . You can have no conception, Bill, of the distresses the people in general are involved in. You'll see parents that are lucky enough to procure papers, with bundles in one hand and a string of children in the other, wandering out of the town (with *only* a *sufferance* of *one* day's permission), not knowing whither they'll go. Such, Bill, are but faint emblems of the distresses that seem to threaten us, which I hope the Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, will avert. . . . It's hard to stay cooped up here, and feed upon salt provisions, more especially without one's wife, Bill; but at the same time would not wish to have her here under the present disagreeable circumstances, though I find an absolute necessity to be here myself, as the soldiery think they have a license to plunder every one's house and store who leaves the town, of which they have given convincing proof already ; and the wanton destruction of property at the late fire makes the duty, in my mind, more incumbent on me.

We have now and then a carcass offered for sale in the market, which formerly we would not have picked up in the street ; but, bad as it is, it readily sells for eightpence lawful money per pound ; and a quarter of lamb, when it makes its appearance, which is rarely once a week, sells for a dollar, weighing only three or three and a half pounds. To such shifts has the necessity of the times drove us. Wood not scarcely to be got at twenty-two shillings a cord. Was it not for a trifle of salt provisions that we have, 'twould be impossible for us to live. Pork and beans one day, and beans and pork another, and fish when we can catch it. Am necessitated to submit to such living, or risk the little all I have in the world, which consists in my stock of goods and furniture to the amount of between two and three thousand sterling, as it's said without scruple, that those who leave the town forfeit all the effects they leave behind. Whether they hold it up as *only* a means to detain people or not, I can't say ; but, in

regard to slaves, their actions have been consistent with the doctrine, however absurd. It has so far availed as to influence many to stay who would otherways have gone.

A Bit of Yankee Humor.

[Among the incidents of the British possession of the town, Andrews relates two, which indicate that the dry humor and dialect of the Yankee are not of recent discovery.] It's common for the soldiers to fire at a target fixed in the stream at the bottom of the *common*. A countryman stood by a few days ago, and laughed very heartily at a whole regiment's firing, and not one being able to hit it. The officer observed him, and asked why he laughed. "Perhaps you'll be affronted if I tell you," replied the countryman. No, he would not, he said. "*Why then*," says he, "I laugh to see how awkward they fire. *Why*, I'll be bound I hit it ten times running." — "Ah! will you?" replied the officer. "Come try. — Soldiers, go and bring five of the best guns, and load 'em for this honest man." — "Why, you need not bring so many: let me have any one that comes to hand," replied the other. "But I chuse to load *myself*." He accordingly loaded, and asked the officer where he should fire. He replied, "To the right," when he pulled tricker, and drove the ball as near the right as possible. The officer was amazed, and said he could not do it again, as that was only by chance. He loaded again. "Where shall I fire?" — "*To the left*," when he performed as well as before. "Come, once more!" says the officer. He prepared the third time. "Where shall I fire *naow?*" — "In the centre." He took aim, and the ball went as exact in the middle as possible. The officers as well as soldiers stared, and thought the devil was in the man. "*Why*," says the countryman, "I'll tell you naow. I have got a *boy* at home that will toss up an apple, and shoot out all the seeds as it's coming down." One more anecdote, and I'll close this barren day. "When the Fifty-ninth Regiment came from Salem, and were drawn up on each side the Neck, a remarkably tall countryman, near eight feet high, strutted between 'em, at the head of his wagon, looking

very shy and contemptuously on one side and t'other, which attracted the notice of the whole regiment. "Ay, ay," says he, "you don't know what boys we have got in the country. I am near nine feet high, and one of the smallest among 'em," which caused much merriment to the spectators, as well as surprise to the soldiers. Indeed, Bill, were I to tell you of all the jokes and witticisms of the country people, I would have little else to do.

Two Tory Ladies.

[The people shut up in Boston were mainly poor tradespeople; but there were also many Tory families, who either lived there, or had come in for safety from the country about. One of the noted Tories in town was the sarcastic and witty Dr. Mather Byles, whose sayings continued to be quoted long after his death. Mr. Sabine in his "Loyalists" gives further accounts of his two daughters.]

They lived and died in the old family house at the corner of Nassau and Tremont Streets. One of them deceased in 1835, the other in 1837. They were stout, unchanging Loyalists to the last hour of their existence. Their thread of life was spun out more than half a century after the royal government had ceased in these States; yet they retained their love of and strict adherence to monarchs and monarchies, and refused to acknowledge that the Revolution had transferred their allegiance to new rulers. They were repeatedly offered a great price for their dwelling, but would not sell it; nor would they permit improvements or alterations. They possessed old-fashioned silver-plate, which they never used, and would not dispose of. They worshipped in Trinity Church (under which their bodies now lie), and wore on Sunday dresses almost as old as themselves. Among their furniture was a pair of bellows two centuries old, a table on which Franklin drank tea on his last visit to Boston, a chair which, more than a hundred years before, the Government of England had sent as a present to their grandfather, Lieut.-Gov. Tailer. They showed to visitors commissions to their grand-

father signed by Queen Anne and three of the Georges; and the envelope of a letter from Pope to their grandfather. They had moss gathered from the birthplace of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. They talked of their walks arm in arm, on Boston Common, with Gen. Howe and Lord Percy, while the British army occupied Boston. They told of his lordship's ordering his band to play under their windows for their gratification.

In the progress of the improvements in Boston, a part of their dwelling was removed. This had a fatal influence upon the elder sister. "That" said the survivor, — "that is one of the consequences of living in a republic. Had we been living under a king, he would have cared nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. But" continued she, "there is one comfort, that not a creature in the States will be any better for what we shall leave behind us." She was true to her promise; for the Byles's estate passed to relatives in the Colonies. One of these ladies of a bygone age wrote to William the Fourth on his accession to the throne. They had known the sailor-king during the Revolution, and now assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always had been, and would continue to be, loyal to their rightful sovereign of England.

The Faneuil Hall Theatre.

[The mention of courtesies bestowed by Gen. Howe and Lord Percy calls to mind the devices of British officers to relieve the tedium of the siege.

The most elaborate effort at entertainment was in the theatrical representations given under the patronage of Gen. Howe. A number of officers and ladies formed a Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements, — a title which somehow seems to give a certain solemnity to the proceedings, — and did this, the announcement frankly stated, for their own amusement, and the benevolent purpose of contributing to the relief of distressed soldiers, their widows and children. Faneuil Hall had been fitted up with a stage; and the performances

began at six o'clock. The entrance-fee was not immoderate,—one dollar for the pit, a quarter of a dollar for the gallery; and the surplus over expenses was to be appropriated to the relief of the poor soldiers. For some reason, either because the play was immensely popular, or from some difficulty with the currency, the managers were obliged to announce, after a few evenings, "The managers will have the house strictly surveyed, and give out tickets for the number it will contain. The most positive orders are given out not to take money at the door; and it is hoped gentlemen of the army will not use their influence over the sergeants who are doorkeepers, to induce them to disobey that order, as it is meant entirely to promote the ease and convenience of the public by not crowding the theatre." The theatre gave some business to the printer, who announces that he has ready the tragedy of "Tamerlane" as it is to be acted at the theatre in this town. The tragedy of "Zara" seems to have been the favorite; and the comedy of the "Busybody," the farces of the "Citizen" and the "Apprentice," were also given. The most notable piece, however, was the local farce of the "Blockade of Boston," by Gen. Burgoyne, whose reputation as a wit and dramatist has kept quite even pace with his military fame. On the evening of the 8th of January, it was to be given for the first time. The comedy of the "Busybody" had been acted, and the curtain was about to be drawn for the farce, when the actors behind the scenes heard an exaggerated report of a raid made upon Charlestown by a small party of Americans. One of the actors, dressed for his part, that of a Yankee sergeant, came forward upon the stage, called silence, and informed the audience that the alarm guns had been fired, and a battle was going on in Charlestown. The audience, taking this for the first scene in the new farce, applauded obstreperously, being determined to get all the fun there was to be had out of the piece, when the order was suddenly given in dead earnest for the officers to return to their posts. The audience at this was thrown into dire confusion, the officers jumping over the orchestra, breaking the fiddles on the way,

the actors rushing about to get rid of their paint and disguises, the ladies alternately fainting and screaming, and the play brought to great grief. Whether it was ever given or not does not appear; but the "News Letter," in reporting the incident, intimates that the interruption was likely to last; "As soon as those parts in the 'Boston Blockade' which are vacant by some gentlemen being ordered to Charlestown can be filled up, that farce will be performed with the tragedy of 'Tamerlane.'"

It does not appear that Burgoyne's farce was ever printed; but it met easily with ridicule; and after the siege a literary revenge was taken by an anonymous writer in the farce of the "Blockheads; or, The Affrighted Officers," a not overnice production, which jeers at the situation of officers and refugees when forced to evacuate the town. The characters are, —

Captain Bashaw	Ad....l.	
Puff	G.....l.	
L..d Dapper	L..d P...y.	
Shallow	G...t.	Officers.
Dupe	Who you please.	
Meagre	.G...y.	Refugees,
Surly	R...s.	and
Brigadier Paunch	B...e.	Friends
Bonny	M...y.	to
Simple	E...n.	Government.

Jemima, wife to Simple.
Tabitha, her daughter.
Dorsa, her maid.
Soldiers, women, etc.

It is not difficult to supply the hiatus in the names, and read Lord Percy, Gilbert, Gray, Ruggles, Brattle, Murray, Edson. Lord Percy is represented as a libertine; and there is some attempt at characterizing the several Loyalists. Brattle had the reputation of being a good liver; and Ruggles, of being a rough-spoken man. Probably the hits in the piece were more telling to those closer to the characters in time. In the prologue are the lines, —

"By Yankees frighted too! oh, dire to say!
Why, Yankees sure at Red-coats faint away!
Oh, yes! they thought so too, for lackaday,
Their general turned the *blockade* to a play.
Poor vain poltroons, with justice we'll retort,
And call them *blockheads* for their idle sport."]

The Evacuation of the Town.

[When the evacuation took place, the Tories were obliged to remove with the army; and the sudden departure produced great confusion and lawlessness.[1] John Andrews, who was an eye-witness, and a very interested one too, relates in one of his letters some of the scenes.] I should have set out for Haverhill the day after the troops evacuated the town, had not the small-pox prevented my lad from coming in, which difficulty still continues. By the earnest persuasion of your uncle's friends, and with the advice of the selectmen, I moved into his house at the time the troops, &c., were preparing for embarkation, under every difficulty you can conceive at such a time, as every day presented us with new scenes of the wantonness and destruction made by the soldiers. I had the care of six houses with their furniture, and as many stores filled with effects, for eleven months past; and, at a time like this, I underwent more fatigue and perplexity than I did through the whole siege; for I was obliged to take my rounds all day, without any cessation, and scarce ever failed of finding depredations made upon some one or other of them, that I was finally necessitated to procure men, at the extravagant rate of two dollars a day, to sleep in the several houses and stores for a fortnight before the military plunderers went off; for as sure as they were left alone one night, so sure they were plundered. Poor Ben, in addition to his other misfortunes, suffered in this: the fellow who took charge of his house neglected to sleep there the third night, being

[1] "Nothing can be more diverting than to see the town in its present situation. All is uproar and confusion: carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, coaches, chaises, are driving as if the very devil was after them."—The Blockheads, act iii. scene 3.

affrighted: the consequence was, a party of soldiers got in, went into his cellar, took liquors from thence, and had a revelling frolic in his parlor; carried off and destroyed his furniture, &c., to the value of two hundred sterling, which was not to be named with what fifty other houses suffered, or I may say a hundred.

I was obliged to pay at the rate of a dollar an hour for hands to assist me in moving. Such was the demand for laborers, that they were taken from me, even at that, by the Tories, who bid over me, for the sake of carrying away *other people's* effects, wherever they could come at them; which so retarded my moving, that I was obliged to leave my kitchen furniture in the house I left: consequently it was broke open and rummaged, and with all my crockery were carried off. Wat has stripped your uncle's house of every thing he could conveniently carry off, which had I known that had been his intention, I would by no means have consented to go into it; but, as I had moved most of my heavy things while he was preparing to go, it was too late for me to get off when I discovered it. Your Uncle Jerry was almost frantic about it, and said he should write his brother, and acquaint him that I was knowing to it, and yet permitted him to do it; little thinking that it was not in my power to prevent his carrying off every thing, if he was disposed to do it, as I only took charge of the house as his (Wat's) substitute. He has left all the looking-glasses and window-curtains, with some tables, and most of the chairs; *only* two bedsteads and one bed, without any bedding or sheets, or even a rag of linen of any kind. Some of the china, and principal part of the pewter, is the sum of what he has left, save the library, which was packed up corded to ship; but your Uncle Jerry and Mr. Austin went to him, and absolutely forbid it on his peril. He treated them in a very rough, cavalier way; told them they had no right to interfere with his business: he should do as he pleased and would not hear what they had to say. Upon the whole, I don't know but what it would have been as well if he had taken them, seeing matters are going to be carried with so high a hand. For any

further comfort, I have *Boston* on my hands, with a confirmed consumption upon him, whom I had not the least thought of being troubled with, as he was in the service of Major Sweet of the Forty-seventh, and had embarked with him, but was sent on shore again on account of his health. I am well in health, thank God, and have been so the whole of the time, but have lived at the rate of six or seven hundred sterling a year; for I was determined to eat fresh provisions while it was to be got, let it cost what it would; that since October I have scarce eat three meals of salt meat, but supplied my family with fresh at the rate of one shilling to one shilling and sixpence sterling the pound. What wood was to be got was obliged to give at the rate of twenty dollars a cord; and coals, though government had a plenty, I could not procure (not being an addressor or an associator[1]), though I offered so high as fifty dollars for a chaldron, and that at a season when Nabby and John, the only help I had, were under inoculation for the small-pox, that, if you'll believe me, Bill, I was necessitated to burn horse-dung. Many were the instances of the inhabitants being confined to the provost for purchasing fuel of the soldiers, when no other means offered to keep them from perishing with cold; yet such was the inhumanity of our masters, that they were even denied the privilege of buying the surplusage of the soldiers' rations. Though you may think we had plenty of cheese and porter, yet we were obliged to give from fifteen pence to two shillings a pound for all we ate of the former; and a loaf of bread of the size we formerly gave threepence for, thought ourselves well off to get for a shilling. Butter at two shillings. Milk, for months without tasting any. Potatoes from nine shillings to ten shillings and sixpence a bushel, and every thing else in the same strain. Notwithstanding which, Bill, I can *safely* say that I never

[1] An addressor was one of those, presumably loyalists, who joined in congratulatory addresses to Gage and Howe on different occasions. An associator was one of the military company of Loyal American Associators, volunteers who had offered their services to the commander-in-chief, and were enrolled under that name.

suffered the *least* depression of spirits other than on account of not having heard from Ruthy in one season for near five months; for a *persuasion* that my country would *eventually* prevail kept up my spirits, and never suffered my *hopes* to *fail*.[1]

THE SOLDIERS IN CAMBRIDGE CAMP.

[The diaries of officers and soldiers reveal the different sides of character which the army presented. Here is Paul Lunt, who scrupulously sets down "nothing remarkable" against one day after another, and does not forget to go to church whenever it is possible, and record the text. Benjamin Craft, too, on the 23d of June remarks that it remains very dry, and "God's judgments seem to be abroad on the earth may we forsake our sins." He goes to church, also, and hears Mr. Murray, who prayed well, affecting Benjamin and his other hearers. "He was very successful in gaining the attention of his hearers," which is not unlikely, from the solitary passage in the sermon which is set down: "He said he believed the devil was a Tory." One Sunday, just after meeting, two floating-batteries came up Mystic River, and the alarm was given. We "fired several shot at the regulars, which made them claw off as soon as possible. Gen. Gage, this is like the rest of your sabbath-day enterprises." Little David How — we know he must have been little — kept a diary with infinite pains, as judged by his struggles with the spelling-book, and innocently draws a picture of himself as irrecoverably given over to swapping and trading. He buys cider and chestnuts and leather breeches and half-boots, and trades the same with an eye to profit, setting down complacently on the 30th of January, "We have sold Nuts and Cyder Every Day This Weak." His passion for trade was too much for his military ardor; and he was finally given leave to set up in business as a bootmaker. But I cannot let him go without extracting one further entry from his diary.] March 5. Our people went to

[1] From some expressions in the earlier part of Andrews's letters, I am inclined to suspect that his great confidence in his country was, in part, an emotion after the fact.

Dodgster hill Last Night and built a fort there. There was afireing of Bums all Night and they killed one man at Litchmors point with A Bum. They have ben fireng At Dogester almost all Day.[1]

[There were simple, affectionate men in camp, who longed to return to their families, but remained steadfast at their posts. One cannot read such artless letters as those of William Turner Miller,[2] without finding in the uncouth garb the tenderness of the Puritan nature: it is easy to pass to them from the earlier letters between John Winthrop and his wife.] Dearest Lydia, he writes, I receved your Kind Letter by Mr. Burr as also the Inkstand Corn & Cucumbers you sent Every Letter & Present from you is Like a Cordial to me in my absence from you my Heart is delighted in Reading Your Letters Especially when on the Countenance of them you Appear to be in Health and when you appear by your Letters to be in Trouble I Long to participate with you. [And again.] I receved Yours wherein you Expressed your Joy in my Not going to Quebeck Remember the Psalmists Expression, if I take the wings of the Morning and fly to the uttermost Parts of the Sea behold Thou art there I doubt not but where Ever I am god will be there and be my Stay and Support my Love I had it under Consideration whither to offer my Self to go to Quebec and had so far Concluded upon the matter that If I had been Requested to go I should not have Refused though I think it Carries the Appearance of a Desparate undertaking.

SHARPSHOOTING.

[The story which John Andrews tells of the countryman who derided the shots of the British marksmen on Boston Common tallies with the accounts given both by Americans and Englishmen of the skill of the colonists, whose backwoods experience had made them very ready with their fowling-

[1] The struggles of this diarist with the name Dorchester never resulted in substantial victory for the speller. Besides the above forms, he experimented on Docester and Dodesther.

[2] New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1857.

pieces and matchlocks. A correspondent of the "Virginia Gazette" writes, "One of the gentlemen appointed to command a company of riflemen, to be raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania, had so many applications from the people in his neighborhood, to be enrolled for the service, that a greater number presented than his instructions permitted him to engage, and, being unwilling to give offence to any, thought of the following expedient. He, with a piece of chalk, drew on a board the figure of a nose of the common size, which he placed at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, declaring that those who should come nearest the mark should be enlisted. Sixty odd hit the object. Gen. Gage, take care of *your* nose." [1]

[The same journal gives the following further account of the skill of some riflemen.] On Friday evening last, arrived at Lancaster, Penn., on their way to the American camp, Capt. Cresap's company of riflemen, consisting of one hundred and thirty active, brave young fellows, many of whom have been in the late expedition, under Lord Dunmore, against the Indians. They bear in their bodies visible marks of their prowess, and show scars and wounds which would do honor to Homer's Iliad. They show you, to use the poet's words, —

"Where the gored battle bled at every vein!"

One of these warriors, in particular, shows the cicatrices of four bullet-holes through his body. These men have been bred in the woods to hardships and dangers from their infancy. They appear as if they were entirely unacquainted with, and had never felt, the passion of fear. With their rifles in their hands, they assume a kind of omnipotence over their enemies. One cannot much wonder at this, when we mention a fact which can be fully attested by several of the reputable persons who were eye-witnesses of it. Two brothers in the company took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper, about the size of a dollar,

[1] Virginia Gazette, July 22.

nailed in the centre; and, while one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other, at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it successively, and spared a brother's thigh. Another of the company held a barrel-stave perpendicularly in his hands with one edge close to his side, while one of his comrades, at the same distance, and in the manner before mentioned, shot several bullets through it, without any apprehension of danger on either side. The spectators, appearing to be amazed at these feats, were told that there were upwards of fifty persons in the same company who could do the same thing; that there was not one who could not plug nineteen bullets out of twenty, as they termed it, within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail. In short, to evince the confidence they possessed in their dexterity at this kind of arms, some of them proposed to stand with apples on their heads, while others, at the same distance, undertook to shoot them off; but the people who saw the other experiments declined to be witnesses of this. At night, a great fire was kindled around a pole planted in the Court House Square, where the company, with the captain at their head, all naked to the waist, and painted like savages (except the captain, who was in an Indian shirt), indulged a vast concourse of people with a perfect exhibition of a war-dance, and all the manœuvres of Indians, — holding council, going to war, circumventing their enemies by defiles, ambuscades, attacking, scalping, &c. It is said by those who are judges, that no representation could possibly come nearer the original. The captain's expertness and agility, in particular, in these experiments, astonished every beholder. This morning they will set out on their march for Cambridge.[1]

The Greenness of Soldiers.

[The inexperience of the men who assembled in a motley gathering to defend their country, the queer notions they had

[1] Virginia Gazette, Sept. 9, and Pennsylvania Journal, Aug. 23.

of insubordination, and the general unmilitary character of the early soldiers, are illustrated by the reminiscences of Elkanah Watson, who had some slight part in the opening of the war, but afterward engaged in business in Europe.]

On the 3d of July, 1775, Gen. Washington assumed the command of the forces then besieging Boston. He found an army animated with zeal and patriotism, but nearly destitute of every munition of war, and of powder in particular. Mr. Brown, anticipating the war, had instructed the captains of his vessels to freight on their return voyages with that article. At this crisis, when the army before Boston had not four rounds to a man, most fortunately one of Mr. Brown's ships brought in a ton and a half of powder. It was immediately forwarded, under my charge, to headquarters at Cambridge. I took with me six or eight recruits to guard it.

I delivered my letter to Gen. Washington in person, and was deeply impressed with an emotion I cannot describe, in contemplating that great man, his august person, his majestic mien, his dignified and commanding deportment, — the more conspicuous, perhaps, at that moment, from the fact that he was in the act of admonishing a militia colonial with some animation. He directed a young officer to accompany me, and superintend the delivery of the powder at Mystic, two miles distant. Whilst delivering it at the powder-house, I observed to the officer, "Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here." He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs, "These barrels are filled with sand." — "And wherefore?" I inquired. "To deceive the enemy," he replied, "should any spy by chance look in." Such was the wretched appointment of that army upon which rested the hopes of American liberty.

While passing through the camp, I overheard a dialogue between a captain of the militia and one of his privates, which forcibly illustrated the character and condition of this army. "Bill," said the captain, "go and bring a pail of water for the mess." — "I sha'n't," was the reply of Bill. "*It is your turn now, captain:* I got the last." Even the elements of subor-

dination had then scarcely been introduced. Officers and men had rushed to the field under the ardent impulses of a common patriotism; and the selections of the former by the troops or their appointments, which first occurred, were rather accidental and temporary than controlled from any regard to superior position or acquirement. All, to a great extent, had occupied at home a social equality, the influence of which still remained. The distinctions of rank, and the restraints of military discipline and etiquette, were yet to be established.

The Officers and their Society.

[The military operations about Boston involved little active fighting after the battle of Bunker Hill; but until the evacuation of the town in March, 1776, the camp at Cambridge, with its lines extending on the right to Roxbury, and on the left to Medford, was the place where the Continental army and its officers were to be seen. The several generals who made their mark in later campaigns were objects of curiosity to the gentry about; and Mrs. John Adams has sketched rapidly for us, in a couple of letters to her husband, the appearance of the most notable men.]

The appointment of the generals, Washington and Lee, gives universal satisfaction. The people have the highest opinion of Lee's abilities; but you know the continuation of the popular breath depends much upon favorable events. I had the pleasure of seeing both the generals and their aides-de-camp soon after their arrival, and of being personally made known to them. They very politely express their regard for you. Major Mifflin said he had orders from you to visit me at Braintree. I told him I should be very happy to see him there, and accordingly sent Mr. Thaxter to Cambridge, with a card to him and Mr. Reed to dine with me. Mrs. Warren and her son were to be with me. They very politely received the message, and lamented that they were not able to come, upon account of expresses which they were on that day to get in readiness to send off.

I was struck with Gen. Washington. You had prepared

me to entertain a favorable opinion of him ; but I thought the half was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me : —

> "Mark his majestic fabric : he's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine :
> His soul's the deity that lodges there ;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the god."

Gen. Lee looks like a careless, hardy veteran, and by his appearance brought to my mind his namesake, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. The elegance of his pen far exceeds that of his person.

I have, according to your desire, been upon a visit to Mrs. Morgan, who keeps at Major Mifflin's. I had received a message from Mrs. Mifflin some time ago, desiring I would visit her. My father, who, you know, is very obliging in this way, accompanied me ; and I had the pleasure of drinking coffee with the doctor and his lady, the major and his lady, and a Mr. and Mrs. Smith from New York, a daughter of the famous son of liberty, Capt. Sears ; Gens. Gates and Lee ; a Dr. M'Henry and a Mr. Elwyn ; with many others who were strangers to me. I was very politely entertained, and noticed by the generals, more especially Gen. Lee, who was very urgent with me to tarry in town, and dine with him and the ladies present at Hobgoblin Hall ; but I excused myself. The general was determined that I should not only be acquainted with him, but with his companions too, and therefore placed a chair before me, into which he ordered Mr. Spada to mount, and present his paw to me for a better acquaintance. I could not do otherwise than accept it. "That, madam," says he, "is the dog which Mr. —— has rendered famous."

I was so little while in company with these persons, and the company so mixed, that it was almost impossible to form any judgment of them. The doctor appeared modest, and his lady affable and agreeable. Major Mifflin, you know, I

was always an admirer of, as well as of his delicate lady. I believe Philadelphia must be an unfertile soil, or it would not produce so many unfruitful women. I always conceive of these persons as wanting one addition to their happiness; but, in these perilous times, I know not whether it ought to be considered as an infelicity, since they are certainly freed from the anxiety every parent must feel for their rising offspring.

I drank coffee one day with Gen. Sullivan upon Winter Hill. He appears to be a man of sense and spirit. His countenance denotes him of a warm constitution, not to be very suddenly moved, but, when once roused, not very easily lulled, easy and social, well calculated for a military station, as he seems to be possessed of those popular qualities necessary to attach men to him.

The Baroness Riedesel at Cambridge.

[The town of Boston and its immediate neighborhood heard little from this time of the actual conduct of the war; but in the fall of 1777 there was much excitement over the arrival there of Burgoyne's army, which had been surrendered to Gen. Gates at Saratoga, and was in waiting to be transported to England. Prominent among the officers was the German general, Riedesel, who with his bright, *naïve* wife were quartered in the Lechmere mansion, still standing in Cambridge. The Baroness Riedesel gives a lively account of their stay there; and, if she indulges in some credulous gossip, it is quite permissible for any reader to reject what is disagreeable.]

At last we arrived at Boston; and our troops were quartered in barracks not far from Winter Hill.[1] We were billeted at the house of a countryman, where we had only one room under the roof. My women-servants slept on the floor, and our men-servants in the entry. Some straw, which I placed under our beds, served us for a long time, as I had

[1] Winter Hill, where most of the German prisoners were quartered, was at that time covered with wretched barracks, made of boards, that had been erected there in 1775 for the purpose of affording a shelter (though a scanty one) to the Americans while besieging Gen. Gage in Boston. — *W. C. Stone.*

with me nothing more than my own field-bed. Our host allowed us to eat in his room, where the whole family together ate and slept. The man was kind; but the woman, in order to revenge herself for the trouble we brought upon her, cut up the prank, every time we sat down to table, of taking that time to comb out her children's heads, which were full of vermin; which very often entirely took away our appetites. And if we begged her to do this outside, or select another time for this operation, she would answer us, "It is my room, and I like to comb my children's hair at this time." We were obliged, therefore, to be silent, lest she should thrust us out of the house.

One day the gentlemen of our party celebrated in this filthy place the birthday, I believe, of the Queen of England, and drank on this occasion a great deal of wine. My oldest little daughters, Gustava and Frederica, who had noticed that the wine that was left over had been placed under the stairs, thought it would be a fine thing for them, in their turn, to drink the queen's health. They, accordingly, seated themselves before the door, and toasted so much, — that is, drank healths, — that their little heads could not bear more. Frederica became sick of a fever, which gave me the more anxiety as she had spasms with it, and I was entirely at a loss to know the cause. When, finally, Nature helped herself by vomiting, then I saw that it was the wine, and blamed the little maidens greatly, who, however, replied that they, also, loved the king and queen, and could not, therefore, resist wishing them happiness.

We remained three weeks at this place, until they transferred us to Cambridge, where they lodged us in one of the most beautiful houses of the place, which had formerly been built by the wealth of the Royalists. Never had I chanced upon such an agreeable situation. Seven families, who were connected with each other, partly by the ties of relationship, and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens, and magnificent houses, and not far off plantations of fruit. The owners of these were in the habit of daily meeting each other in the

afternoons, now at the house of one, and now at another, and making themselves merry with music and the dance, living in prosperity, united and happy, until, alas! this ruinous war severed them, and left all their houses desolate, except two, the proprietors of which were also soon obliged to flee.

None of our gentlemen were allowed to go into Boston. Curiosity and desire urged me to pay a visit to Madame Carter, the daughter of Gen. Schuyler; and I dined at her house several times. The city throughout is pretty, but inhabited by violent patriots, and full of wicked people. The women, especially, were so shameless, that they regarded me with repugnance, and even spit at me when I passed by them. Madame Carter was as gentle and good as her parents; but her husband was wicked and treacherous. She came often to visit us, and also dined at our house with the other generals. We sought to show them by every means our gratitude. They seemed, also, to have much friendship for us; and yet, at the same time, this miserable Carter, when the English general, Howe, had burned many hamlets and small towns, made the horrible proposition to the Americans to chop off the heads of our generals, salt them down in small barrels, and send over to the English one of these barrels for every hamlet or little town burned down; but this barbarous suggestion fortunately was not adopted.

During my sojourn at Bristol, in England, I had made the acquaintance of a Capt. Fenton from Boston, to whom the Americans, upon the breaking-out of the war, had sent a summons, but which, true to his king, he would not obey. Upon this, the women of the exasperated rabble seized his wife (a woman deserving of all esteem), and his very beautiful daughter of fifteen years, and without regard to their goodness, beauty, or modesty, stripped them naked, besmeared them with tar, rolled them in feathers, and in this condition, led them through the city as a show. What might not be expected from such people, inspired with the most bitter hatred!

In the same manner, there were two brothers who had

loved each other very much, one of whom had espoused the side of the king, and the other that of the republicans. The former, desiring again to see his brother, obtained permission, and paid him a visit. His brother received him with great joy, and said to him, "How rejoiced am I to see you return to the good cause!"—"No, my brother," answered the Royalist, "I remain true to my king; but this shall not hinder me from loving you." At this, the American sprang up in a fury, seized a pistol, and threatened to shoot him if he did not instantly go away. All the representations of the good brother, that their differences of opinion should not alter his love, availed nothing. The other exclaimed, "Only my old love for you hinders me from shooting you this very moment; for every Royalist is my enemy." And he would certainly have carried out his threat, if his brother had not finally made his escape. Almost every family was disunited; and I saw here that nothing is more terrible than a civil war. With such people we were obliged to live, or see no one whatever. I naturally preferred the latter.

Gen. Phillips was, and remained, ever our kind and sincere friend; and we saw much of him. Our house, also, was constantly full of Englishmen, after we learned that it was considered by them polite usage to invite them to call again. Before we knew this, we observed, to our astonishment, that some courteous people, whom we had received kindly, came not again. After this, we adopted the same custom, and found it very convenient, since one could make a selection of those whose company was most agreeable. Still a few persons favored us with their presence unasked, who were, as the English term it, "barefaced."

While in Cambridge, I saw an entire house carried off upon long logs, to the ends of which they had attached wheels. The house is raised by a screw, the logs shoved underneath it, and the building is then moved readily.[1]

[1] "This American manner of moving houses is as unknown to the English at the present day as it was to Mrs. Riedesel almost a century since. A gentleman last year (1866), chancing to be in a company of intelligent and educated English peo-

On the 3d of June, 1778, I gave a ball and supper in celebration of the birthday of my husband. I had invited to it all the generals and officers. The Carters, also, were there. Gen. Burgoyne sent an excuse, after he had made us wait till eight o'clock in the evening. He invariably excused himself, on various pretences, from coming to see us, until his departure for England, when he came, and made me a great many apologies, but to which I made no other answer than that I should be extremely sorry if he had gone out of his way on our account. We danced considerably; and our cook prepared us a magnificent supper of more than eighty covers. Moreover, our courtyard and garden were illuminated. As the birthday of the King of England came upon the following day, which was the fourth, it was resolved that we would not separate until his health had been drank; which was done with the most hearty attachment to his person and his interests.

Never, I believe, has "God save the King" been sung with more enthusiasm or more genuine good-will. Even both my oldest little daughters were there, having staid up to see the illumination. All eyes were full of tears; and it seemed as if every one present was proud to have the spirit to venture to do this in the midst of our enemies. Even the Carters could not shut their hearts against us. As soon as the company separated, we perceived that the whole house was surrounded by Americans, who having seen so many people go into the house, and having noticed, also, the illumination, suspected that we were planning a mutiny; and, if the slightest disturbance had arisen, it would have cost us dear. The Americans, when they desire to collect their troops together, place burning torches of pitch upon the hilltops, at which signal every one hastens to the rendezvous. We were once witnesses of this, when Gen. Howe attempted a landing at Boston in order to rescue the captive troops. They learned of this plan, as usual, long beforehand, and opened barrels of

ple in England, alluded, in the course of conversation, to this custom, upon which his hearers thought he designed to hoax them; nor was it until he had convinced them of having no such intention that they could be induced to credit it."—*W. L. Stone.*

pitch, whereupon, for three or four successive days, a large number of people, without shoes and stockings, and with guns on their backs, were seen hastily coming from all directions, by which means so many people came together so soon, that it would have been a very difficult thing to effect a landing."

A German Portrait of New-Englanders.

[Gen. Riedesel, who was less buoyant than his wife, has drawn a picture of New-England people, to understand the color of which, one must place himself by the side of the disappointed and defeated general.]

One can see in these men here assembled exactly the national character of the inhabitants of New England. They are distinguished from the rest by their manner of dress. Thus they all, under a thick, round, yellow wig, bear the honorable physiognomy of a magistrate. Their dress is after the old English fashion. Over this they wear, winter and summer, a blue blouse, with sleeves, which is fastened round the body by a strap. One hardly ever sees any of them without a whip. They are generally thickset, and middling tall; and it is difficult to distinguish one from another. Not one-tenth of them can read writing; and still fewer can write. This art belongs, aside from the literary men, exclusively to the female sex. The women are well educated, and therefore know better than any other matrons in the world how to govern the men. The New-Englanders all want to be politicians, and love, therefore, the taverns and the grog-bowl, behind the latter of which they transact business, drinking from morning till night. They are extremely inquisitive, credulous, and zealous to madness for liberty; but they are, at the same time, so blind, that they cannot see the heavy yoke imposed upon them by their congress, under which they are already sinking.

New-Englanders seen by a British Officer.

[One of the officers who served in Burgoyne's campaign, Lieut. Anburey, has given in his "Travels through the Interior

Parts of America," a frank narrative of the experience the defeated army went through when making their way across the State of Massachusetts, after the defeat at Saratoga. In his narrative also occur some sketches of New England character, which may be placed beside those of Gen. and Baroness Riedesel.]

In our way hither, we passed through a small, neat town, called Worcester, where I met accidentally with one of the *committee-men* who was upon the examination of a poor fellow sent from our army to Gen. Clinton, and who very imprudently swallowed the silver egg that contained the message to the general, in the presence of those who took him prisoner. After tormenting the poor fellow with emetics and purgatives, till he discharged it, they immediately hung him up. The egg was opened, and the paper taken out, on which was written, "*Nous y voici:* here we are: nothing between us but Gates." The *committee-men* stared at each other, observing it contained no intelligence that could be of service. One of them, however, reflected that *nous y voici* was French, and *that* might contain a good deal. None of them understanding a word of that language, they sent to the jail for a poor Canadian, who was a prisoner, to translate it for them. He informed them it meant *here we are;* but, as that was in English, they would not credit it. At last one very sagaciously observed, that it certainly was some private mark, or correspondence between the two generals; and, as none of them had much military knowledge, it was thought proper to send it to Gen. Washington, who certainly would understand it better.

As we passed from this town, at a small village there were assembled a great concourse of people to see us march, who were very curious, some lifting up their hands, and praying to Heaven, some admiring the soldiers, others looking with astonishment. But among the crowd stood foremost an old woman, who appeared to be near an hundred, upon whom your old friend, Lieut. M'Neil of the Ninth Regiment, thought to be a little witty; in which, however, he was fairly worsted.

As this old woman attracted the notice of every one, when he passed, he said to her, "*So, you old fool, you must come and see the lions.*" But with great archness she replied, "*Lions, lions! I declare, now, I think you look more like lambs!*"

The lower class of these Yankees — *apropos*, it may not be amiss here just to observe to you the etymology of this term: it is derived from a Cherokee word, *eankke*, which signifies coward and slave. This epithet of Yankee was bestowed upon the inhabitants of New England by the Virginians, for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees; and they have always been held in derision by it. But the name has been more prevalent since the commencement of hostilities. The soldiery at Boston used it as a term of reproach; but, after the affair of Bunker Hill, the Americans gloried in it. *Yankee-doodle* is now their pæan, a favorite of favorites, played in their army, esteemed as warlike as the Grenadier's March: it is the lover's spell, the nurse's lullaby. After our rapid successes, we held the Yankees in great contempt; but it was not a little mortifying to hear them play this tune when their army marched down to our surrender.

We were escorted on our march by the brigade of a Gen. Brickett. He was very civil, and often used to ride by the side of the officers to converse with them. One day, as he was jogging along with our friend Sone, he complained to the general that he was very uncomfortable, in such wet weather and bad roads, for want of a pair of boots, and that those he had, with all his baggage, were taken in a *batteaux;* when the general said he would sell him those he had on. Sone was rather surprised at the offer of the brigadier-general, and asked him how many paper dollars he would take. The general told him he would only part with them for gold; when Sone offered him a guinea for them. The general instantly got off his horse, and, after he had taken a pair of shoes out of his saddle-bags, was proceeding to pull off his boots. Sone told him there was no such hurry: it would do when they arrived at the end of the day's march. He replied, he should not be

long in pulling them off, and he had got a pair of country boots to put on, which are pieces of cloth folded round the leg, and tied at the knee and ankle. Upon being requested to defer it till we got into quarters, he mounted his horse, rode forwards, and on our halt diligently searched out for Sone, when he completed his bargain, and parted with his boots. So much for an *American brigadier-general!*

The character of the inhabitants of this province is improved beyond the description that our Uncle B—— gave us of them when he quitted this country thirty years ago; but Puritanism and a spirit of persecution are not yet totally extinguished. The gentry of both sexes are hospitable and good-natured, with an air of civility in their behavior, but constrained by formality and preciseness. Even the women, though easiness of carriage is peculiarly characteristic to their nature, appear here with much stiffness and reserve. They are formed by symmetry, handsome, and have delicate complexions: the men are tall, thin, and generally long visaged. Both sexes have universally, and even proverbially, bad teeth, which must, probably, be occasioned by their eating so much molasses, making use of it at all meals, and even eating it with greasy pork.

Conversing one day with a Virginia officer relative to the curiosity of the New-Englanders, he told me, that finding he never could procure any refreshment for himself or horse till after he answered all their questions, and they had compared them with their information, he adopted the following mode to avoid their inquisitive delays: Whenever he travelled from his own province to Boston, and alighted at an ordinary (the name given to inns in America; and some justly merit that title), the master or mistress, and other company in the house, assembled at the door, and he began in this manner: "Worthy people, I am Mr.—— of Virginia, by trade a tobacco-planter, and a bachelor. Have some friends at Boston, whom I am going to visit. My stay will be short, when I shall return and follow my business, as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you. I

have no news. And now, having told you every thing, have compassion upon me and my horse, and give us some refreshment."

Social Rank in College.

[The occupation of Harvard College buildings by the troops during the operations about Boston interrupted the college work; and it was only when the evacuation of Boston led to the withdrawal of forces, that the buildings were re-occupied by the students, and college studies resumed. The questions which the war introduced were eagerly discussed; and the change which was rapidly going on in society without was repeated within the college walls. Old customs which regarded social rank remained long in college, which is usually conservative; and the next few years witnessed the gradual or violent disuse of manners which were dependent upon distinctions of rank. It is still within the memory of men, that families were given seats in the village church corresponding to their social rank; and many were the heart-burnings that ensued. This placing by rank was a regular custom at college. Dr. Lothrop of Boston furnishes the recently published Harvard Book with the following anecdote regarding the breaking-up of another custom which belonged to the same period.]

In a conversation about obsolete college-customs, I heard my uncle, Dr. Kirkland, say that the usage which required a Freshman to take off his hat if one of the higher classes was in the college-yard, and remain uncovered till he had entered one of the buildings, or was out of the college-grounds, was broken up by the firmness and independence of the late Prof. Levi Hedge; and he related the anecdote as follows: Mr. D—— having found Mr. Hedge, a Freshman of a few weeks' standing, refractory upon this point, called on Pres. Willard, and complained that Freshman Hedge violated this custom, and had refused several times, when he met him, and asked him to take off his hat. After considering a moment, the president said, "D——, do you go to Hedge's room, and tell him that I want to see him immediately; and do you come back with him." D—— executed his errand in high glee,

entering Hedge's room with the exclamation, "Come, Hedge, you must go down with me to the president's study. I have complained to him about your not taking off your hat; and he told me to tell you that he wanted to see you immediately, and he said I must return with you. I guess you have got to take it now. Come quick."—"Certainly," said Hedge. "I will go with you immediately." And, putting on his hat, they walked out of the room together. The moment they emerged from the building, D—— stopped, and, turning to him, said, "Come, Hedge, off with your hat, sir. I am going to have no more of this thing, I can tell you."—"Very well, sir," said Hedge, and, immediately uncovering, said, "There, sir, my hat is off, and now," bringing his doubled fist in close proximity with D——'s face,—"now take off yours." D——, surprised at the new turn affairs had taken, hesitated a moment; but on Hedge's repeating, with a tone, a look, and an expletive that evidently meant business,—"Take it off, sir, instantly, or I will knock you down!"—quietly took it off; and the two walked along uncovered. Meeting a senior between Harvard and Massachusetts Halls, D—— was disposed, and made a movement, to put his hat on; but the stern, determined voice came, "Keep it off, sir, or I will knock you down!" So the senior smiled; and D—— and Hedge passed on to the president's study. Immediately on entering, the president said, "How is this, Hedge? D—— says you do not take off your hat when you see him, or meet him in the college-yard." Hedge answered, "I don't like the custom that prevails here. There is no law ordering or enforcing it, I believe. In the college-yard, or out of it, anywhere, I am perfectly ready to take off my hat to any gentleman who shows me the same courtesy." At this point, D—— broke in with an account of what had just occurred. "Ah, ha!" says the president, "Hedge took off his hat the moment you asked him to do so, did he not?"—"Yes, sir."—"What did he do then?"—"He told me to take off my hat, or he would knock me down."—"Well, what did you do?"—"Why, sir, I didn't want to have a fight, or be knocked down: so I took off my hat."—"Very well, D——, I think that is a

good rule for you and for others. If you don't want to be knocked down, take off your own hat to those whom you expect or desire should render a like courtesy to you." And so the custom was broken up.

Commons.

[The Harvard Book has also gathered the reminiscences of several respecting what seems to have made a very vivid impression upon most students' memories, viz., how and what they ate.] When dinner was the only meal that was regularly served in the hall, the students were allowed to receive at the kitchen-hatch, or at the buttery-hatch, a bowl of milk or chocolate, with a piece of bread, or some equally simple refreshment, at morning and evening. This refreshment they could eat in the yard, or in their rooms. At the appointed hour for "bevers," as these frugal meals were named, there was a general rush for the buttery or kitchen; and if the walking happened to be bad, or if it was winter, many ludicrous accidents usually occurred. One, perhaps, would slip: his bowl and its contents would fly this way, and his bread that; while he, prostrate, afforded an excellent stumbling-block for those immediately behind him. These, falling in their turn, would spatter with the milk or chocolate not only their own persons, but the persons of those near them. Sometimes the spoons were the only tangible evidence of the meal remaining. But with a hearty laugh, if not injured, each would soon extricate himself from the recumbent mass, and, returning to the buttery or kitchen, would order a fresh bowl of food, to be charged with the sizings at the close of the quarter. . . . For many years prior, and for some years subsequent, to the year 1800, the hall where the students took their meals was usually provided with ten tables. At each table were placed two messes; and each mess consisted of eight persons. The tables where the tutors and seniors sat were raised eighteen or twenty inches, so as to overlook the rest. As late as 1771, the names of the students were placed according to the rank of the parents of the students. Those whose names came at or near the

head of the list were allowed, among other privileges, "to help themselves first at table in commons," and took the most prominent positions at the commons tables. It was the duty of one of the tutors, or of the librarian, to "ask a blessing, and return thanks;" and, in their absence, the duty devolved on the "senior graduate or undergraduate." The waiters were students chosen from the different classes; and they received for their services suitable compensation. Each table was waited on by members of the class which occupied it, with the exception of the tutors' table, at which members of the senior class served. Unlike the sizars and servitors at the English universities, the waiters were usually much respected, and were, in many cases, the best scholars in their respective classes. The breakfast consisted of a specified quantity of coffee, a size of baker's biscuit, which was one biscuit, and a size of butter, which was about an ounce. If any one wished for more than was provided, he was obliged to size it, i.e., order it from the kitchen or buttery; and the food thus ordered was charged as extra commons, or sizings, in the quarter-bill.

At dinner, every mess was served with eight pounds of meat, allowing a pound to each person. On Monday and Thursday, the meat was boiled; and these days were, on this account, commonly called boiling-days. On the other days the meat was roasted; and these were accordingly named roasting-days. Two potatoes were allowed to each person, which he was obliged to pare for himself. On boiling-days, pudding and cabbage were added to the bill of fare, and, in their season, greens, either dandelion or the wild pea. Of bread, a size was the usual quantity for each person at dinner. Cider was the common beverage, having supplanted beer, which for many years was taken not only with dinner, but with the morning "bever," for which breakfast was now substituted. There was no stated allowance of cider; but each student was permitted to drink as much as he wanted. It was brought to the table in pewter quart cans, two to each mess. From these cans, the students drank, passing from mouth to mouth, as was an-

ciently done with the wassail-bowl. The waiters replenished the cans as soon as they were emptied. No regular supper was provided; but a bowl of milk, and a size or sizing of bread, procured at the kitchen, supplied the place of the evening-meal.

An Old-Time College President.

[Sidney Willard, in his "Memories of Youth and Manhood," has drawn a lively picture of his father, who was president of Harvard College from 1781 to 1804.] His physical frame, to all appearance, was uncommonly well developed, in regard as well to symmetry as to strength. In height, he was five feet ten or eleven inches. His head and chest were in due proportion to each other: the latter was broad and capacious, and his limbs well rounded with their muscular covering. Consequently, in standing or walking, his body was erect, and his movement was firm and graceful. No portrait of him was ever painted. A profile taken from the shadow of his head, intended for full size, is all that remains of this kind, except what is engraved on the memory of his contemporaries. Whenever seen out of his house, or in company, his head was crowned with a full-bottomed, well-dressed white wig. It was a great disfigurement, however much sanctioned by the fashion of the times, and by an association of reverence with his calling. I like best to remember him with his velvet cap in his study, as to the matter of costume. I remember him sometimes in his study when dressing, without wig or cap on his head; and a noble head it was, sadly wronged by its unnatural outward treatment. To Farnham, the peruke-king, all the clergy in Boston and round about, who wore wigs, looked up with loyal respect. He had no rival, and no pretender to the crown, within his realm. Every last wig that came from his royal hands, or was renovated thereby, he triumphantly pronounced to be his *chef d'œuvre*. He gloried in Pres. Willard as one of his subjects.

For his three-cornered hat, his cocked hat, my father resorted to Nathan Balch, a very worthy and respectable man, sometimes irreverently called Nat Balch; a frequent guest of

Gov. Hancock, and entertainer of his other guests, adding zest to the viands and the *vina* at the dinner-board by anecdotes and stories, mimetric art, humor, witticism, and song, drawn from his inexhaustible storehouse. Besides the wig, and shape of the hat, neither of which was uncommon, before the close of the last century, among laymen as well as clergymen (except that laymen who wore full-bottomed wigs usually wore gray wigs instead of white), there was nothing peculiar in the dress of Pres. Willard. There was very little change in the shape of his garments from year to year, from the time of my early remembrance. The same thing was true generally of others. Fashion changed but little from middle to advanced life. Buckles to the knee-bands and shoe-straps were used by the elders; and strings or ribbons, by the youth. . . .

His daily home-life was very uniform. At five o'clock in the morning, he rose from bed, and at six prayed at the college chapel very constantly during term-time. In the winter he slept in his study, and, having covered up his coals and brands with ashes over night (for he used wood only for fuel), he had ample time in the morning to kindle his fire, and fortify himself against the frosts to be encountered in his walks to the chapel. Soon after his return, the family devotions were held, followed by breakfast. The dinner-hour was one o'clock. In meats and drinks he was very temperate: consequently, his constitution, naturally vigorous, was never impaired by indulgence, but, on the contrary, by that abstraction of mind, and neglect of the body, to which men of study in all ages have been the most numerous victims. . . .

Sometimes an eccentric visitor appeared. Master Moody I have mentioned; Pater West, as he was often called, — Samuel West, rightfully, — of Dartmouth, a minister of the gospel, was another. How he came by the first grave prænomen, *Pater*, I am not able to say with certainty; but I believe it was given to him by his classmates at college in honor of his age and his sway. He was a very thinking man; but his thoughts were not always uppermost about the things of immediate moment. He was in Cambridge in 1798, and made

my father's house his headquarters. He preached in the church of the first parish, having exchanged, I believe, with Dr. Holmes. My father was very anxious, lest the singularities for which he was very remarkable in the pulpit, and everywhere else, should disturb the gravity of the students, whose seats were in the front-gallery; and his anxiety was not without reason. Dr. West had, I suppose, been informed of the order of services in the church, or read them in the blank leaf of the hymn-book, and began accordingly with a short prayer, and read a portion of Scripture, and then a hymn, which was sung. But next he was in fault. He rose, and began to name the text of his sermon; and Mr. John Foxcroft (who was wont to utter little Latin scraps in secular intercouse), now, without due reverence for Priscian's head, or for the pulpit, rose and addressed the preacher in bad Latin, namely, "*Oblivisti preces, domine.*" The preacher heard a voice, and it may be an audible smile, so to speak, in the auditory; but whether his monitor was not sufficiently clear in his enunciation, or the preacher, whose wig was seldom rightly adjusted, had suffered it to cover his right ear, the words were to him a dead letter. His monitor did not rise to correct his Latin; and the preacher proceeded unembarrassed. After returning to the president's house, unconscious, I have no doubt, of any omission in the public service, and prompted by a little vanity, of which he was not destitute, he asked, "Well, Mr. President, how did I make out?" — "Very well," said the president, "except the omission of the long prayer." — "Well, I don't care," said the doctor, "they have no business to have such a complicated service. I have only one prayer at home."

Governor Trumbull.

[The individuality of public men, whether in the professions, or in state service, is constantly impressed upon the reader; and it seems as if the men and women who come forward upon the historic canvas of New England, as painted by their descendants or visitors, were possessed of more positive traits than appeal to us in the highly organized life of a later

day. Sidney Willard's recollections of his father and Pater West describe something of the clerical character; and there is a quaint sketch of an old-time governor of Connecticut, from the pen of the bright-minded Marquis de Chastellux, who travelled through the country in the latter part of the war for independence. His journey took him to Hartford.]

An interesting personage was then at Hartford, and I went to pay him a visit: this was Gov. Trumbull, governor *by excellence*, for he has been so these fifteen years, having been always rechosen at the end of every two years, and equally possessing the public esteem under the English Government and under that of the Congress. He is seventy years old. His whole life is consecrated to business, which he passionately loves, whether important or not; or rather, with respect to him there is none of the latter description. He has all the simplicity in his dress, all the importance, and even pedantry, becoming the great magistrate of a small republic. He brought to my mind the burgomasters of Holland in the time of the Heinsiuses and the Barnevelts. . . . I have already painted Gov. Trumbull [he writes on occasion of a later visit]: at present you have only to represent to yourself this little old man in the antique dress of the first settlers in this colony, approaching a table surrounded by twenty Hussar officers, and without either disconcerting himself, or losing any thing of his formal stiffness, pronouncing in a loud voice a long prayer in the form of a *benedicite*. Let it not be imagined that he excites the laughter of his auditors. They are too well trained: you must, on the contrary, figure to yourself twenty *amens* issuing at once from the midst of forty mustaches, and you will have some idea of this little scene.

Colonel John Trumbull.

[The name of Gov. Trumbull recalls to most readers the more prominent name of his son, Col. John Trumbull, aide-de-camp to Washington, soldier, but more especially artist. With his later life we are not now concerned; but the pictures which he has given us in his Autobiography are among the

best we have for the clearness with which they set before us the early life of a well-born, high-minded young man, who had something of the divine afflatus of art, at a time and in a country when the afflatus needed to be pretty strong not to be pressed out by untoward circumstance. It is impossible to read the account he gives of his search for art in the inhospitable region of New England, without being aware of the sincerity of his purpose, however we may estimate the actual results of his search. As with many others, the instinct for art came early.]

Early School-Days.

My native place, Lebanon, was long celebrated for having the best school in New England (unless that of Master Moody in Newburyport might, in the opinion of some, have the precedence). It was kept by Nathan Tisdale, a native of the place, from the time when he graduated at Harvard to the day of his death, a period of more than thirty years, with an assiduity and fidelity of the most exalted character, and became so widely known, that he had scholars from the West India Islands, Georgia, North and South Carolina, as well as from the New England and northern colonies. With this exemplary man and excellent scholar, I soon became a favorite. My father was his particular friend; and my early sufferings, as well as my subsequent docility, endeared me to him. The school was distant from my father's house not more than three minutes' walk, across a beautiful green; so that I was constant in my attendance; besides which, it was an excellent rule of the school to have no vacations, in the long idleness and dissipation of which the labors of preceding months might be half forgotten. Whether my mind, which had so long been repressed by disease, sprang forward with increased energy so soon as the pressure upon the brain was removed, I know not: but I soon displayed a singular facility in acquiring knowledge, particularly of languages; so that I could read Greek at six years old, at which age I remember to have had a contest with the late Rev. Joseph Lyman, pastor of Hatfield in Massachusetts, a boy several years my senior.

We read the five first verses of the Gospel of St. John. I missed not a word; he missed one: and I gained the victory. I do not mean to say, that at this time I possessed much more knowledge of the Greek language than might be taught to a parrot; but I knew the forms of the letters, the words, and their sounds, and could read them accurately, although my knowledge of their meaning was very imperfect.

My taste for drawing began to dawn early. It is common to talk of natural genius; but I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a principle in the human mind: at least, in my own case, I can clearly trace it to mere imitation. My two sisters, Faith and Mary, had completed their education at an excellent school in Boston, where they both had been taught embroidery; and the eldest, Faith, had acquired some knowledge of drawing, and had even painted in oil two heads and a landscape. These wonders were hung in my mother's parlor, and were among the first objects that caught my infant eye. I endeavored to imitate them, and for several years the nicely sanded floors (for carpets were then unknown in Lebanon) were constantly scrawled with my rude attempts at drawing.

Preparation for College.

About this time, when I was nine or ten years old, my father's mercantile failure took place. He had been for years a successful merchant, and looked forward to an old age of ease and affluence; but in one season almost every vessel, and all the property which he had upon the ocean, was swept away, and he was a poor man at so late a period of life as left no hope of retrieving his affairs. My eldest brother was involved in the wreck as a partner, which rendered the condition of the family utterly hopeless. My mother and sisters were deeply afflicted; and although I was too young clearly to comprehend the cause, yet sympathy led me, too, to droop. My bodily health was frail, for the sufferings of early youth had left their impress on my constitution; and although my mind was clear, and the body active, it was never strong. I therefore seldom joined my little schoolfellows in plays or exercises of an ath-

letic kind; for there I was almost sure to be vanquished; and by degrees acquired new fondness for drawing, in which I stood unrivalled. Thus I gradually contracted a solitary habit, and after school-hours frequently withdrew to my own room to a close study of my favorite pursuit. Such was my character at the time of my father's failure; and this added gloomy feelings to my love of solitude. I became silent, diffident, bashful, awkward in society, and took refuge in still closer application to my books and my drawing. The want of pocket-money prevented me from joining my young companions in any of those little expensive frolics which often lead to future dissipation, and thus became a blessing; and my good master Tisdale had the wisdom so to vary my studies as to render them rather a pleasure than a task. Thus I went forward without interruption, and at the age of twelve might have been admitted to enter college; for I had then read Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and Juvenal, in Latin; the Greek Testament and Homer's Iliad in Greek; and was thoroughly versed in geography, ancient and modern, in studying which I had the advantage (then rare) of a twenty-inch globe. I had also read with care Rollin's History of Ancient Nations, also his History of the Roman Republic, Mr. Crevier's continuation of the History of the Emperors, and Rollin's Arts and Sciences of the Ancient Nations. In arithmetic alone, I met an awful stumbling-block. I became puzzled by a sum in division, where the divisor consisted of three figures: I could not comprehend the rule for ascertaining how many times it was contained in the dividend. My mind seemed to come to a dead stand. My master would not assist me, and forbade the boys to do it; so that I well recollect the question stood on my slate unsolved nearly three months, to my extreme mortification. At length the solution seemed to flash upon my mind at once; and I went forward, without further let or hinderance, through the ordinary course of fractions (vulgar and decimal), surveying, trigonometry, geometry, navigation, &c.; so that, when I had reached the age of fifteen and a half years, it was stated by my master

that he could teach me little more, and that I was fully qualified to enter Harvard College in the middle of the third, or junior year. This was approved by my father, and proposed to me.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

In the mean time, my fondness for painting had grown with my growth; and, in reading of the arts of antiquity, I had become familiar with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Zeuxis and Apelles. These names had come down through a series of more than two thousand years, with a celebrity and applause which accompanied few of those who had been devoted to the more noisy and turbulent scenes of politics or war. The tranquillity of the arts seemed better suited to me than the more bustling scenes of life; and I ventured to remonstrate with my father, stating to him that the expense of a college education would be inconvenient to him, and, after it was finished, I should still have to study some profession by which to procure a living: whereas, if he would place me under the instruction of Mr. Copley (then living in Boston, and whose reputation as an artist was deservedly high), the expense would probably not exceed that of a college education, and that, at the end of my time, I should possess a profession, and the means of supporting myself, perhaps of assisting the family, at least my sisters. This argument seemed to me not bad; but my father had not the same veneration for the fine arts that I had, and hoped to see me a distinguished member of one of the learned professions, divinity in preference. I was overruled, and in January, 1772, was sent to Cambridge, under the care of my brother, who, in passing through Boston, indulged me by taking me to see the works of Mr. Copley. His house was on the Common, where Mr. Sears's elegant granite *palazzo*[1] now stands. A mutual friend of Mr. Copley and my brother, Mr. James Lovell, went with us to introduce us. We found Mr. Copley dressed to receive a party of friends at dinner. I remember his dress

[1] Since remodelled, and occupied by the Somerset Club.

and appearance, — an elegant-looking man, dressed in a fine maroon cloth, with gilt buttons. This was dazzling to my unpractised eye. But his paintings, the first I had ever seen deserving the name, riveted, absorbed, my attention, and renewed all my desire to enter upon such a pursuit.

College Life.

But my destiny was fixed, and the next day I went to Cambridge, passed my examination in form, and was readily admitted to the junior class, who were then in the middle of the third year; so that I had only to remain one year and a half in college. My first anxiety was to know the actual studies and recitations of my class; and I soon found that I had no superior in Latin, that in Greek there were only two whom I had to fear as competitors, — Mr. Pearson, who afterwards became the professor of Oriental languages, and Mr. Theodore Parsons, brother of the late eminent judge,[1] who died a few years after we graduated. This advanced state of my acquirements rendered unnecessary any exertion of study to maintain my footing with my class; and I was in no small danger of dropping into a course of idleness and vanity, and thence, perhaps, into low company and base pursuits, when I fortunately learned that a French family, who had been removed with the other inhabitants of Acadie, by the political prudence of England, poor but respectable, were living in Cambridge, and had in some instances taught the French language. I went immediately to Père Robichaud, as the worthy man was called, and was admitted as a scholar. This family, besides the parents, comprised several children of both sexes, some about my own age. In such society I made good progress, and there laid the foundation of a knowledge of the French language, which in after-life was of eminent utility.

In the mean time, I searched the library of the college for works relating to the arts, and, among a few others of less importance, I found the "Jesuit's Prospective made easy. By

[1] Theophilus Parsons, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, who died 1813.

Brooke Taylor." This I studied carefully, and still possess a book into which I copied most of the diagrams of the work. I found also, and read with attention, "Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty." The library contained further a few fine engravings, and a set of Piranesi's prints of Roman ruins. In the philosophical chamber were several of Mr. Copley's finest portraits, and a view of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, painted in Italy, which, with the Piranesi, had been lately presented to the college by Thomas Palmer, Esq., one of the alumni, who had travelled in Italy, and whom I had the pleasure to know afterwards in Berkeley Square, London.

The principal college studies to which I paid much attention were moral and natural philosophy. Dr. Winthrop was professor of the latter; and to his lectures I listened with great attention and pleasure. Electricity was of very recent discovery, and was a source of great admiration and delight. Chemistry as yet was in a manner unknown as a science, and formed no part of our studies.

At the same time, I copied the painting of Vesuvius twice, — first with water-colors on vellum, small; and afterwards in oil, the size of the original. One of these I presented to Prof. Winthrop.

Among the engravings in the library was one from a painting by Noel Coypel, — Rebecca at the Well, surrounded by a number of attendants. This I admired, and copied in oil, the same size as the engraving. The forms, expressions, characters, and light and shadow, were before me: the colors I managed as well as I could from my own imagination. This received so much approbation from the officers and students in college, that I ventured to show it to Mr. Copley, and had the pleasure to hear it commended by him also. The picture is still preserved in the family. In July, 1773, I graduated without applause, *for I was not a speaker*, and returned to Lebanon.

The Beginning of the War.

In the summer and autumn of 1774, the angry discussions between Great Britain and her colonies began to assume a

very serious tone. As the low growling of distant thunder announces the approach of the natural tempest, so did these discussions give evident notice that a moral storm was at hand; and men began to fear that the decision of these angry questions must ere long be referred to the *ultima ratio.*

I caught the growing enthusiasm. The characters of Brutus, of Paulus Æmilius, of the Scipios, were fresh in my remembrance, and their devoted patriotism always before my eye; besides, my father was now governor of the colony, and a patriot, of course surrounded by patriots, to whose ardent conversations I listened daily. It would have been strange if all this had failed to produce its natural effect. I sought for military information, acquired what knowledge I could, soon formed a small company from among the young men of the school and the village, taught them, or, more properly, we taught each other, to use the musket and to march; and military exercises and studies became the favorite occupation of the day.

Of these youthful companions, several became valuable officers in the war which soon followed. Two brothers, my very particular friends and companions, Judah and Roger Alden, distinguished themselves. Judah commanded a company with which, in 1777, he covered the retreat of a reconnoitring column in West Chester County, and was killed in the defence of a bridge over the Bronx. Roger rose to the rank of major, and died lately, postmaster at West Point.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the tempest, which had been long preparing, burst at Lexington in Massachusetts. The blood of our brethren cried from the earth; and the cry was heard throughout New England. In Connecticut, a provisional military organization already existed; and the First Regiment of Connecticut troops, commanded by Gen. Joseph Spencer, started into view as by magic, and was on its march for Boston before the 1st of May. Of this regiment, I was adjutant. Gen. Spencer, a friend of my father, was somewhat advanced in life, brave but prudent; and it was arranged that I should be a member of his family, — a sort of aide-de-camp.

The regiment reached the vicinity of Boston early in May,

and was stationed at Roxbury. The parade and alarm post was a field on the hill between the meeting-house and the then road, in full view of the enemy's lines at the entrance of Boston. The entire army, if it deserved the name, was but an assemblage of brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined country lads; the officers, in general, quite as ignorant of military life as the troops, excepting a few elderly men, who had seen some irregular service among the provincials, under Lord Amherst.

The Character of the Troops.

Our first occupation was to secure our own positions by constructing field-works for defence. The command of the Roxbury division, forming properly the right wing of the army, was intrusted to Gen. Thomas of Massachusetts, a brave and well-educated man of fine talents, who had seen some service: his headquarters were on the hill, near the meeting-house.

Nothing of military importance occurred for some time. The enemy occasionally fired upon our working-parties, whenever they approached too nigh to their works; and, in order to familiarize our raw soldiers to this exposure, a small reward was offered in General Orders, for every ball fired by the enemy, which should be picked up, and brought to headquarters. This soon produced the intended effect,—a fearless emulation among the men; but it produced, also, a very unfortunate result; for when the soldiers saw a ball, after having struck, and rebounded from the ground several times (*en ricochet*), roll sluggishly along, they would run and place a foot before it, to stop it, not aware that a heavy ball long retains sufficient impetus to overcome such an obstacle. The consequence was, that several brave lads lost their feet, which were crushed by the weight of the rolling shot. The order was, of course, withdrawn; and they were cautioned against touching a ball until it was entirely at rest. One thing had been ascertained by this means,—the caliber of the enemy's guns, eighteen pounds. Thirteen-inch shells were also occasionally fired, some of which exploded at first, to our no small annoy-

ance and alarm ; but some of these also, being picked up (having failed of igniting), were carried to headquarters, and by this means their dimensions were also ascertained.

Trumbull's Plan of the Enemy's Works.

Soon after that memorable day (June 17), Gen. Washington arrived, and assumed the command of the army. A few days after his arrival, I was told by my eldest brother, the commissary-general, that the commander-in-chief was very desirous of obtaining a correct plan of the enemy's works, in front of our position on Boston Neck ; and he advised me (as I could draw) to attempt to execute a view and plan as a means of introducing myself (probably) to the favorable notice of the general. I took his advice, and began the attempt, by creeping (under the concealment of high grass) so nigh that I could ascertain that the work consisted of a curtain crossing the entrance of the town, flanked by two bastions, — one on the western, and the other on the eastern side ; and I had ascertained the number of guns mounted on the eastern (their caliber was already known), when my farther progress was rendered unnecessary by the desertion of one of the British artillery-men, who brought out with him a rude plan of the entire work. My drawing was also shown to the general ; and their correspondence proved, that, as far as I had gone, I was correct. This (probably) led to my future promotion ; for, soon after, I was presented to the general, and appointed his second aide-de-camp : the first was Thomas Mifflin of Philadelphia, who was afterwards governor of the State of Pennsylvania, and president of Congress in 1783, when Gen. Washington resigned his commission. Joseph Reed (also of Philadelphia) was secretary ; and Horatio Gates, adjutant-general.

The scene at headquarters was altogether new and strange to me ; for the ruined state of my father's fortune, and the retirement in which he lived at Lebanon, had prevented my having seen much of elegant society. I now suddenly found myself in the family of one of the most distinguished and dignified men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal

officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them : it was further my duty to receive company, and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country of both sexes. I soon felt myself unequal to the *elegant* duties of my situation, and was gratified when Mr. Edmund Randolph (afterwards secretary of state) and Mr. Baylor arrived from Virginia, and were named aides-de-camp, to succeed Mr. Mifflin and myself. Mifflin was made quartermaster-general of the army, and I a major of brigade at Roxbury. In this situation I was at home ; for it was but the duty of an adjutant upon an extended scale. The accuracy of my returns very soon attracted the notice of the adjutant-general (Gates) ; and I became in some degree a favorite with him.

Return to Art.

[Col. Trumbull, who had served as Gen. Gates's deputy adjutant-general, waited impatiently for his regular commission ; and when, months afterward, it was issued by Congress, but dated three months later than the time of his actually taking service, his pride was so wounded, that he returned it, and refused all the efforts of his friends, who sought to bring about a compromise between him and Congress. He left the service, never to return except for a brief occasion as volunteer ; and finally, after desultory attempts at following his profession in Boston, set out for Europe upon a commercial speculation, which suddenly collapsed upon the receipt of bad news from America, — the success of the British in the Southern States.]

This news was a *coup de grace* to my commercial project ; for my funds consisted in public securities of Congress, the value of which was annihilated by adversity. The study of the arts remained as a last resort, and I resolved to go to London, and there wait a possible change. I therefore remained but a short time in Paris, where I knew few except Dr. Franklin, and his grandson, Temple Franklin ; John Adams, and his son, John Q., then a boy at school, of fourteen ; and Mr. Strange, the eminent engraver, and his lady. As I was sitting one

morning with Mrs. Strange, a fashionable old French lady came in to make her a visit. She was splendidly dressed; but her face was very brown and wrinkled, with a spot of bright red paint, about the size of a dollar, on the centre of each cheek, then the indispensable mark of a married lady. With difficulty I suppressed the desire to laugh, which convulsed me. Mrs. Strange observed it, and, when her visitor was gone, gravely asked me what so much amused me. "My dear madam, to see how very strangely extremes meet. In my own country, I have often seen a squaw dressed in finery, — old, dusky, wrinkled, — with a dab of pure vermilion on each cheek, and little thought that the poor old savage was dressed in the height of Parisian fashion."

Having obtained from Dr. Franklin a line of introduction to Mr. West, I set off for London, travelling through Peronne, Cambray, Lisle, &c., to Ostend, and there embarked for Deal (which was then the regular packet communication between England and the Continent). Arrived in London, I took lodgings near the Adelphi, and sent immediate notice of my arrival to my friend Mr. Temple, whose address I knew: by him the secretary of state was informed of my residence. The next morning information to the same effect was lodged at the secretary's office by a committee of American Loyalists, who thought they were doing the state some service. But they received the incomprehensible rebuke, "You are late, gentlemen. Mr. Trumbull arrived yesterday at three o'clock; and I knew it at four. My eye is upon him; but I must observe to you, that, so long as he shall attend closely to the object of his pursuit, it is not the intention of government that he shall be interrupted."

BENJAMIN WEST.

I presented the letter of Dr. Franklin to Mr. West, and, of course, was most kindly received. His first question was, whether I had brought with me any specimen of my work, by which he could judge of my talent, and the progress I had made; and, when I answered that I had not, he said, "Then look around the room, and see if there is any thing which you

would like to copy." I did so; and, from the many which adorned his painting-room, I selected a beautiful small round picture of a mother and two children. Mr. West looked keenly at me, and asked, "Do you know what you have chosen?" — "No, sir." — "That, Mr. Trumbull, is called the Madonna della Sedia, the Madonna of the Chair, one of the most admired works of Raphael. The selection of such a work is a good omen. In an adjoining room I will introduce you to a young countryman of ours who is studying with me: he will show you where to find the necessary colors, tools, &c., and you will make your copy in the same room." Here began my acquaintance with Mr. Stuart, who was afterwards so celebrated for his admirable portraits. With his assistance, I prepared my materials, and proceeded to my work. When Mr. West afterwards came into the room to see how I went on, he found me commencing my outline without the usual aid of squares. "Do you expect to get a correct outline by your eye only?" — "Yes, sir: at least, I mean to try." — "I wish you success." His curiosity was excited; and he made a visit daily, to mark my progress, but forebore to offer me any advice or instruction. When the copy was finished, and he had carefully examined and compared it, he said, "Mr. Trumbull, I have now no hesitation to say that Nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities: nothing more is necessary, but careful and assiduous cultivation." With this stimulant, I devoted myself assiduously to the study of the art, allowing little time to make myself acquainted with the curiosities and amusements of the city.

At the close of Mr. West's residence in Italy, in 1762, he stopped at Parma long enough to make a small copy of the celebrated picture by Correggio, called the St. Jerome of Parma, which is universally regarded as one of the three most perfect works of art in existence. I have since seen several copies by eminent men, — one by Annibal Caracci, in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford; another by Mengs, in the possession of the widow of the well-known Mr. Webb, at Bath; and in 1797 I saw the original in the Louvre at Paris,

and have no hesitation to give it as my opinion, that Mr. West's copy approaches much nearer to the exquisite delicacy of expression and harmony of clair-obscure of the original, than any other I have seen. I cannot compare the color; for, when I saw the original, it was in a room adjoining the Gallery of the Louvre, under the hands of some mender of pictures, who deserves to be flayed alive for the butchery which he was inflicting upon this exquisite work. He had cleaned the body of the infant, and whole centre of the picture, till all the original surface color was taken away, and nothing was left but the dead coloring of blue-black and white; so that whatever may be its present appearance, it certainly is no longer the hand of Correggio, but of the cleaner. This picture early attracted my attention; but the number of figures, and complexity of the composition, deterred me from attempting to copy it. After having finished my Madonna, I resolved to attempt it; and, with the approbation of my master, I commenced again without squares, and trusting to my eye alone. I had not advanced far, when an event occurred, which had well-nigh put an end to my pursuit of the arts forever.

Arrest as an Offset to André.

On the 15th of November, 1780, news arrived in London of the treason of Gen. Arnold, and the death of Major André. The Loyalists, who had carefully watched my conduct from the day of my arrival, now thought themselves certain of putting an end to my unintelligible security and protection. Mr. André had been the deputy adjutant-general of the British army, and I a deputy adjutant-general in the American; and it seemed to them that I should make a perfect *pendant*. They, however, took their measures with great adroitness and prudence; and, without mentioning my name, information was by them lodged at the office of the secretary of state, that there was actually in London (doubtless in the character of a spy) an officer of rank of the rebel army, a very plausible and dangerous man, Major Tyler. In the very natural irritation of the moment, a warrant was instantly issued for his arrest.

This warrant was placed in the hands of Mr. Bond of the police; and the additional instruction was given to him by the *under* secretary, Sir Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford (himself an American Loyalist), that "in the same house with the person who is named in this warrant, lodges another American, who there are strong reasons for believing to be the most dangerous man of the two. Although his name is not inserted in the warrant, you will not, however, fail, Mr. Bond, to secure Mr. Trumbull's person and papers for examination, as well as Major Tyler." This took place on Saturday. On Sunday, Winslow Warren of Plymouth, who was a somewhat amphibious character, and, withal, young, handsome, and giddy, dined at Kensington with a party of Loyalist gentlemen from Boston; when the arrest of Mr. Tyler for high treason, and his probable fate, became a subject of conversation at dinner. Tyler and Warren, from similarity of character, had become companions in the gayeties of London; and, the moment Warren learned the danger of his friend, he excused himself from sitting after dinner to wine, by pretending an engagement to take tea with some ladies at the east end of the city, and, knowing where Tyler was engaged to dine, he drove with all haste, found him, and warned him of his danger. Of course he did not return to his lodgings, but prudently and safely made his escape to the Continent. In the mean time, a few minutes after Tyler went out on Sunday morning, a party of the police were stationed in an opposite ale-house to watch for him. I knew nothing of what was thus passing around me, and went out and returned several times during the day. In the evening I drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Channing of Georgia, and did not return home until past eleven o'clock. I found the mistress of the house sitting up, waiting for us. I asked for Tyler, and was answered that he was not yet come in. Soon after, we were startled by a loud knock at the door; and the servant came in to say that it was a well-dressed gentleman, who inquired for Mr. Tyler. "Ay," said I, "some of his merry companions, for another frolic." Some time after, the knock was repeated, and the

servant announced that the same gentleman had inquired again for Mr. Tyler, and, on being told that he was not yet come in, desired to see me. On entering the passage, I saw a very respectable-looking, middle-aged man, and requested him to walk into the parlor. He began with saying, "I am very sorry that Mr. Tyler is not at home, as I have business of importance with him: in short, sir, I have a warrant to arrest him." I replied, "that I had for some time been apprehensive that he was spending more money than he could afford." — "You misunderstand me: I have a warrant to arrest the major, not for debt, but for high treason; and my orders are, at the same time, to secure your person and papers, Mr. Trumbull, for examination." A thunderbolt falling at my feet would not have been more astounding; for, conscious of having done nothing politically wrong, I had become as confident of safety in London as I should have been in Lebanon. For a few moments I was perfectly disconcerted, and must have looked very like a guilty man. I saw in all its force the folly and the audacity of having placed myself at ease in the lion's den; but, by degrees, I recovered my self-possession, and conversed with Mr. Bond, who waited for the return of Mr. Tyler until past one o'clock. He then asked for my papers, put them carefully under cover, which he sealed, and desired me also to seal; having done this, he conducted me to a *lock-up house*, — the Brown Bear in Drury Lane, opposite to the (then) police-office. Here I was locked into a room in which was a bed, and a strong, well-armed officer for the companion of my night's meditations or rest. The windows, as well as door, were strongly secured by iron bars and bolts; and, seeing no possible means of making my retreat, I yielded to my fate, threw myself upon the bed, and endeavored to rest.

At eleven o'clock next morning, I was guarded across the street, through a crowd of curious idlers, to the office, and placed in the presence of the three police magistrates, Sir Sampson Wright, Mr. Addington, and another. The situation was new, painful, embarrassing. The examination began, and was at first conducted in a style so offensive to my

feelings, that it soon roused me from my momentary weakness; and I suddenly exclaimed, "You appear to have been much more habituated to the society of highwaymen and pickpockets than to that of gentlemen. I will put an end to all this insolent folly by telling you frankly who and what I am. I am an American; my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aide-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel Gen. Washington. These two have always in their power a greater number of your friends, prisoners, than you have of theirs. Lord George Germaine knows under what circumstances I came to London, and what has been my conduct here. I am entirely in your power; and, after the hint which I have given you, treat me as you please, always remembering, that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine." The moment of enthusiasm passed, and I half feared that I had said too much: but I soon found that the impulse of the moment was right; for I was immediately, and ever after, treated with marked civility, and even respect.

Other business of the office pressed; so, after a few words more, I was ordered, in custody of an officer, to Tothill-fields Bridewell, for safe keeping during the night, to be ready for a further examination the next day. I had not entirely recovered from the shock of this most unexpected event: so I drifted with the stream, without further struggle against my fate, *and I slept that night in the same bed with a highwayman.*

The next day I was brought up to a second examination before the same magistrates. I had avowed the crime of which I stood accused, — bearing arms against the king; and little else remained to do, but to remand me to prison. The clerk was ordered to make out my mittimus. I took the liberty to look over him, and found he was directing it to the keeper of Clerkenwell Prison. The mob of the preceding summer, called Lord George Gordon's mob, had, in their mad-

ness, destroyed all the prisons in London except this, and, of course, it was filled to overflowing with every class of malefactors. This I knew, and therefore remonstrated against being placed in such detestable companionship. Sir Sampson answered with great civility, and apparent kindness, "We must necessarily place you in confinement, Mr. Trumbull, and, unfortunately, this is the only prison within our jurisdiction which remains unburnt. But, if you will write a note to Lord George Germaine, I will myself take it to his lordship, and I have no doubt but you will receive a favorable answer." I wrote a few words; and Sir Sampson soon returned with a very civil verbal answer from Lord George, "expressive of regret for what had happened, as being entirely unknown to him until it was too late to interfere; that he was disposed to grant any alleviation which was in his power; that, therefore, I might make choice of any prison in the kingdom, from the Tower down, as the safety of my person, not the infliction of inconvenience or vexation, was the only object of the government."

A little inquiry satisfied me that it would be folly to select the Tower for my place of residence, as I should have to pay dearly for the honor, in the exorbitance of fees; and as I had been pleased with the quiet of Tothill-fields, and the civility of the people, I chose that, and was remanded to the care of Mr. Smith, the keeper of that place, who, having been butler to the Duke of Northumberland, had the manners of a gentleman, and always treated me with civility and kindness.

The building which bears the name of Tothill-fields Bridewell was a quadrangle of perhaps two hundred feet; an old and irregular building, the house of the keeper occupying one angle, and part of a side; the entrance, turnkey's room, tap-room, and some space for prisoners, and a small yard, another side; the female apartments and yard occupy the third; and the fourth was little more than a high brick wall. Besides the yards, a pretty little garden was enclosed within the walls: all windows looked upon the interior of the square. Its situation was behind Buckingham House, towards Pimlico.

After the first shock, during which I cared not where I slept, or what I ate, I hired from Mr. Smith, the keeper, one of the rooms of his house, for which I paid a guinea a week. It was a parlor on the ground floor, about twenty feet square: the door opened upon the hall of the house, at the foot of the stairs, and was secured by a strong lock and bolts. Two windows looked upon the yard, and were also firmly secured by strong iron bars. The room was neatly furnished, and had a handsome bureau bed. I received my breakfast and dinner, whatever I chose to order and pay for, from the little public house, called the *tap*. The prison allowance of the government was a pennyworth of bread, and a penny a day: this I gave to the turnkey for brushing my hat, clothes, and shoes. Besides these comforts, I had the privilege of walking in the garden. Every evening, when Mr. Smith went to his bed, he knocked at my door, looked in, saw that I was safe, wished me a good-night, locked the door, drew the bolts, put the key in his pocket, and withdrew. In the morning, when he quitted his own apartment, he unlocked my door, looked in to see that all was safe, wished me a good-morning, and went his way.

Released through West's Influence.

The moment when Mr. West heard of my arrest was one of extreme anxiety to him. His love for the land of his nativity was no secret; and he knew that the American Loyalists (at the head of whom was Joseph Galloway, once a member of congress from Pennsylvania) were outrageous at the kindness which the king had long shown to him, and still continued. He dreaded, also, the use which might be made, to his disadvantage, of the arrest, for treason, of a young American who had been, in a manner, domesticated under his roof, and of whom he had spoken publicly and with approbation. He therefore hurried to Buckingham House, asked an audience of the king, and was admitted.

Mr. West began with stating what had induced him to take the liberty of this intrusion, — his anxiety lest the affair of

my arrest might involve his own character, and diminish his Majesty's kindness, — spoke of my conduct during the time he had known me, as having been so entirely devoted to the study of my profession as to have left no time for political intrigue, &c. The king listened with attention, and then said, "West, I have known you long, and have conversed with you frequently. I can recollect no occasion on which you have ever attempted to mislead or misinform me; and for that reason you have acquired my entire confidence. I fully believe all that you have now said, and assure you that my confidence in you is not at all diminished by this unpleasant occurrence. I am sorry for the young man; but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result: I cannot interpose. Do you know whether his parents are living?"

"I think I have heard him say that he has very lately received news of the death of his mother: I believe his father is living."

"I pity him from my soul." He mused a few moments, and then added, "But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe."

This message was immediately delivered, and received, as it deserved to be, with profound gratitude. I had now nothing more to apprehend than a tedious confinement; and that might be softened by books and my pencil. I therefore begged Mr. West to permit me to have his beautiful little Correggio, and my tools. I proceeded with the copy, which was finished in prison during the winter of 1780–81, and is now deposited in the Gallery at New Haven.

But, with every alleviation, confinement within four walls soon became irksome, and, with the advice of some friends (for my friends were permitted freely to visit me), I resolved to endeavor to force myself to a legal trial; for the tide of military affairs, as well as of public opinion, began to run in favor of America; and it was believed that no jury could be found who would enforce the penalty of the law. I therefore consulted an eminent lawyer, — the Hon. John Lee, — and

received for answer, that the suspension of the act of *habeas corpus* rendered such a measure impossible, and that my only hope was by impressing the minds of ministers with a sense of the uselessness of severe measures, in the actual state of the dispute, and thus inducing them to release me, as a step towards conciliation.

In the course of the winter, I received kind visits from many distinguished men, among whom were John Lee, lately attorney-general, Charles J. Fox, and others. Mr. Fox was very kind. He recommended a direct application to ministers, on the ground of impolicy, and added, "I would undertake it myself, if I thought I could have any influence with them; but such is the hostility between us, that we are not even on speaking terms. Mr. Burke has not lost all influence; has not thrown away the scabbard, as I have. I will converse with him, and desire him to visit you." A few days after, Mr. Burke came to see me, and readily and kindly undertook the negotiation, which, after some unavoidable delay, ended in an order of the king in council to admit me to bail, with the condition that I should leave the kingdom in thirty days, and not return until after peace should be restored. Mr. West and Mr. Copley became my sureties, and I was liberated in the beginning of June, after a close confinement of seven months.

Connecticut and Athens.

[After his release, Trumbull went to the Continent, where he received despatches from his father, authorizing him to negotiate a loan in Holland for the State of Connecticut. On consulting Mr. Adams, who was engaged in the same business for the United States, and met with apparently insurmountable difficulties, he abandoned the attempt, and returned to America.]

I returned to Lebanon as soon as possible, and occupied myself with closing all accounts respecting my unfortunate mercantile experiment. My reflections were painful: I had thrown away two of the most precious years of life, had encountered many dangers, and suffered many inconveniences,

to no purpose. I was seized with a serious illness, which confined me to my bed, and endangered my life; and it was autumn before I had recovered strength sufficient to attempt any occupation.

My brother was engaged in a contract for the supply of the army. It was necessary to have a perfectly confidential agent residing with the army to superintend the faithful execution of the contract there. He offered me this situation; and, as soon as I had recovered sufficient strength, I commenced my duty at the quarters of the army, on the North River, presented myself to my early master and friend, Gen. Washington, and was very kindly received. I remained at New Windsor during the winter of 1782 and 1783. Here we received the news of the signing of the preliminary articles of peace; and an end was thus put to all further desultory pursuits. It was now necessary to determine upon a future occupation for life. The gentlemen with whom I was connected in the military contract proposed a commercial establishment, in which they would furnish funds, information, and advice, while I should execute the business, and divide with them the profits. The proposal was fascinating; but I reflected, that, if I entered upon regular commerce, I must come in competition with men who had been educated in the counting-house, and my ignorance might often leave me at their mercy; and therefore I declined this offer. My father again urged the law, as the profession which in a republic leads to all emolument and distinction, and for which my early education had well prepared me. My reply was, that, so far as I understood the question, law was rendered necessary by the vices of mankind; that I had already seen too much of them, willingly to devote my life to a profession which would keep me perpetually involved, either in the defence of innocence against fraud and injustice, or (what was much more revolting to an ingenuous mind) to the protection of guilt against just and merited punishment. In short, I pined for the arts, again entered into an elaborate defence of my predilection, and again dwelt upon the honors paid to artists in the glorious days of Greece and Athens.

My father listened patiently; and, when I had finished, he complimented me upon the able manner in which I had defended what to him still appeared to be a bad cause. "I had confirmed his opinion," he said, "that, with proper study, I should make a respectable lawyer. But," added he, "you must give me leave to say, that you appear to have overlooked, or forgotten, one very important point in your case." — "Pray, sir," I rejoined, "what was that?" — "You appear to forget, sir, that *Connecticut is not Athens;*" and, with this pithy remark, he bowed and withdrew, and never more opened his lips upon the subject. How often have those few impressive words recurred to my memory! — "Connecticut is not Athens." The decision was made in favor of the arts. I closed all other business, and in December, 1783, embarked at Portsmouth, N.H., for London.

A Lost Opportunity.

I arrived in London in January, 1784, went immediately to Mr. West, and was received most cordially.

My father had written a letter to Mr. Edmund Burke, expressive of his gratitude for the kindness shown to his son when in prison, and commending me to his future protection. This letter I early presented, and was most kindly received. "Your father speaks of painting as being the great object of your pursuit: do you not intend to study architecture also?" asked Mr. Burke. I replied, "that I thought I knew enough already, for my purpose in backgrounds, &c." — "I do not mean that, Mr. Trumbull. You are aware that architecture is the eldest sister; that painting and sculpture are the youngest, and subservient to her; you must also be aware that you belong to a young nation, which will soon want public buildings: these must be erected before the decorations of painting and sculpture will be required. I would, therefore, strongly advise you to study architecture thoroughly and scientifically in order to qualify yourself to superintend the erection of these national buildings, — decorate them also, if you will."

This was wise and kind advice; and I had afterwards suffi-

cient evidence of my own want of wisdom in neglecting to follow it. A few of the hours of evenings which with all my fancied industry were trifled away would have sufficed for the acquisition of thorough architectural knowledge.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West.

Mr. Burke was the personal friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and when I mentioned my predilection for history, and spoke of my intention to study especially under Mr. West, he did not appear to regard this preference with cordiality. I went on, however, painting by day at Mr. West's house, and in the evening drawing at the academy. Here I frequently sat by the side of Lawrence (afterwards Sir Thomas), so celebrated for his exquisite portraits. His manner there was to finish elaborately such parts of the model before him as struck his taste: of course, he rarely had time to work up the other parts of his figure with equal care; and the whole was not unfrequently out of drawing. The consequence of this bad habit of study may often be traced in his paintings.

In the early part of my studies, in 1784, my friend Col. Wadsworth, and his son, were in London; and I was desired to paint their portraits. I attempted it, — the father dressed in gray cloth, sitting, the son leaning on his shoulder, — small, whole-length figures. This picture still exists, in possession of Mrs. Terry of Hartford, the daughter of the former, and sister of the latter, of these two gentlemen, and is, in truth, bad enough. I had the vanity, however, to take it to show to Sir Joshua Reynolds. The moment he saw it, he said in a quick, sharp tone, "That coat is bad, sir, very bad. It is not cloth: it is tin, bent tin." The criticism was but too true, but its severity wounded my pride; and I answered (taking up the picture), "I did not bring this thing to you, Sir Joshua, merely to be told that it is bad: I was conscious of that. And how could it be otherwise, considering the short time I have studied? I had a hope, sir, that you would kindly have pointed out to me how to correct my errors." I bowed, and withdrew, and was cautious not again to expose my imperfect works to the criticism of Sir Joshua.

In the summer of 1785, I finished for Mr. West a copy of his glorious picture of the battle of La Hogue, on cloth, a few inches larger on every side than the original. This work was of inestimable importance to me; and soon after, I composed and painted the picture of "Priam returning to his Family with the Dead Body of Hector," which is now in the Athenæum at Boston.

In the autumn of the same year, I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Preston of Chevening, in Kent, to pass a week at his house, in company with Mr. West's eldest son. The library of Mr. Preston (which, at his death, he bequeathed to the Library of Philadelphia, where it now is) was rich in works relating to the arts; and among others were the Trajan, Antonine, and other columns, the triumphal arches, bass-reliefs, &c., of Rome: these I studied attentively. Here, also, I made my first attempt at the composition of a military scene, taken from the war of the Revolution: it was a small sketch in Indian ink, on paper, of the death of Gen. Frazer at Behmus's Heights. And here I was introduced to the learned and excellent Earl and Countess of Stanhope.

Upon my return to town, I resumed my studies with Mr. West and at the academy with ardor, and now began to meditate seriously the subjects of national history, of events of the Revolution, which have since been the great objects of my professional life. The death of Gen. Warren at the battle of Bunker Hill, and of Gen. Montgomery in the attack on Quebec, were first decided upon. These were the earliest important events in point of time; and I not only regarded them as highly interesting passages of history, but felt, that, in painting them, I should be paying a just tribute of gratitude to the memory of eminent men who had given their lives for their country. These pictures (which are now in the Gallery at New Haven) were both painted in the room of Mr. West; and, when the Bunker Hill was pretty far advanced, he said to me one day, "Trumbull, will you dine with me to-morrow? I have invited some of our brother-artists, and wish you to be of the party." He received his friends in his painting-

room, where, by his direction, my picture was standing in an advantageous light. Among the guests was Sir Joshua Reynolds; and, when he entered the room, he immediately ran up to my picture. "Why, West, what have you got here? This is better colored than your works are generally." — "Sir Joshua" (was the reply), "you mistake. That is not mine: it is the work of this young gentleman, Mr. Trumbull. Permit me to introduce him to you." Sir Joshua was at least as much disconcerted as I had been by the *bent tin*. The account between us was fairly balanced.

Pictures of the American Revolution.

Mr. West witnessed the progress of these two pictures with great interest, and strongly encouraged me to persevere in the work of the history of the American Revolution, which I had thus commenced, and recommended to me that I should have the series engraved, by which means, not only would the knowledge of them, and of my talent, be more widely diffused, but also, in small sums from many purchasers, I should probably receive a more adequate compensation for my labor than I could hope from the mere sale of the paintings, even at munificent prices. He proceeded to detail to me a history of his own method, and of his success in the publication of the engravings from his history of England, and explained to me, with the kindness of a father, all the intricacies of such an enterprise, — the choice of engravers, printers, publisher, &c.

My only objection to this was, that the necessary superintendence would require more time and attention than I was willing to spare from the direct pursuit of my studies. I was conscious of having entered upon the profession at too late an hour, and feared to divert my mind from the unremitted course of study which I had so successfully pursued during the last two or three years. This objection was removed. Mr. West was well acquainted with an Italian artist, by the name of Antonio di Poggi, of very superior talents as a draughtsman, who had recently commenced the business of publishing. He suggested that Mr. Poggi might be

advantageously taken into connection as the publisher, for which his great precision and elegance of drawing peculiarly qualified him. After some reflection, I determined to pursue the course thus pointed out to me. I entered into an agreement with Mr. Poggi for the publication of the two paintings now in hand; and, while he sought for engravers, I continued to work upon the pictures. He soon found that there was not, at the time, a single engraver in England, disengaged, of sufficient talent to be safely employed in a work of the first-class, as we meant this to be: he therefore soon went to the Continent in pursuit of this, in connection with his other affairs. When the two pictures were finished, I took them with me, and joined him at Paris, with the great object of finding proper engravers.

On this occasion Mr. Adams (minister of the United States in London) and other friends gave me letters of introduction to a number of important persons in Paris, from which I entertained hopes of a pleasant reception; and Mr. Vander Gucht, a dealer in pictures in London, requested me to deliver a letter to Mr. Le Brun, his correspondent in Paris. From this I expected nothing, as I had little acquaintance with Mr. Vander Gucht, and supposed it merely a letter of business. It happened, however, that, when I reached Paris, every person to whom the letters of Mr. Adams and other friends were addressed, was in the country, and the letters, of course, useless; while that to Mr. Le Brun, aided by the sight of my pictures, made me known to all the principal artists and connoisseurs in Paris.

A Banker for the Artist.

In May, 1777, immediately after my resignation, my military accounts were audited and settled at Albany, by the proper accounting officer, John Carter. This gentleman, who soon after married Angelica, the eldest daughter of Gen. Schuyler, resided, in 1778 and 1779, in Boston, where I was studying; and the acquaintance which commenced at Albany was continued. On my return from Europe, in 1782, he was one of

the contractors for the supply of the American and French armies, in company with my friend Col. Wadsworth of Hartford. After the preliminaries of peace were signed, these gentlemen proposed the commercial connection, which I declined; and, when I resolved to return to London for the purpose of studying the arts, I purchased from Mr. Carter a bill of exchange upon a banking-house in London, with the full amount of all my disposable means, which were small enough to begin such a course with.

In London, 1784, my acquaintance with this gentleman was renewed, under the name of John Barker Church (Carter had been but a *nom de guerre*), where he lived in great elegance, a member of parliament, &c.; and although I was now but a poor student of painting, and he rich, honored, and associated with the great, Mr. Church continued to treat me on the footing of equality; and I frequently dined at his table with distinguished men, such as Sheridan, &c.

In 1786 Mr. Church called upon me one morning very early, and said with a little hesitation, "I am glad to find you at home and alone, Trumbull. I wish to ask you a question, at which I hope you will not take offence." — "Certainly, my friend, you can say nothing at which I can be offended." — "I wish to know, then, how your money holds out." — "Almost exhausted." — "I should think so: I cannot comprehend how you have made it last so long. Now, do not regard this as an inquiry of silly curiosity. I hear very favorable accounts of your industry and probable success, and was afraid that the want of money might oblige you either to relax your studies, or to ask pecuniary favors from strangers. My real business, therefore, is to ask that you will consider me as your banker, and that whenever you may have occasion for fifty, one hundred, or five hundred pounds, you will go to no one else, but apply to me; and you shall always have it, on your personal security. I shall ask no guaranty or indorser; your simple receipt only, and five per cent interest."

Instances of patronage like this to young men studying the fine arts, I presume are uncommon, and deserve to be grate-

fully remembered. By reference to my accounts at that time, I find that I availed myself of my friend's singular kindness to a considerable amount, and for several years; and when the account was closed by my final payment of the balance due on the 5th of March, 1797, I made an entry, of which the following is a copy: "The kindness of Mr. Church, in advancing me at times when my prospects were not the most promising, and on my personal security merely, the sums which form the above account, will forever deserve my most sincere acknowledgments. Without such aid my subsequent success would have been checked by pecuniary embarrassments. J. T."

Mrs. Wright.

[We take our leave of Trumbull at this point, and, by a somewhat ungallant transition, pass to the reminiscences of Elkanah Watson respecting another branch of the fine arts. John Adams, in one of his letters, speaks of visiting in Philadelphia the rare works of Mrs. Wells, sister of the famous Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Wright enjoyed a still greater renown in England for her figures, which seem to have been the predecessors of Madame Tussaud's wax-works. Elkanah Watson met the lady in Paris in 1781.]

I came oddly in contact with the eccentric Mrs. Wright, on my arrival at Paris, from Nantes. Giving orders, from the balcony of the Hotel d'York, to my English servant, I was assailed by a powerful female voice crying out from the upper story, "Who are you? an American I hope!"—"Yes, madam," I replied. "And who are you?" In two minutes, she came blustering down stairs, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. We soon were on the most excellent terms. I discovered that she was in the habit of daily intercourse with Franklin, and was visited by all the respectable Americans in Paris. She was a native of New Jersey, and by profession a moulder of wax figures. The wild flights of her powerful mind stamped originality on all her acts and language. She was a tall and athletic figure, and walked with a firm, bold step, as

erect as an Indian. Her complexion was somewhat sallow; her cheek-bones, high; her face, furrowed; and her olive eyes keen, piercing, and expressive. Her sharp glance was appalling: it had almost the wildness of a maniac's. The vigor and originality of her conversation corresponded with her manners and appearance. She would utter language, in her incessant volubility, as if unconscious to whom directed, that would put her hearers to the blush. She apparently possessed the utmost simplicity of heart and character.

With a head of wax upon her lap, she would mould the most accurate likenesses by the mere force of a retentive recollection of the traits and lines of the countenance: she would form her likenesses by manipulating the wax with her thumb and finger. Whilst thus engaged, her strong mind poured forth an uninterrupted torrent of wild thought, and anecdotes and reminiscences of men and events. She went to London about the year 1767, near the period of Franklin's appearance there as the agent of Pennsylvania. The peculiarity of her character, and the excellence of her wax figures, made her rooms in Pall Mall a fashionable lounging-place for the nobility and distinguished men of England. Here her deep penetration and sagacity, cloaked by her apparent simplicity of purpose, enabled her to gather many facts and secrets important to "dear America," her uniform expression in reference to her native land, which she dearly loved.

She was a genuine Republican, and ardent Whig. The king and queen often visited her rooms: they would induce her to work upon her heads, regardless of their presence. She would often, as if forgetting herself, address them as George and Charlotte. This fact she often mentioned to me herself. Whilst in England she communicated much important information to Franklin, and remained in London until '75 or '76, engaged in that kind of intercourse with him and the American Government by which she was placed in positions of extreme hazard.

I saw her frequently in Paris in '81, and in various parts of England from '82 to '84. Her letters followed me in my

travels through Europe. I had assisted her at Paris, had extended aid to her son at Nantes, and had given him a free passage in one of our ships to America. Her gratitude was unbounded. This son was a painter and artist of some eminence, and in 1784 took a model of Washington's head in plaster. I heard from Washington himself an amusing anecdote connected with this bust.

In January, 1785, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a visit under his roof, in the absence of all visitors. Among the many interesting subjects which engaged our conversation in a long winter evening (the most valuable of my life), in which his dignified lady and Miss Custis united, he amused us with relating the incident of the taking of this model. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," the general remarked, "with the singular request, that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster-of-Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over; and placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and, seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made." These are nearly the words of Washington.

Some time after my acquaintance with Mrs. Wright commenced, she informed me that an eminent female chemist of Paris had written her a note, saying that she would make her a visit at twelve o'clock the next day, and announced, also, that she could not speak English. Mrs Wright desired me to act as interpreter. At the appointed hour, the thundering of a carriage in the courtyard announced the arrival of the French lady. She entered with much grace, in which Mrs. Wright was no match for her. She was old, with a sharp nose, and with broad patches of vermilion spread over the deep furrows of her cheeks. I was placed in a chair between the two originals. Their tongues flew with velocity, — the one in

English, and the other in French, and neither understanding a word the other uttered. I saw no possibility of interpreting two such volleys of words, and at length abruptly commanded silence for a moment. I asked each, "Do you understand?" "Not a word," said Mrs. Wright. "N'importe," replied the chemist, bounding from her chair, in the midst of the floor; and, dropping a low courtesy, she was off. "What an old painted fool!" said Mrs. Wright in anger. It was evident that this visit was not intended for an interchange of sentiment, but a mere act of civility, a call.

Mrs. Wright and Franklin's Head.

I employed Mrs. Wright to make the head of Franklin, which was often the source of much amusement to me. After it was completed, we both were invited to dine with Franklin; and I conveyed her to Passy in my carriage, she bearing the head upon her lap. No sooner in presence of the doctor than she had placed one head by the side of the other. "There," she exclaimed, "are twin-brothers." The likeness was truly admirable; and at the suggestion of Mrs. Wright, to give it more effect, Franklin sent me a suit of silk clothes which he wore in 1778. Many years afterward the head was broken in Albany; and the clothes I presented to the Historical Society of Massachusetts.

An adventure occurred to Mrs. Wright, in connection with this head, ludicrous in the highest degree; but, although almost incredible, it is literally true. After the head had been modelled, she walked out to Passy, carrying it in a napkin, in order to compare it with the original. In returning in the evening, she was stopped at the barrier, to be searched for contraband goods; but, as her mind was as free as her native American air, she knew no restraint, nor the reason why she was detained. She resisted the attempt to examine her bundle, and broke out in the rage of a fury. The officers were amazed, as no explanation, in the absence of an interpreter, could take place. She was compelled, however, to yield to power. The bundle was opened, and, to the astonishment

of the officials, exhibited the head of a dead man, as appeared to them in the obscurity of the night. They closed the bundle without further examination, believing, as they afterward assured me, that she was an escaped maniac, who had committed murder, and was about concealing the head of her victim.

They were determined to convey her to the police-station, when she made them comprehend her entreaties to be taken to the Hotel d'York. I was in my room; and hearing in the passage a great uproar, and Mrs. Wright's voice pitched upon a higher key than usual, I rushed out, and found her in a terrible rage, her fine eye flashing. I thrust myself between her and the officers, exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu! qu'est ce qu'il y-a?" An explanation ensued. All except Mrs. Wright were highly amused at the singularity and absurdity of the affair.

The head and clothes I transmitted to Nantes; and they were the instruments of many frolics not inappropriate to my youth; but perhaps it is hardly safe to advert to them in my age. A few I will venture to relate. On my arrival at Nantes, I caused the head to be properly adjusted to the dress, which was arranged in natural shape and dimensions. I had the figure placed in the corner of a large room, near a closet, and behind a table. Before it, I laid an open atlas, the arm resting upon the table, and mathematical instruments strewn upon it. A handkerchief was thrown over the arm-stumps; and wires were extended to the closet, by which means the body could be elevated or depressed, and placed in various positions. Thus arranged, some ladies and gentlemen were invited to pay their respects to Dr. Franklin by candle-light. For a moment they were completely deceived; and all profoundly bowed and courtesied, which was reciprocated by the figure. Not a word being uttered, the trick was soon revealed.

A report soon circulated, that Dr. Franklin was at Mons. Watson's. At eleven o'clock the next morning, the mayor of Nantes came, in full dress, to call on the renowned phi-

losopher. Cossoul, my worthy partner, being acquainted with the mayor, favored the joke for a moment, after their mutual salutations. Others came in; and all were disposed to gull their friends in the same manner.

The most amusing of all the incidents connected with this head occurred in London, whither I sent it after the peace of '83, when I had established a bachelor's hall in that city. I placed the figure, in full dress, with the head leaning out of the window, apparently gazing up and down the square. Franklin had formerly been well known in that part of the city, and was at once recognized. Observing a collection of people gathering at another window, looking at him, I ordered him down.

The morning papers announced the arrival of Dr. Franklin, at an American merchant's in Belleter Square; and I found it necessary to contradict the report. In the interval, three Boston gentlemen, who were in the city, expressed a wish to pay their respects to the doctor. I desired them to call in the evening, and bring their letters of introduction, which they had informed me they bore, expecting to see him at Paris. I concerted measures with a friend to carry the harmless deception to the utmost extent on this occasion. Before entering, I apprised them that he was deeply engaged in examining maps and papers; and I begged that they would not be disturbed at any apparent inattention. Thus prepared, I conducted them into a spacious room. Franklin was seated at the extremity, with his atlas, and my friend at the wires. I advanced in succession with each, half across the room, and introduced him by name. Franklin raised his head, bowed, and resumed his attention to the atlas. I then retired, and seated them at the farther side of the room.

They spoke to me in whispers. "What a venerable figure!" exclaims one. "Why don't he speak?" says another. "He is doubtless in a revery," I remarked, "and has forgotten the presence of his company: his great age must be his apology. Get your letters, and go up again with me to him." When near the table, I said, "Mr. B——, sir, from

Boston." The head was raised. "A letter," says B——, "from Dr. Cooper." I could go no further. The scene was too ludicrous. As B—— held out the letter, I struck the figure smartly, exclaiming, "Why don't you receive the letter like a gentleman?" They all were petrified with astonishment; but B—— never forgave me the joke.

An Evening with Franklin.

[A veritable interview with Dr. Franklin is described by the same writer at a later date.]

Soon after my return to Paris, I dined, and spent the evening, with the immortal Franklin. Arriving at an early hour, I discovered the philosopher in a distant room, reading, in the exact posture in which he is represented by an admirable engraving from his portrait; his left arm resting upon the table, and his chin supported by the thumb of his right hand. His mingling in the most refined and exalted society of both hemispheres had communicated to his manners a blandness and urbanity, well sustained by his native grace and elegance of deportment. His venerable locks waving over his shoulders, and the dignity of his personal appearance, commanded reverence and respect; and yet his manners were so pleasant and fascinating, that one felt at ease, and unrestrained, in his presence. He inquired whether I knew that he was a musician; and he conducted me across the room, to an instrument of his own invention, which he called the Armonica. The music was produced by a peculiar combination of hemispherical glasses. At my solicitation, he played upon it, and performed some Scotch pastorales with great effect. The exhibition was truly striking and interesting, — to contemplate an eminent statesman, in his seventy-sixth year, and the most distinguished philosopher of the age, performing a simple pastorale on an instrument of his own construction. The interest was not diminished by the fact that this philosopher, who was guiding the intellects of thousands, that this statesman, an object of veneration in the metropolis of Europe, and who was influencing the destiny of nations, had been an untutored printer's boy in America.

Our conversation during the evening was turned to the all-absorbing subject of the great combination of the French and American forces against Cornwallis. Our last information left the affairs in Virginia in a precarious and doubtful posture. De Grasse had entered the Chesapeake; Washington and Rochambeau had united their forces; De Barras, with seven sail-of-the-line, had left Rhode Island to join De Grasse. The British fleet had sailed from New York, with ten thousand troops, to relieve Cornwallis; and it was reported that a re-enforcement had departed from England for New York. Thus stood the general aspect of our intelligence at a crisis which seemed to involve the existence of a young empire. We weighed probabilities, balanced possible vicissitudes, dissected maps. We feared that the British fleet might intercept De Barras at the capes of Virginia, and thus retrieve its superiority over De Grasse, attack and overwhelm him, and, landing their army, defeat and break up the combinations of Washington. The philosophy and self-possession, even of Franklin, seemed almost to abandon him. The vibrations of hope and fear occupied his mind; and still I could perceive in him a deep conviction of a successful issue to the operations of Washington. I left him at night, in the company of Dr. Bancroft, an American residing in London, but an ardent Whig; and I returned to Paris in deep despondency, sighing over the miseries of our bleeding country.

At dawn the next morning, I was aroused by a thundering rap at my door. It brought me a circular from Dr. Franklin, struck off by a machine somewhat similar to the copying-machines of the present day; and with what unspeakable thankfulness and thrilling interest I read its contents! It was as follows: —

Copy of a note from Count de Vergennes to Dr. Franklin, dated Versailles, 19th November, 1781, 11 o'clock at night.

Sir, — I cannot better express my gratitude to you for the news you often communicate to me, than by informing you that the Duc de Lausan arrived this evening with the agreeable news that the combined armies of France and America have forced Cornwallis to capitulate. The English garrison came out of Yorktown

the 19th of October, with honors of war, and laid down their arms as prisoners. About six thousand troops, eighteen hundred sailors, twenty-two stand of colors, and one hundred and seventy pieces of cannon, — seventy-five of which are brass, — are the trophies which signalize this victory: besides, a ship of fifty guns was burnt, also a frigate, and a great number of transports.

I have the honor, &c.,

DE VERGENNES.

To his Excellency, Dr. FRANKLIN.

The next day I waited on Dr. Franklin, together with many American and French gentlemen, to offer our mutual congratulations. He appeared in an ecstasy of joy, observing, "There is no parallel in history of two entire armies being captured from the same enemy in any one war."

The delight and the rejoicings of all classes of the people were excessive. Paris was illuminated for three successive nights. On my return to Nantes, along the banks of the Loire, I found all the cities in a blaze of illumination, and Nantes in the midst of it on my arrival.

AN AMERICAN'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance-office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete, save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America as in the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there

with a bold hand, a master's touch, and, I believe, an American heart, attached to the ship the *stars and stripes.* This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in Old England.*[1]

At an early hour on the 5th of December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangements, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered, "Get as near the throne as you can: fear nothing." I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe. The lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day; and the windows being elevated, and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, increased the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators Copley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I saw, also, some dejected American Royalists in the group.

After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The commons were sum-

[1] "I brought this splendid painting with me to America, and it is still in my possession. It is pronounced by artists second to no painting in America, and has, at their earnest request, been deposited in academies and schools of painting as a study for young artists. Copley assured me that it would not, in his own language, 'ripen in forty years;' and now, after an interval of more than half a century, its colors appear clearer and more brilliant than on the day they left the painter's pallet (1821). This magnificent painting, equal, probably, to any in America in style and execution, becoming by age more brilliant in its coloring, and mellowed and ripened by time, is now at the mansion of Charles M. Watson, Port Kent, Essex County, N.Y." — *Winslow C. Watson.* Mr. Agustus Thorndike Perkins, in his recent "Sketch of the Life and List of some of the Works of John Singleton Copley" (1873), states that the picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Thompson of Philadelphia.

moned; and, after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the king, and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice, and expression of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued, —

"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them" — Here he paused, and was in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his speech by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion.* In a moment he resumed, "and offer to declare them *free and independent States.* In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother-country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is remarked, that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed. He hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address: every

artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review in my mind's eye the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the contest, and the widespread desolation resulting from the stubbornness of this very king, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet I believe that George III. acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty.

The great drama was now closed. The battle of Lexington exhibited its first scene. The Declaration of Independence was a lofty and glorious event in its progress ; and the ratification of our independence by the king consummated the spectacle in triumph and exultation. This successful issue of the American Revolution will, in all probability, influence eventually the destinies of the whole human race. Such had been the sentiment and language of men of the profoundest sagacity and prescience, during and anterior to the conflict, in all appeals to the people. In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories.

The ensuing afternoon, having a card of admission from Alderman Wool, I attended in the gallery of the House of Commons. There was no elaborate debate, but much acrimony evinced in the incidental discussions. Commodore Johnstone assailed Lord Howe's late expedition to Gibraltar, because he had not gained a decisive victory, alleging, that, with proper effort, he might have done so ; when Mr. Townshend defended him with zeal and spirit. Capt. Luttrell, a naval officer, then attacked Fox with much severity, accusing him of treating the navy, in some of his speeches, with disrespect. Fox replied with his wonted keen and sarcastic style, in a short and rapid speech. Mr. Burke at length arose, and attacked the king's address of the day before in a vein of satire and ridicule. He said, "It was a farrago of nonsense

and hypocrisy." Young Pitt, the newly created chancellor of the exchequer, replied to Mr. Burke, and handled him with dignified severity, imputing to him buffoonery and levity. Gen. Conway said, "The recognition of American Independence was explicit and unconditional."

New-England Seacoast Life.

[A glimpse of New England under peculiar conditions is afforded by the sketches of Hector St. John Crevecœur in his "Letters from an American Farmer." He visited the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard shortly before the war, and was captivated by the simplicity and sturdiness of life there. He gives detailed accounts of the industry of the inhabitants; and his pictures of the bustling life upon the islands at that time contrast strangely with the quiet and sleepiness of the same places to-day. It is apparent that he regarded the life there as in a peculiar sense characteristic of the new American nation that was forming. We give some passages from his descriptions of the islands.]

The Beginning of the Whale-Fishery.

The first proprietors of this island, or, rather, the first founders of this town, began their career of industry with a single whaleboat, with which they went to fish for cod. The small distance from their shores at which they caught it enabled them soon to increase their business; and those early successes first led them to conceive that they might likewise catch the whales, which hitherto sported undisturbed on their banks. After many trials, and several miscarriages, they succeeded; thus they proceeded, step by step. The profits of one successful enterprise helped them to purchase and prepare better materials for a more extensive one: as these were attended with little costs, their profits grew greater. The south sides of the island, from east to west, were divided into four equal parts; and each part was assigned to a company of six, which, though thus separated, still carried on their business in common. In the middle of this distance they erected a mast,

provided with a sufficient number of rounds ; and near it they built a temporary hut, where five of the associates lived ; whilst the sixth from his high station carefully looked toward the sea in order to observe the spouting of the whales. As soon as any were discovered, the sentinel descended, the whaleboat was launched, and the company went forth in quest of their game. It may appear strange to you, that so slender a vessel as an *American whaleboat*, containing six diminutive beings, should dare to pursue and to attack in its native element the largest and strongest fish that Nature has created. Yet by the exertions of an admirable dexterity, improved by a long practice, in which these people are become superior to any other whalemen, by knowing the temper of the whale after her first movement, and by many other useful observations, they seldom failed to harpoon it, and to bring the huge leviathan on the shores. Thus they went on, until the profits they made enabled them to purchase larger vessels, and to pursue them farther when the whales quitted their coasts. Those who failed in their enterprises returned to the cod-fisheries, which had been their first school, and their first resource : they even began to visit the banks of Cape Breton, the Isle of Sable, and all the other fishing-places, with which this coast of America abounds. By degrees they went a-whaling to Newfoundland, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the Straits of Belleisle, the coast of Labrador, Davis's Straits, even to Cape Desolation, in 70° of latitude, where the Danes carry on some fisheries in spite of the perpetual severities of that inhospitable climate. In process of time, they visited the Western Islands, the latitude of 34°, famous for that fish, the Brazils, the coast of Guinea. Would you believe that they have already gone to the Falkland Islands, and that I have heard several of them talk of going to the South Sea ! Their confidence is so great, and their knowledge of this branch of business so superior to that of any other people, that they have acquired a monopoly of this commodity.

The Mode of Whale-Fishing.

The vessels most proper for whale-fishing are brigs of about a hundred and fifty tons burthen, particularly when they are intended for distant latitudes. They always man them with thirteen hands, in order that they may row two whale-boats, the crews of which must necessarily consist of six, — four at the oars, one standing on the bows with the harpoon, and the other at the helm. It is also necessary that there should be two of these boats, that, if one should be destroyed in attacking the whale, the other, which is never engaged at the same time, may be ready to save the hands. Five of the thirteen are always Indians. The last of the complement remains on board to steer the vessel during the action. They have no wages. Each draws a certain established share in partnership with the proprietor of the vessel; by which economy they are all proportionably concerned in the success of the enterprise, and all equally alert and vigilant. None of these whalemen ever exceed the age of forty: they look on those who are past that period not to be possessed of all that vigor and agility which so adventurous a business requires. Indeed, if you attentively consider the immense disproportion between the object assailed and the assailants, if you think on the diminutive size and weakness of their frail vehicle, if you recollect the treachery of the element on which this scene is transacted, the sudden and unforeseen accidents of winds, &c., you will readily acknowledge that it must require the most consummate exertion of all the strength, agility, and judgment of which the bodies and the minds of men are capable, to undertake these adventurous encounters.

As soon as they arrive in those latitudes where they expect to meet with whales, a man is sent up to the masthead. If he sees one, he immediately cries out, "Awaite pawana" (*here is a whale*). They all remain still and silent until he repeats "Pawana" (*a whale*), when, in less than six minutes, the two boats are launched, filled with every implement necessary for the attack. They row toward the whale with astonishing velo-

city; and, as the Indians early became their fellow-laborers in this new warfare, you can easily conceive how the Nattick expressions became familiar on board the whaleboats. Formerly it often happened that whale-vessels were manned with none but Indians and the master: recollect, also, that the Nantucket people understand the Nattick, and that there are always five of these people on board. There are various ways of approaching the whale, according to their peculiar species; and his previous knowledge is of the utmost consequence. When these boats are arrived at a reasonable distance, one of them rests on its oars, and stands off, as a witness of the approaching engagement: near the bows of the other, the harpooner stands up; and on him principally depends the success of the enterprise. He wears a jacket closely buttoned, and round his head a handkerchief tightly bound: in his hands he holds the dreadful weapon (made of the best steel, marked sometimes with the name of their town, and sometimes with that of their vessel), to the shaft of which the end of a cord of due strength, coiled up with the utmost care in the middle of the boat, is firmly tied: the other end is fastened to the bottom of the boat. Thus prepared, they row in profound silence, leaving the whole conduct of the enterprise to the harpooner and to the steersman, attentively following their directions. When the former judges himself to be near enough to the whale, that is, at the distance of about fifteen feet, he bids them stop: perhaps she has a calf, whose safety attracts all the attention of the dam, which is a favorable circumstance; perhaps she is of a dangerous species, and it is safest to retire, though their ardor will seldom permit them; perhaps she is asleep, in that case, he balances high the harpoon, trying in this important moment to collect all the energy of which he is capable. He launches it forth, she is struck: from her first movement they judge of her temper as well as of their future success. Sometimes, in the immediate impulse of rage, she will attack the boat, and demolish it with one stroke of her tail: in an instant the frail vehicle disappears, and the assailants are immersed in the dreadful element.

Were the whale armed with the jaws of the shark, and as voracious, they never would return home to amuse their listening wives with the interesting tale of the adventure. At other times she will dive, and disappear from human sight; and every thing must then give way to her velocity, or else all is lost. Sometimes she will swim away as if untouched, and draw the cord with such swiftness, that it will set the edge of the boat on fire by the friction. If she rises before she has run out the whole length, she is looked upon as a sure prey. The blood she has lost in her flight weakens her so much, that, if she sinks again, it is but for a short time. The boat follows her course with an almost equal speed. She soon reappears; tired at last with convulsing the element, which she tinges with her blood, she dies, and floats on the surface. At other times it may happen that she is not dangerously wounded, though she carries the harpoon fast in her body; when she will alternately dive and rise, and swim on with unabated vigor. She then soon reaches beyond the length of the cord, and carries the boat along with amazing velocity: this sudden impediment sometimes will retard her speed, at other times it only serves to rouse her anger, and to accelerate her progress. The harpooner, with the axe in his hands, stands ready. When he observes that the bows of the boat are greatly pulled down by the diving whale, and that it begins to sink deep, and to take much water, he brings the axe almost in contact with the cord. He pauses, still flattering himself that she will relax; but the moment grows critical; unavoidable danger approaches. Sometimes men, more intent on gain than on the preservation of their lives, will run great risks; and it is wonderful how far these people have carried their daring courage at this awful moment. But it is vain to hope: their lives must be saved. The cord is cut; the boat rises again. If, after thus getting loose, she re-appears, they will attack, and wound her a second time. She soon dies; and, when dead, she is towed alongside of their vessel, where she is fastened.

The next operation is to cut, with axes and spades, every part of her body which yields oil. The kettles are set a-boil-

ing; they fill their barrels as fast as it is made: but, as this operation is much slower than that of *cutting up*, they fill the hold of their ship with those fragments, lest a storm should arise, and oblige them to abandon their prize. It is astonishing what a quantity of oil some of these fish will yield, and what profit it affords to those who are fortunate enough to overtake them. The River St. Lawrence whale, which is the only one I am well acquainted with, is seventy-five feet long, sixteen deep, twelve in the length of its bone (which commonly weighs three thousand pounds), twenty in the breadth of their tails, and produces a hundred and eighty barrels of oil: I once saw sixteen boiled out of the tongue only. After having once vanquished this leviathan, there are two enemies to be dreaded beside the wind, the first of which is the shark. That fierce, voracious fish, to which Nature has given such dreadful offensive weapons, often comes alongside, and, in spite of the people's endeavors, will share with them in their prey, at night particularly. They are very mischievous. But the second enemy is much more terrible and irresistible: it is the killer, sometimes called the thrasher, a species of whales about thirty feet long. They are possessed of such a degree of agility and fierceness as often to attack the largest spermaceti whales, and not seldom to rob the fishermen of their prey; nor are there any means of defence against so potent an adversary. When all their barrels are full (for every thing is done at sea), or when their limited time is expired, and their stores almost expended, they return home, freighted with their valuable cargo, unless they have put it on board a vessel for the European market. Such are, as briefly as I can relate them, the different branches of the economy practised by these bold navigators, and the method with which they go such distances from their island to catch this huge game.

Peculiar Customs at Nantucket.

The manners of the *Friends* are entirely founded on that simplicity which is their boast and their most distinguished characteristic; and those manners have acquired the authority

of laws. Here they are strongly attached to plainness of dress as well as to that of language, insomuch, that, though some part of it may be ungrammatical, yet, should any person who was born and brought up here attempt to speak more correctly, he would be looked upon as a fop or an innovator. On the other hand, should a stranger come here, and adopt their idiom in all its purity (as they deem it), this accomplishment would immediately procure him the most cordial reception; and they would cherish him like an ancient member of their society. So many impositions have they suffered on this account, that they begin now, indeed, to grow more cautious. They are so tenacious of their ancient habits of industry and frugality, that if any of them were to be seen with a long coat, made of English cloth, on any other than the *First Day* (Sunday), he would be greatly ridiculed and censured: he would be looked upon as a careless spendthrift, whom it would be unsafe to trust, and in vain to relieve. A few years ago, two single-horse chairs were imported from Boston, to the great offence of these prudent citizens. Nothing appeared to them more culpable than the use of such gaudy painted vehicles, in contempt of the more useful and more simple single-horse carts of their fathers. This piece of extravagant and unknown luxury almost caused a schism, and set every tongue a-going. Some predicted the approaching ruin of those families that had imported them: others feared the dangers of example. Never since the foundation of the town had there happened any thing which so much alarmed this primitive community. One of the possessors of these profane chairs, filled with repentance, wisely sent it back to the continent: the other, more obstinate and perverse, in defiance of all remonstrances, persisted in the use of his chair, until by degrees they became more reconciled to it; though I observed that the wealthiest and the most respectable people still go to meeting, or to their farms, in a single-horse cart with a decent awning fixed over it. Indeed, if you consider their sandy soil, and the badness of their roads, these appear to be the best contrived vehicles for this island.

Idleness is the most heinous sin that can be committed in Nantucket. An idle man would soon be pointed out as an object of compassion; for idleness is considered as another word for want and hunger. This principle is so thoroughly well understood, and is become so universal, so prevailing a prejudice, that, literally speaking, they are never idle. Even if they go to the market-place, which is (if I may be allowed the expression) the coffee-house of the town, either to transact business, or to converse with their friends, they always have a piece of cedar in their hands; and, while they are talking, they will, as it were instinctively, employ themselves in converting it into something useful, — either in making bungs or spoyls[1] for their oil-casks, or other useful articles. I must confess that I have never seen more ingenuity in the use of the knife; thus the most idle moments of their lives become usefully employed. In the many hours of leisure which their long cruises afford them, they cut and carve a variety of boxes and pretty toys in wood, adapted to different uses, which they bring home as testimonies of remembrance to their wives and sweethearts. They have shown me a variety of little bowls and other implements, executed cooper-wise, with the greatest neatness and elegance. You will be pleased to remember they are all brought up to the trade of coopers, be their future intentions or fortunes what they may: therefore almost every man in this island has always two knives in his pocket, one much larger than the other; and though they hold every thing that is called *fashion* in the utmost contempt, yet they are as difficult to please, and as extravagant in the choice and price of their knives, as any young buck in Boston would be about his hat, buckles, or coat. As soon as a knife is injured, or superseded by a more convenient one, it is carefully laid up in some corner of their desk. I once saw upwards of fifty thus preserved at Mr. ——'s, one of the worthiest men on this island; and among the whole, there was not one that perfectly resembled another.

[1] Spoyls are presumably what country people call *spiles*, and the dictionaries *spigots*.

Nantucket Women.

As the sea-excursions are often very long, their wives, in their absence, are necessarily obliged to transact business, to settle accounts, and, in short, to rule and provide for their families. These circumstances being often repeated, give women the abilities, as well as a taste, for that kind of superintendency, to which, by their prudence and good management, they seem to be, in general, very equal. This employment ripens their judgment, and justly entitles them to a rank superior to that of other wives; and this is the principal reason why those of Nantucket, as well as those of Montreal,[1] are so fond of society, so affable, and so conversant with the affairs of the world. The men at their return, weary with the fatigues of the sea, full of confidence and love, cheerfully give their consent to every transaction that has happened during their absence; and all is joy and peace. "Wife, thee hast done well," is the general approbation they receive for their application and industry. What would the men do without the agency of these faithful mates? The absence of so many of them at particular seasons leaves the town quite desolate; and this mournful situation disposes the women to go to each other's house much oftener than when their husbands are at home: hence the custom of incessant visiting has infected every one, and even those whose husbands do not go abroad. The house is always cleaned before they set out; and with peculiar alacrity they pursue their intended visit, which consists of a social chat, a dish of tea, and a hearty supper. When the goodman of the house returns from his labor, he peaceably goes after his wife, and brings her home: meanwhile the young fellows, equally vigilant, easily find out which is the most convenient house, and there they assemble with the girls of the neighborhood. Instead of cards, musical instruments, or songs, they relate stories of their whaling-

[1] "Most of the merchants and young men of Montreal spend the greatest part of their time in trading with the Indians, at an amazing distance from Canada; and it often happens that they are three years together absent from home." — *Crevecœur.*

voyages, their various sea-adventures, and talk of the different coasts and people they have visited. "The Island of Catharine in the Brazils," says one, "is a very droll island. It is inhabited by none but men: women are not permitted to come in sight of it: not a woman is there on the whole island. Who among us is not glad it is not so here? The Nantucket girls and boys beat the world!" At this innocent sally the titter goes round: they whisper to one another their spontaneous reflections. Puddings, pies, and custards never fail to be produced on such occasions; for I believe there never were any people in their circumstances who lived so well, even to superabundance. As inebriation is unknown, and music, singing, and dancing are holden in equal detestation, they never could fill all the vacant hours of their lives without the repast of the table. Thus these young people sit and talk, and divert themselves as well as they can. If any one has lately returned from a cruise, he is generally the speaker of the night. They often all laugh and talk together; but they are happy, and would not exchange their pleasures for those of the most brilliant assemblies in Europe. This lasts until the father and mother return, when all retire to their respective homes, the men reconducting the partners of their affections.

Thus they spend many of the youthful evenings of their lives: no wonder, therefore, that they marry so early. But no sooner have they undergone this ceremony than they cease to appear so cheerful and gay: the new rank they hold in the society impresses them with more serious ideas than were entertained before. The title of master of a family necessarily requires more solid behavior and deportment. The new wife follows in the trammels of custom, which are as powerful as the tyranny of fashion: she gradually advises and directs: the new husband soon goes to sea: he leaves her to learn and exercise the new government in which she is entered. Those who stay at home are full as passive in general, at least with regard to the inferior departments of the family. But you must not imagine from this account that the Nantucket wives are turbulent, of high temper, and difficult to be ruled: on

the contrary, the wives of Sherburn, in so doing, comply only with the prevailing custom of the island: the husbands, equally submissive to the ancient and respectable manners of their country, submit, without ever suspecting that there can be any impropriety. Were they to behave otherwise, they would be afraid of subverting the principles of their society by altering its ancient rules; thus both parties are perfectly satisfied, and all is peace and concord. The richest person now in the island owes all his present prosperity and success to the ingenuity of his wife (this is a known fact, which is well recorded); for, while he was performing his first cruises, she traded with pins and needles, and kept a school. Afterward she purchased more considerable articles, which she sold with so much judgment, that she laid the foundation of a system of business that she has ever since prosecuted with equal dexterity and success. She wrote to London, formed connections, and, in short, became the only ostensible instrument of that house, both at home and abroad. Who is he in this country, and who is a citizen of Nantucket or Boston, who does not know *Aunt Kesiah?* I must tell you that she is the wife of Mr. C——n, a very respectable man, who, well pleased with all her schemes, trusts to her judgment, and relies on her sagacity, with so entire a confidence as to be altogether passive to the concerns of his family. They have the best country-seat on the island, at Quayes, where they live with hospitality, and in perfect union. He seems to be altogether the contemplative man.

To this dexterity in managing the husband's business whilst he is absent, the Nantucket wives unite a great deal of industry. They spin, or cause to be spun in their houses, abundance of wool and flax, and would be forever disgraced, and looked upon as idlers, if all the family were not clad in good, neat, and sufficient homespun cloth. *First* Days are the only seasons when it is lawful for both sexes to exhibit some garments of English manufacture: even these are of the most moderate price, and of the gravest colors. There is no kind of difference in their dress: they are all clad alike, and resemble in that respect the members of one family.

A singular custom prevails here among the women, at which I was greatly surprised, and am really at a loss how to account for the original cause that has introduced in this primitive society so remarkable a fashion, or, rather, so extraordinary a want. They have adopted, these many years, the Asiatic custom of taking a dose of opium every morning; and so deeply rooted is it, that they would be at loss how to live without this indulgence: they would rather be deprived of any necessary than forego their favorite luxury. This is much more prevailing among the women than the men, few of the latter having caught the contagion; though the sheriff, whom I may call the first person in the island, who is an eminent physician beside, and whom I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with, has for many years submitted to this custom. He takes three grains of it every day after breakfast, without the effects of which, he often told me, he was not able to transact any business.

It is hard to conceive how a people always happy and healthy, in consequence of the exercise and labor they undergo, never oppressed with the vapors of idleness, yet should want the fictitious effects of opium to preserve that cheerfulness to which their temperance, their climate, their happy situation, so justly entitle them. But where is the society perfectly free from error or folly? The least imperfect is undoubtedly that where the greatest good preponderates; and, agreeable to this rule, I can truly say that I never was acquainted with a less vicious or more harmless one.

New Settlements.

[The attention of foreign travellers was naturally directed especially to those signs of the new country which were most removed from the Old World ways; and the Marquis de Chastellux, in his travels, has remarked upon the custom in the wilds of Connecticut, which, since his time, has travelled very far and wide.]

While I was meditating on the great process of Nature, which employs fifty thousand years in rendering the earth

habitable, a new spectacle, well calculated as a contrast to those which I had been contemplating, fixed my attention, and excited my curiosity: this was the work of a single man, who, in the space of a year, had cut down several acres of wood, and had built himself a house in the middle of a pretty extensive territory he had already cleared. I saw, for the first time, what I have since observed a hundred times; for in fact, whatever mountains I have climbed, whatever forests I have traversed, whatever by-paths I have followed, I have never travelled three miles without meeting with a new settlement, either beginning to take form, or already in cultivation. The following is the manner of proceeding in these improvements, or new settlements: Any man who is able to procure a capital of five or six hundred livres of our money, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, and who has strength and inclination to work, may go into the woods, and purchase a portion of one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres of land, which seldom costs him more than a dollar, or four shillings and sixpence, an acre, a small part of which only he pays in ready money. There he conducts a cow, some pigs or a full sow, and two indifferent horses, which do not cost him more than four guineas each. To these precautions he adds that of having a provision of flour and cider. Provided with this first capital, he begins by felling all the smaller trees, and some strong branches of the large ones: these he makes use of as fences to the first field he wishes to clear. He next boldly attacks those immense oaks or pines, which one would take for the ancient lords of the territory he is usurping: he strips them of their bark, or lays them open all round with his axe. These trees, mortally wounded, are the next spring robbed of their honors: their leaves no longer spring, their branches fall, and their trunk becomes a hideous skeleton. This trunk still seems to brave the efforts of the new colonist; but, where there are the smallest chinks or crevices, it is surrounded by fire, and the flames consume what the iron was unable to destroy. But it is enough for the small trees to be felled, and the great ones to lose their

sap. This object completed, the ground is cleared. The air and the sun begin to operate upon that earth which is wholly formed of rotten vegetables, and teems with the latent principles of production. The grass grows rapidly. There is pasturage for the cattle the very first year; after which they are left to increase, or fresh ones are bought, and they are employed in tilling a piece of ground which yields the enormous increase of twenty or thirty fold. The next year the same course is repeated, when, at the end of two years, the planter has wherewithal to subsist, and even to send some articles to market. At the end of four or five years, he completes the payment of his land, and finds himself a comfortable planter. Then his dwelling—which at first was no better than a large hut formed by a square of the trunks of trees, placed one upon another, with the intervals filled by mud—changes into a handsome wooden house, where he contrives more convenient, and certainly much cleaner, apartments than those in the greatest part of our small towns. This is the work of three weeks or a month; his first habitation, that of eight and forty hours. I shall be asked, perhaps, how one man or one family can be so quickly lodged. I answer, that in America a man is never alone, never an isolated being. The neighbors, for they are everywhere to be found, make it a point of hospitality to aid the new farmer. A cask of cider, drank in common, and with gayety, or a gallon of rum, are the only recompense for these services.

Characteristics of the New-England Colonies.

[In Gen. Riedesel's Memoirs, there is a brief survey of the several parts of New England visited by him, which permits us to see at a glance how the colonies at that day impressed an intelligent visitor as regards their internal character.]

In travelling through the different provinces of North America, one cannot help noticing the difference which exists between them. One sees in a moment the genius of the inhabitants in their mode of living and culture. Thus, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the inclination of the people

is for commerce, navigation, and the military art. The numerous Europeans who daily visit the harbor of Boston for the purpose of trading have introduced, besides the new fashions, and extravagance in dress, a sort of luxurious and idle life. Consequently, agriculture, as a general thing, is poorly attended to. The greater portion, also, of the inhabitants in the rural districts, either carry on a small store, or keep taverns, whereby they make a livelihood without much trouble. It is only at the new country-seats, built by a few wealthy Englishmen about thirty years ago, that agriculture and horticulture is properly attended to. The native[1] gets along with Indian corn, cabbage, potatoes, and fruit, all of which the rich soil produces without much trouble on his part. It would, therefore, not be difficult for the inhabitants to raise much cattle; but, as it is, they get along with salt pork, the animals from which this is made growing up at large in the woods. Many horses are raised, the breed of which could be greatly improved. The men and women are generally well formed and of good growth; but the beauty of the latter is of short duration. They grow old very early, and become homely. The population is large; but not many old people are to be seen. Most of the males have a strong passion for strong drinks, especially rum and other alcoholic beverages. The females of all classes are well educated, and can all write. All are fond of dress, and are dressed up every day, even the women of the lower classes. They ride very well on horseback, love music and dancing, but hardly ever work. The man has to do the housework, and wait upon his lady. The women love to domineer; and the spirit of rebellion is more deeply rooted in their hearts than in those of the men. Besides the taste for commerce, the New-Englander has considerable talent for the military art. Industry they have little to do with, although a few good mechanics are found among them, especially hatters, tanners, saddlers, &c. The great fault with them is, that he who has saved a little by his trade

[1] I.e., a native-born American.

starts either a small store, or seeks a position of military honor. In their own houses they are cleanly.

"The inhabitants of the Province of Connecticut are much more industrious and diligent. The women dress more modestly, and are good housekeepers. Agriculture flourishes; and the breeding of cattle is a source to them of great wealth. The manufacture of linen and woollen goods is as yet in its infancy. The weaving-loom is the pastime of the women, even among those who consider themselves of rank; and the man of the house considers it an honor to wear cloth that has been made on his farm. Connecticut furnishes cattle and corn to the American army. The spirit of the inhabitants is less military than that of Massachusetts Bay; but, the theatre of war being near their lines, they are carried away, notwithstanding they love peace and labor rather than war. Many are loyal, and are therefore exposed to the persecutions of the others."

A New-England Boyhood.

[After all, the interest in the beginning of our history attaches especially to those scenes and incidents which indicate the first shadowing-forth of personal traits and local tendencies. In closing these sketches of New-England manners and men, a few passages may well be taken from the personal memoirs of one who afterward grew naturally into the position of a journalist, and one of the first who secured prominence in his vocation, — the late Joseph Tinker Buckingham. The hard lines of his childish life, and his gradual emergence into a condition of independence in a literary career, are told by him with much pathos and life; but we have only to do with the early years before the close of the last century.]

I was born on the twenty-first day of December, 1779, and was the tenth in numerical order in a family of eight sons and two daughters. One of the sons, and a daughter born two years after me, died in infancy. By request of a relative and intimate friend of my mother's, I was baptized by the name of Joseph Buckingham.[1]

[1] By an act of the legislature of Massachusetts, June, 1804, he was authorized to take the surname of Buckingham, his family name being Tinker.

At the time of my father's death, my eldest brother was at sea in a merchant-vessel, and my eldest sister was married. My mother, with eight children, continued to occupy the tavern: but the income afforded slender means for the support and education of so numerous a family; and this income, insufficient as it was, was diminished by the expenses of an unsuccessful lawsuit, which the administrator on my father's estate prosecuted against one of the individuals who had reaped the benefit of his transactions as a contractor of supplies for the army.

I have no other recollection of my father *living* than an indistinct idea of sitting on his knee, and hearing him sing for my diversion; but, of the father *dead*, the picture is fresh and vivid. The sensation that I felt when carried into the room where the body was laid out in its shroud, I shall never forget. The room was darkened; whether by the closing of window-curtains, or by a cloudy atmosphere, I cannot tell. The body lay on a smooth board, which was placed on a table. The closed eye and the pale lip, even the plaits on the stock around the neck (such as were then worn by men, and buckled on the back of the neck), now form as perfect an image in my memory as the fold in the sheet of paper on which I am writing. Of the funeral, too, my recollection is almost as distinct as the remembrance of the events of the last week. The bier is standing before the door. The coffin is placed on it, and covered with a black pall. A procession is formed, and goes to the meeting-house. The bell tolls. The funeral-prayer is said. The procession is again formed, and proceeds to the burying-ground. The family crowd around the grave. The coffin is laid in its appointed place. Mr. Huntington, my mother's brother, takes me in his arms, and holds me over it, so that I may see the coffin. The earth is thrown upon it. I hear the rattling of the gravel upon its lid. I feel now, as I have always felt when I have called up the remembrance of this scene, the chill which then curdled my blood, and the fluttering of the heart that then almost suspended the power to breathe.

The death of my father, under the circumstances I have related, was, of course, but the prelude to further domestic calamity. My mother was naturally of a delicate constitution, and had been broken down by frequent and severe attacks of rheumatic fever. She continued, however, to keep the tavern for some months, perhaps a year. At length the establishment was abandoned, and the family necessarily dispersed. The second son went to sea; the next was apprenticed to a saddler; the third to a shoemaker; and, for the next two, places were provided, at which they were supplied with food and clothing for such services as they were able to perform, till they should be of an age suitable to go out as apprentices. The furniture of the tavern was sold to pay off debts; and my mother, with a few articles indispensable in housekeeping, and with two young children (me and a sister two years older), hired a couple of rooms in the house which her husband had built in the days of his prosperity, and which she had once expected to call her own for life. Here, amidst occasional sickness, and constant destitution and sorrow, she supported her two remaining children by the labor of her hands, chiefly needlework.

But the depth of her destitution and distress she had not yet reached. There were still some demands against her late husband's estate pressing for payment. How long she continued with us in this house, I cannot tell; but I think I could not have been more than four years and a half old, when another portion of her scanty stock of furniture was taken from her by an officer of the law. With one bed, a case of drawers, two or three chairs, and a few cooking-utensils, she left the rooms she had occupied, and took refuge in the adjoining building, which my father had erected some twenty years before for a workshop. She held me and my sister by the hand, while a constable sold at the door the only andirons, shovel and tongs, chairs, beds, table, &c., which she had reserved when she left the tavern; leaving her one bed, one table, three chairs, the old case of drawers, a frying-pan and teakettle, and probably the articles absolutely necessary to

enable a woman and two children to eat their food with decency; but of this I am not positive. I went to a wheelwright's shop on the opposite side of the street, and gathered some chips to build a fire in our new habitation. The place of andirons was supplied with stones taken from the street; and the service of shovel and tongs was performed by a spoke from a broken wheel, — the gift of our neighbor the wheelwright.

At this time we had no dependence for subsistence but the labor of my mother. She was often sick, and unable to work. When in a condition to labor, she was employed in sewing for a neighbor, who was a tailor, or in "*binding* and *closing*" women's shoes, which were then made principally of cloth, for another neighbor. This was a business in which she was expert, having done much of it when her husband carried on the manufacture. I was sometimes employed in sticking card-teeth for a manufacturer of cards. But, with all these poor resources, we must have suffered with cold and hunger but for the charity of a few friends.

First Schooling.

I have no recollection of any time when I could not read. Probably I had attended a school in the summer after my father's death; but of this I have no remembrance. While we were living in this state of abject poverty, some one gave me a few coppers on a training-day, with which I bought a New-England Primer; and no speculator who makes his thousands by a dash of the pen ever felt richer than I did with my purchase. To my mother I was indebted for constant daily instruction; and I may say, without boasting, that her pupil repaid her attention, and at this moment feels an emotion of gratitude which time has not destroyed or enfeebled. My elder brothers, when they came home to see us (Heavens, what a home!) sometimes brought me a picture-book; and I was the owner of "Robinson Crusoe," "Goody Two-Shoes," "Tom Thumb," and perhaps half a dozen other books of a similar character. I have a confused idea of going to a

woman's school in the summer after I was four years old; but as the district schools were then kept but two months in the winter, and two in the summer, two months was the longest term that I could have attended, and probably I was not there half of the time.

In December, 1784, the month in which I was five years old, I went to a master's school; and, on being asked if I could read, I said I could read in the Bible. The master placed me on his chair, and presented a Bible opened at the fifth chapter of Acts. I read the story of Ananias and Sapphira falling down dead for telling a lie. He patted me on the head, and commended my reading. It was that winter, I believe, that Noah Webster's Spelling-Book was first introduced into the schools. I could not read with the class to which I properly belonged, because they read from that book: *mine* was an old Dilworth, and my mother had not the means to buy a Webster.

But the instruction of my mother was not confined alone to teaching me to read. She was a firm believer in the doctrines of the Puritans; and she took pains to impress on my young mind the principles of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, the whole of which I could repeat, probably before I had read it. It was her constant practice to pray with us daily. In the morning, before we ate our breakfast, we (my sister and I) read each a chapter (or a part of one) in the Bible; and she always followed the reading with a prayer. In the evening, after she had placed us in the bed (we had but one, and I was placed at the foot), she knelt at the bedside, and poured out her heart to the widow's God, — sometimes in thankfulness for unlooked-for favors, and at others in supplicating agonies for relief, which almost prevented utterance.

A New-England District School.

At the period of which I am writing, the district schools in Connecticut were kept no more than four months in a year, — two in the winter, by a man; and two in the summer, by a woman. That which was taught by the female was for girls,

and for children of both sexes who were just learning the alphabet and the first lessons in spelling. I had outgrown this school, both in age and acquirement, and never went to a female school or teacher after I left my mother. The schoolhouse in our district was more than a mile from our house; and during the winter term the weather was often cold and boisterous. I went to school only in pleasant weather, and never more than half a day at a time, till the winter when I attained my fourteenth year. Admitting that I went half a day on every alternate day for the two months, which is a calculation that I know exceeds the truth, it would amount to no more than twelve days in a year. When I was fourteen, I began to *cipher;* and during that and the next winter my attendance at the school was more constant, amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to a couple of months. And there ended my *education*, as far as *schooling* was concerned. But I had the good-fortune to live with a family where reading and writing were not deemed unimportant, and where I learned nearly as much as boys of my age who were more constantly at school. Nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic was then taught as branches of common-school education. Of geography I knew but little, and of English grammar nothing, till after I began my apprenticeship. It was a blessing that I had a disposition for reading, and that I had the *privilege* of indulging it, though the means were scanty. The family was a religious one. No labor, except works of absolute necessity, was ever performed on Saturday evening after sunset. My last exercise on this evening of preparation for the sabbath was the repeating of the Westminster Catechism, and such psalms or hymns as I might have committed to memory in the course of the week. There was a time when I could recite Watts's version of the Psalms from beginning to end, together with many of his Hymns and Lyric Poems. Among these, the "Indian Philosopher," "Few Happy Matches," "True Riches," and "Happy Frailty," were my favorite recitations. The poem entitled "God's Dominion and Decrees" excited me very much. It contained this stanza, —

> "Chained to his throne a volume lies,
> With all the fates of men,
> With every angel's form and size,
> Drawn by the eternal pen."

I was greatly puzzled to make out the picture of this volume in my imagination, and was anxious to know how Dr. Watts could have found out what it contained, since he afterwards said, —

> "Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
> Nor God the reason gives;
> Nor dares the favorite angel pry
> Between the folded leaves."

But I was still more rapt in astonishment on reading the famous poem by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, entitled "The Day of Doom." The representation, in that poem, of the crowd of infants pleading for relief from punishment for Adam's transgression, caused me many an hour of intense mental agony. But I had access for amusement (not on Sunday or Saturday night) to another set of works, such as I have never seen since, and to which I was indebted for much useful instruction. We had on our bookshelf a regular file of "Almanacks," for near or quite fifty years. Some of them were dated as far back as 1720; and some were made by "Nathaniel Ames, *Philomath*." These periodicals I read often, and with never-relaxing interest. They contained many fragments of history, scraps of poetry, anecdotes, epigrams, &c. One of them had a long poetical account of Braddock's defeat. Others contained accounts of events which led to the Revolutionary War. One, in particular, made a deep impression on my mind. The titlepage had on it a large picture of a female, representing America, in a recumbent position, held down by men, representing members of the British ministry; while Lord North was pouring tea down her throat from an immense teapot. From his pocket was represented as falling out a roll of parchment, labelled "Boston Port Bill." The Articles of Confederation between the colonies, petitions to the king, the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, and many other papers connected with the history and politics of the country, were preserved in these useful annuals, and afforded me ample food for study. But what excited my especial wonder was the calculations of the eclipses, and prognostications concerning the weather. To me these old periodicals were sources of delight and instruction. I would now give more for that old file of old almanacs than for the most splendid of the *souvenirs* that modern taste and skill can produce, merely to enjoy the reminiscences and associations which they would awaken.

A Boy's Books in the Last Century.

In 1794 my literary treasure was augmented by the addition of "Gulliver's Travels," "The History of the Pirates," and a larger edition of "Robinson Crusoe," a present from my eldest brother, the captain of a merchant-vessel trading from Philadelphia to the West Indies; and again by a present from another brother, a sailor, consisting of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tristram Shandy," "Tom Jones," "The Letters of Junius," the eighth volume of "The Spectator," and "The Book of Common Prayer." My library now consisted of nearly twenty volumes; and though it may raise a smile when I say that these books were an invaluable treasure, to a boy of fourteen, yet such was the fact. I cannot say that I read "Junius" with as much pleasure as I did "The Vicar of Wakefield;" yet I am vain enough to think that I imbibed, even from "Junius," some ideas that have not been without influence in later life. As "The Book of Common Prayer" had no credit in our family, or in any other family in the town, it was exchanged with a peddler for two pamphlets,—Addison's "Cato," and "A New-Year's Sermon."

While in the family of Mr. Welsh, trained as I was to simple and economical habits, I knew nothing of expensive pleasures; and, thus happily ignorant, I felt not the want of the means of indulgence. My visits to my mother, and the amusements of the class of persons with whom I associated, required no expenditure of money. Of what are called "per-

quisites," I had none before I was fourteen years old. Then I was allowed the privilege of selling to a brushmaker the bristles that came from the swine as they were slaughtered. For a small bunch of these, I received ninepence (the eighth of a dollar); and this was the first bit of silver that I could call mine. It was kept for years as a pocket-piece; and, when parted with, it was to pay the postage of a letter to my mother. At the same time, the privilege was granted to me of selling a certain quantity of walnuts, of which the woods and pastures afforded a plentiful supply. A bushel or two, in the autumn of 1794, produced a sum sufficient to enable me to buy a slate and pencil, Dilworth's Arithmetic, and the Second and Third Parts of Noah Webster's American Institute, the Grammar, and the Selection of Reading-Lessons. Grammar was not then a study in the district schools; but I had conceived an idea that the knowledge of it was a desirable accomplishment. I therefore undertook to study it by myself. But my ambition soon received a check. After a number of evenings spent in committing twenty or thirty pages to memory, and confusing my head with numbers and cases, modes and tenses, declensions and conjugations, I discovered that my attempt to learn without an instructor was vain and useless; and my grammar was thrown aside as a seven-sealed book.

A Printer's Apprentice.

In December, 1795, my term of service with Mr. Welsh expired. I had formed a resolution to learn the trade of a printer. Through the agency of my brother, whom I looked upon as a sort of guardian, a place for me was provided in the office of David Carlisle, at Walpole, N.H.; and there I was initiated in the mystery of type-setting. My apprenticeship began on the 5th of March, 1796, and owing to a difficulty in accommodating myself, with the "steady habits" in which I had been educated in Connecticut, to the less economical propensities of some of the other and older apprentices, my service there was closed about the beginning of September following. During these six months, I never spent a happy

day. Two hours had not elapsed after my entrance into the office, before I was called upon "to treat." I resisted the call for several days, but was at length overcome by the daily and almost hourly annoyance; and more than half of the small amount of money I possessed was expended for brandy, wine, sugar, eggs, crackers, cheese, &c. Till then my lips had never been in contact with either of those liquors. Now I was literally compelled to swallow them, distasteful and nauseous though they were. I say *compelled;* for what boy of sixteen could stand up against the sneers and ribaldry of eight or ten older ones, who laughed at his scruples, and reproached him for his lack of honor and manhood in having never been drunk? After having "treated," as I was the youngest apprentice, I was not called upon for change to buy the wine and eggs which were taken by my seniors three or four mornings in a week; but it was my lot to go to the store for these articles, and to be on the watch to see if they were not likely to be disturbed by the appearance of Carlisle. How it happened that I did not acquire an appetite for intoxicating liquors during this period, I cannot tell; for the most irresistible argument to overturn the resolution of a young mind, namely, RIDICULE, was constantly applied. Whether I should have come off victorious, if I had continued longer in the place, is more than I would undertake now to assert. Of the paper published by Carlisle, and of those who were his assistants in conducting it, I have elsewhere written.[1]

A few days after leaving Walpole, I found myself in the office of Thomas Dickman, publisher of "The Greenfield Gazette," at Greenfield, Mass. The terms on which I here commenced anew my apprenticeship were such as would have contented me, if the business had been more extensive. It was agreed that I should be paid five dollars a year to supply me with shoes (!), and that I should be paid a certain fixed price for all the work done over the prescribed daily task. The difficulty was, that, when the stint was done, there was no more

[1] See Specimens of Newspaper Literature, vol. ii. pp. 174–220.

work to do. Of course, I could earn nothing for myself; and, before the first winter expired, my wardrobe was in a most degenerate condition. The apprentices (there were two beside me) had the privilege of printing such small jobs as they might obtain, without interfering with the regular business of the office; and, as we clubbed our labors, we not unfrequently gathered a few shillings by printing ballads and small pamphlets for peddlers, who at that time were tolerably good customers to country printers.[1]

Being the youngest apprentice, it was a part of my duty, on publication days, to distribute the "Gazette" to the subscribers living in the village, the number of which amounted to no more than thirty or thirty-five. According to time-indefinite custom, I had a "New-Year's Address" with which to salute my customers. It was written by an acquaintance, about my own age, and a clerk in a store at Guilford Vt.[2] It consisted of five stanzas of six lines each; but, though short, it was rich in patriotic sentiment, and expressions of regard for the patrons of the "Gazette." O Crœsus! how mean and insignificant was thy grandeur, how poor and unenvied thy treasures, when I compared (or might have compared) thy lot with mine, when, on the evening of the first day of January, 1797, I counted my wealth, — SIX DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, all in quarters and eighths of a dollar, — and locked it in my chest! Never before had I been the owner of so much money; never before so rich. Yet I was sadly puzzled to decide how I should employ my cash; for my wants were so numerous, that the amount, *large as it was*, was altogether inadequate to supply them. The first appropriation was for a new hat. The purchase of a pocket-handkerchief, a cravat, and a pair of stockings, soon followed, and occasioned in my treasury a deficit of a shilling or two, for which the shopkeeper civilly gave me a short credit. This was the first debt I had contracted. How supremely happy might I have been had it been the last!

[1] See Specimens of Newspaper Literature, vol. ii. pp. 318–425.

[2] The late Samuel Elliot of Brattleborough.

In the course of the first year of my apprenticeship at Greenfield, my attempt to form an acquaintance with English grammar was renewed. I foresaw that it would be useful to me as a printer, but indispensable as an editor, — a profession to which I looked forward as the consummation of my ambition. I still had my Webster; and chance threw in my way a small treatise by Caleb Alexander. Curiosity induced me to read a page or two of one, and then a page or two of the other, to see if they differed, and, if so, wherein the difference consisted. While thus engaged, a gleam of light broke through the dark cloud that had hitherto enveloped this intricate science. For some months, most of my leisure hours were spent in study; but, as I had no instructor, my progress was not very rapid. It was my usual practice, after I had obtained some general notion of what grammar was, to compare the copy I had to put in type with the rules, and to correct it if it was wrong. Shortly after I adopted this exercise, it became pleasant, and even fascinating. No romance was ever more interesting than this practice of comparing Noah Webster and Caleb Alexander, noting their differences, and forming a system of my own, which I had the vanity to think was better than either! To this day no species of literary composition has interested me more than works of philology and criticism.

The Printing Business in Boston.

Soon after my mother's death, — in August, 1798, — Dickman sold his entire printing establishment to Francis Barker, a young man who had served an apprenticeship in the office of Messrs. Thomas & Andrews, Boston. Not being an indented apprentice, I was at liberty to seek my fortune where I would, but was content to remain with Barker on the liberal terms which he offered. Barker became dissatisfied with his position; and in June, 1799, he resold the establishment to Dickman. Following his advice, I resolved to seek a place in Boston, where I could obtain a more thorough knowledge of the business of book-printing, and to avail myself of advan-

tages not attainable in a small country office. I left Greenfield on the 4th of July, 1799, with my wardrobe tied up in a handkerchief, and with about forty cents in my pocket, and walked to Northampton. I sought and obtained employment for a few months in the printing-office of Andrew Wright, and afterwards, for a few months more, in the office of William Butler. Having obtained the means of supplying some necessary wants, I started for Boston; and pursuing my way, partly on foot, and sometimes in sleighs when invited by wayfarers to ride, I completed my journey in three days and a half. On the fourth day, which was Saturday, the 8th of February, 1800, I arrived in Boston, and immediately sought employment. It was obtained before one o'clock, in the office of Manning & Loring, who were then the principal book-printers in the town. They were men of strong religious tendencies, and conscientious observers of all religious times and services. They were at this time much pressed with work,—orations, sermons, and other tracts, occasioned by the death of Gen. Washington; and all hands worked, as requested, till twelve o'clock, but were not permitted to hold a composing-stick in their hands after the clock struck that hour.

The reminiscences of a journeyman printer will not be esteemed as very valuable contributions to the literature of the present day. If written out in full, mine would be a volume composed chiefly of notices of hard-laboring contemporaries, of privations and sufferings that the world knew nothing of, of physical and mental toil by day and by night, which brought neither wealth nor reputation to the laborer, though it transformed many an illiterate production into a shape fit for the public eye, which would otherwise have been cast aside as discreditable to its author. Many persons who condescend to illumine the dark world with the sparklings of their genius through the columns of a newspaper, and others who publish sermons and tracts, religious, moral, and political, little think of the labor of the printer, who (perhaps nearly suffocated with the smoke of a lamp, and with an aching head, and eyes inflamed and enfeebled from intense application) sits

up till midnight, or till daylight, to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. I have seen the arguments of lawyers who stood in high repute as scholars sent to the printer in their own handwriting, — chirography which would defy the sagacity of the most inveterate investigator of ancient hieroglyphics, — abounding with technical and foreign terms abbreviated, words misspelled, and few (or no) points, and those few entirely misplaced. I have seen sermons of eminent scholars and "divines" sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of sentences, — sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would be a disgrace to any apprentice, if he were the author. Some writers use no points whatever; some use a comma for all occasions; some prefer the dash, and use it in place of all other points. I once saw the manuscript of a sermon in the hands of a printer, which was entirely without points, and every line began with a capital letter, as if it had been poetry. Suppose these productions had been printed as they were written. The disgrace would have fallen upon the printer. He would have been called an illiterate blockhead, better fitted for a wood-sawyer than a printer; and the author would still enjoy his reputation as a scholar, and receive the sympathy of his readers as a man injured by the printer's ignorance. Nobody would believe that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the carelessness of the author; and no one but a practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts which the writers themselves would be puzzled to read with propriety.

After an experience of more than fifty years, I "hold this truth to be self-evident," that there is no class of workingmen so poorly paid as printers. For one who makes himself rich by printing, disconnected with the business of publishing, fifty barely live above poverty, and die in the possession of little more than enough to pay the joiner for a coffin, and the sexton for a grave. This is, or was, peculiarly the lot of

journeymen. There are probably not many in the large towns who have not been called on, some time in the course of their lives, to contribute a portion of their earnings for the relief of a sick brother and his family, or to pay the expenses of his funeral. I know it may be said — for it has often been said, — that journeymen printers are improvident, addicted to expensive pleasures, and indulge in hurtful and destructive habits. I do not deny that they have their faults, and are subject to the same propensities as other men. Let it be admitted that individual cases of poverty and sickness have been produced by improper and even vicious indulgence: still I deny, that, as a class, they are obnoxious to the reproachful charge. They were not forty or fifty years ago; nor do I believe they are now. Yet, forty or fifty years ago, indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks was much more prevalent than it is at the present day. It was not then discreditable, even to men of much higher pretensions to notoriety than journeymen printers, to be a little mellow; and they were known to take bitters in the morning before breakfast, flip or punch at eleven o'clock, brandy before dinner, and wine after it, and repeated till bedtime, as taste, habit, or opportunity could authorize. Such liberality no printer, especially no journeyman, could afford to practise.

NEW YORK AND THE JERSEYS.

The Town of Albany.

[MRS. GRANT of Laggan, whose "Memoirs of an American Lady" form the principal source of our information of the manners and social customs of the old New York families just previous to the Revolution, has introduced her volume with an account of the Dutch settlement of the Hudson River; and as her own observation was largely of the life at the upper settlement, as it was called, of Albany, she gives a somewhat minute description of the place and its inhabitants, from which we take the following.]

The city of Albany stretched along the banks of the Hudson: one very wide and long street lay parallel to the river, the intermediate space between it and the shore being occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort, intended (but very ill adapted) for the defence of the place and of the neighboring country. From the foot of this hill, another street was built, sloping pretty rapidly down, till it joined the one before mentioned, that ran along the river. This street was still wider than the other: it was only paved on each side, the middle being occupied by public edifices. These consisted of a market-place, or guard-house, a town-hall, and the English and Dutch churches. The English church, belonging to the Episcopal persuasion, and in the diocese of the Bishop of Lon-

A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE NATION.—FEBRUARY, 1778.

don, stood at the foot of the hill, at the upper end of the street. The Dutch church was situated at the bottom of the descent, where the street terminated: two irregular streets, not so broad, but equally long, ran parallel to those, and a few even ones opened between them. The town, in proportion to its population, occupied a great space of ground. This city, in short, was a kind of semi-rural establishment. Every house had its garden, well, and a little green behind: before every door, a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being coeval with some beloved member of the family. Many of their trees were of a prodigious size and extraordinary beauty, but without regularity, every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight or the serenely clear moonlight. Each family had a cow, fed in a common pasture at the end of the town. In the evening the herd returned all together, of their own accord, with their tinkling bells hung at their necks, along the wide and grassy street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their masters' doors. Nothing could be more pleasing to a simple and benevolent mind than to see thus, at one view, all the inhabitants of a town, which contained not one very rich or very poor, very knowing or very ignorant, very rude or very polished individual, — to see all these children of Nature enjoying in easy indolence, or social intercourse,

"The cool, the fragant, and the *dusky* hour,"

clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless. These primitive beings were dispersed in porches, grouped according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door were young matrons; at another, the elders of the people; at a third, the youths and maidens, gayly chatting or singing together; while the children played round

the trees, or waited by the cows for the chief ingredient of their frugal supper, which they generally ate sitting on the steps in the open air. This picture, so familiar to my imagination, has led me away from my purpose, which was to describe the rural economy and modes of living in this patriarchal city.

The Neighborhood.

At one end of the town, as I observed before, was a common pasture, where all the cattle belonging to the inhabitants grazed together. A never-failing instinct guided each home to her master's door in the evening, where, being treated with a few vegetables and a little fat, which is indispensably necessary for cattle in this country, they patiently waited the night; and, after being milked in the morning, they went off in slow and regular procession to the pasture. At the other end of the town was a fertile plain along the river, three miles in length, and near a mile broad. This was all divided into lots, where every inhabitant raised Indian corn sufficient for the food of two or three slaves (the greatest number that each family ever possessed), and for his horses, pigs, and poultry: their flour and other grain they purchased from farmers in the vicinity. Above the town, a long stretch to the westward was occupied first by sandy hills, on which grew bilberries of uncommon size and flavor, in prodigious quantities; beyond, rise heights of a poor, hungry soil, thinly covered with stunted pines or dwarf oak. Yet in this comparatively barren tract there were several wild and picturesque spots, where small brooks, running in deep and rich bottoms, nourished on their banks every vegetable beauty: there some of the most industrious early settlers had cleared the luxuriant wood from these charming glens, and built neat cottages for their slaves, surrounded with little gardens and orchards, sheltered from every blast, wildly picturesque, and richly productive. Those small, sequestered vales had an attraction that I know not how to describe, and which probably resulted from the air of deep repose that reigned there, and the strong contrast which they exhibited to the surrounding sterility. One of these

was in my time inhabited by a hermit. He was a Frenchman, and did not seem to inspire much veneration among the Albanians. They imagined, or had heard, that he retired to that solitude in remorse for some fatal duel in which he had been engaged; and considered him as an idolater, because he had an image of the Virgin in his hut. I think he retired to Canada at last; but I remember being ready to worship him for the sanctity with which my imagination invested him, and being cruelly disappointed because I was not permitted to visit him. These cottages were in summer occupied by some of the negroes, who cultivated the grounds about them, and served as a place of joyful liberty to the children of the family on holidays, and as a nursery for the young negroes, whom it was the custom to rear very tenderly, and instruct very carefully.

Education and Early Habits of the Albanians.

The foundations both of friendship and still tenderer attachments were here laid very early by an institution which I always thought had been peculiar to Albany till I found, in Dr. Moore's "View of Society on the Continent," an account of a similar custom subsisting in Geneva. The children of the town were all divided into companies, as they called them, from five or six years of age, till they became marriageable. How those companies first originated, or what were their exact regulations, I cannot say; though I, belonging to none, occasionally mixed with several, yet always as a stranger, notwithstanding that I spoke their current language fluently. Every company contained as many boys as girls. But I do not know that there was any limited number: only this I recollect, that a boy and girl of each company, who were older, cleverer, or had some other pre-eminence above the rest, were called heads of the company, and as such were obeyed by the others. Whether they were voted in, or attained their pre-eminence by a tacit acknowledgment of their superiority, I know not; but, however it was attained, it was never disputed. The company of little children had also their heads.

All the children of the same age were not in one company. There were at least three or four of equal ages, who had a strong rivalry with each other ; and children of different ages, in the same family, belonged to different companies. Wherever there is human nature, there will be a degree of emulation, strife, and a desire to lower others, that we may exalt ourselves. Dispassionate as my friends comparatively were, and bred up in the highest attainable candor and innocence, they regarded the company most in competition with their own with a degree of jealous animosity. Each company, at a certain time of the year, went in a body to gather a particular kind of berries, to the hill. It was a sort of annual festival, attended with religious punctuality. Every company had a uniform for this purpose ; that is to say, very pretty light baskets made by the Indians, with lids and handles, which hung over the arm, and were adorned with various colors. One company would never allow the least degree of taste to the other in this instance, and was sure to vent its whole stock of spleen in decrying the rival baskets. Nor would they ever admit that the rival company gathered near so much fruit on these excursions as they did. The parents of these children seemed very much to encourage this manner of marshalling and dividing themselves. Every child was permitted to entertain the whole company on its birthday, and once besides, during winter and spring. The master and mistress of the family always were bound to go from home on these occasions ; while some old domestic was left to attend and watch over them, with an ample provision of tea, chocolate, preserved and dried fruits, nuts, and cakes of various kinds, to which was added cider, or a sillabub ; for these young friends met at four, and did not part till nine or ten, and amused themselves with the utmost gayety and freedom in any way their fancy dictated. I speak from hearsay ; for no person that does not belong to the company is ever admitted to these meetings. Other children or young people visit occasionally, and are civilly treated ; but they admit of no intimacies beyond their company. The consequence of these exclusive

and early intimacies was, that, grown up, it was reckoned a sort of apostasy to marry out of one's company, and, indeed, it did not often happen. The girls, from the example of their mothers, rather than any compulsion, very early became notable and industrious, being constantly employed in knitting stockings, and making clothes for the family and slaves: they even made all the boys' clothes. This was the more necessary, as all articles of clothing were extremely dear. Though all the necessaries of life, and some luxuries, abounded, money, as yet, was a scarce commodity. This industry was the more to be admired, as children were here indulged to a degree, that, in our vitiated state of society, would have rendered them good for nothing.

The children returned the fondness of their parents with such tender affection, that they feared giving them pain as much as ours do punishment, and very rarely wounded their feelings by neglect or rude answers. Yet the boys were often wilful and giddy at a certain age, the girls being sooner tamed and domesticated.

These youths were apt, whenever they could carry a gun (which they did at a very early period), to follow some favorite negro to the woods, and, while he was employed in felling trees, to range the whole day in search of game, to the neglect of all intellectual improvement; and they thus contracted a love of savage liberty which might, and in some instances did, degenerate into licentious and idle habits. Indeed, there were three stated periods in the year, when for a few days young and old, masters and slaves, were abandoned to unruly enjoyment, and neglected every serious occupation for pursuits of this nature.

AMUSEMENTS.

Before I quit the subject of Albanian manners, I must describe their amusements, and some other peculiarities in their modes of life. When I say their amusements, I mean those in which they differed from most other people. Such as they had in common with others require no description. They were exceedingly social, and visited each other very

frequently, besides the regular assembling together in their porches every fine evening. Of the more substantial luxuries of the table they knew little, and of the formal and ceremonious parts of good breeding still less.

If you went to spend a day anywhere, you were received in a manner we should think very cold. No one rose to welcome you: no one wondered you had not come sooner, or apologized for any deficiency in your entertainment. Dinner, which was very early, was served exactly in the same manner as if there were only the family. The house indeed was so exquisitely neat and well regulated, that you could not surprise these people: they saw each other so often and so easily, that intimates made no difference. Of strangers they were shy; not by any means from want of hospitality, but from a consciousness that people who had little to value themselves on but their knowledge of the modes and ceremonies of polished life disliked their sincerity, and despised their simplicity. If you showed no insolent wonder, but easily and quietly adopted their manners, you would receive from them not only very great civility, but much essential kindness. Whoever has not common sense and common gratitude enough to pay this tribute of accommodation to those among whom he is destined for the time to live must, of course, be an insulated, discontented being, and come home railing at the people whose social comforts he disdained to partake. After sharing this plain and unceremonious dinner, which might, by the by, chance to be a very good one, but was invariably that which was meant for the family, tea was served in at a very early hour. And here it was that the distinction shown to strangers commenced. Tea here was a perfect regale, being served up with various sorts of cakes unknown to us, cold pastry, and great quantities of sweetmeats and preserved fruits of various kinds, and plates of hickory and other nuts ready cracked. In all manner of confectionery and pastry these people excelled; and having fruit in great plenty, which cost them nothing, and getting sugar home at an easy rate, in return for their exports to the West Indies,

the quantity of these articles used in families otherwise plain and frugal was astonishing. Tea was never unaccompanied with one of these petty articles; but for strangers a great display was made. If you staid supper, you were sure of a most substantial though plain one. In this meal, they departed, out of compliment to the strangers, from their usual simplicity. Having dined between twelve and one, you were quite prepared for it. You had either game or poultry roasted, and always shellfish in the season: you had also fruit in abundance. All this with much neatness, but no form. The seeming coldness with which you were first received wore off by degrees. They could not accommodate their topics to you, and scarcely attempted it. But the conversation of the old, though limited in regard to subjects, was rational and easy, and had in it an air of originality and truth not without its attractions. That of the young was natural and playful, yet full of localities, which lessened its interest to a stranger, but were extremely amusing when you became one of the initiated.

Rural Excursions.

Their diversions (I mean those of the younger class) were marked by a simplicity which to strangers appeared rude and childish. In spring, eight or ten of one company, or related to each other, young men and maidens, would set out together in a canoe on a kind of rural excursion, of which amusement was the object. Yet so fixed were their habits of industry, that they never failed to carry their work-baskets with them, not as a form, but as an ingredient necessarily mixed with their pleasures. They went without attendants, and steered a devious course of four, five, or perhaps more miles, till they arrived at some of the beautiful islands with which this fine river abounded, or at some sequestered spot on its banks, where delicious wild fruits, or particular conveniences for fishing, afforded some attraction. There they generally arrived by nine or ten o'clock, having set out in the cool and early hour of sunrise. Often they met another party, going, perhaps, to a different place, and joined them, or in-

duced them to take their route. A basket with tea, sugar, and the other usual provisions for breakfast, with the apparatus for cooking it, a little rum and fruit for making cool, weak punch (the usual beverage in the middle of the day), and now and then some cold pastry, were the sole provisions; for the great affair was to depend on the sole exertions of the *boys* in procuring fish, wild ducks, &c., for their dinner. They were all, like Indians, ready and dexterous with the axe, gun, &c. Whenever they arrived at their destination, they sought out a dry and beautiful spot opposite to the river, and in an instant, with their axes, cleared so much superfluous shade or shrubbery as left a semicircular opening, above which they bent and twined the boughs so as to form a pleasant bower; while the girls gathered dried branches, to which one of the youths soon set fire with gunpowder; and the breakfast, a very regular and cheerful one, occupied an hour or two. The young men then set out to fish, or perhaps to shoot birds; and the maidens sat busily down to their work, singing and conversing with all the ease and gayety which the benign serenity of the atmosphere, and the beauty of the surrounding scene, were calculated to inspire. After the sultry hours had been thus employed, the *boys* brought their tribute from the river or the wood, and found a rural meal prepared by their fair companions, among whom were generally their sisters and the chosen of their hearts. After dinner they all set out together to gather wild strawberries, or whatever other fruit was in season; for it was accounted a reproach to come home empty handed. When weary of this amusement, they either drank tea in their bower, or, returning, landed at some friend's on the way, to partake of that refreshment. Here, indeed,

> "Youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
> Enjoyed the most that innocence could give."

Another of their summer amusements was going to the Bush, which was thus managed: a party of young people set out in little open carriages, something in the form of a gig, of which every family had one. Every one carried something

with him, as in these cases there was no hunting to furnish provision. One brought wine for negus; another, tea and coffee of a superior quality; a third, a pigeon-pie: in short, every one brought something, no matter how trifling; for there was no emulation about the extent of the contribution. In this same Bush there were spots to which the poorer members of the community retired, to work their way with patient industry through much privation and hardship, compared to the plenty and comfort enjoyed by the rest. They, perhaps, could only afford to have one negro woman, whose children, as they grew up, became to their master a source of plenty and ease. But, in the mean time, the goodman wrought hard himself, having a little occasional aid sent him by his friends. He had plenty of the necessaries of life, but no luxuries. His wife and daughters milked the cows, and wrought at the hay; and his house was on a smaller scale than the older settlers had theirs: yet he had always one neatly furnished room, a very clean house with a pleasant portico before it, generally a fine stream beside his dwelling, and some Indian wigwams near it. He was wood-surrounded, and seemed absolutely to live in the bosom of Nature, screened from all the artificial ills of life; and those spots, cleared of encumbrances, yet rich in native luxuriance, had a wild originality about them not easily described. The young parties, or sometimes the elder ones, who set out on this woodland excursion, had no fixed destination. They travelled generally in the forenoon, and, when they were tired of going on the ordinary road, turned into the Bush; and whenever they saw an inhabited spot with the appearance of which they were pleased, they went in with all the ease of intimacy, and told them they were come to spend the afternoon there. The good people, not in the least surprised at this intrusion, very calmly opened the reserved apartments, or, if it were very hot, received them in the portico. The guests produced their stores; and they boiled their teakettle, and provided cream, nuts, or any peculiar dainty of the woods which they chanced to have; and they always furnished bread and butter, which were excellent

in their kinds. They were invited to share the collation, which they did with great ease and frankness; then dancing, or any other amusement that struck their fancy, succeeded. They sauntered about the bounds in the evening, and returned by moonlight. These good people felt not the least embarrassed at the rustic plainness of every thing about them. They considered themselves as in the way, after a little longer exertion of patient industry, to have every thing that the others had; and their guests thought it an agreeable variety in this abrupt manner to visit their sequestered abodes.

Winter Amusements.

In winter the river, frozen to a great depth, formed the principal road through the country, and was the scene of all those amusements of skating and sledge races common to the north of Europe. They used, in great parties, to visit their friends at a distance; and, having an excellent and hardy breed of horses, flew from place to place over the snow or ice in these sledges with incredible rapidity, stopping a little while at every house they came to, where they were always well received, whether acquainted with the owners or not. The night never impeded these travellers; for the atmosphere was so pure and serene, and the snow so reflected the moon and starlight, that the nights exceeded the days in beauty.

In town all the boys were extravagantly fond of a diversion that to us would appear a very odd and childish one. The great street of the town, in the midst of which, as has been formerly mentioned, stood all the churches and public buildings, sloped down from the hill on which the fort stood, towards the river. Between the buildings was an unpaved carriage-road; the footpath beside the houses being the only part of the street which was paved. In winter this sloping descent, continued for more than a quarter of a mile, acquired firmness from the frost, and became extremely slippery. Then the amusement commenced. Every boy and youth in town, from eight to eighteen, had a little low sledge, made with a rope like a bridle to the front, by which one could drag

it by the hand. On this one or two, at most, could sit; and the sloping descent being made as smooth as a looking-glass by sliders' sledges, &c., perhaps a hundred at once set out in succession from the top of the street, each seated in his little sledge, with the rope in his hand, which, drawn to the right or left, served to guide him. He pushed it off with a little stick, as one would launch a boat; and then, with the most astonishing velocity, precipitated by the weight of the owner, the little machine glided past, and was at the lower end of the street in an instant. What could be so peculiarly delightful in this rapid and smooth descent, I could never discover,—yet in a more retired place, and on a smaller scale, I have tried the amusement,—but, to a young Albanian, sleighing, as he called it, was one of the first joys of life, though attended with the drawback of dragging his sledge to the top of the declivity every time he renewed his flight, for such it might well be called. In the managing this little machine, some dexterity was necessary: an unskilful phaeton was sure to fall. The vehicle was so low, that a fall was attended with little danger, yet with much disgrace; for a universal laugh from all sides assailed the fallen charioteer. This laugh was from a very full chorus; for the constant and rapid succession of the train, where every one had a brother, lover, or kinsman, brought all the young people in town to the porticos, where they used to sit wrapped in furs till ten or eleven at night, engrossed by the delectable spectacle. What magical attraction it could possibly have, I never could find out; but I have known an Albanian, after residing some years in Britain, and becoming a polished fine gentleman, join the sport, and slide down with the rest. Perhaps, after all our laborious refinements in amusements, being easily pleased is one of the great secrets of happiness, as far as it is retainable in this "frail and feverish being."

Fashionable Pig-Stealing.

Now there remains another amusement to be described, which I mention with reluctance, and should hardly venture

to mention at all, if I had not found a precedent for it among the virtuous Spartans. Had Lycurgus himself been the founder of their community, the young men could scarce have stolen with more alacrity and dexterity. I could never conjecture how the custom could possibly originate among a set of people of such perfect and plain integrity. But thus it was. The young men now and then spent a convivial evening at a tavern together, where, from the extreme cheapness of liquor, their bills (even when they committed an occasional excess) were very moderate. Either to lessen the expense of the supper, or from the pure love of what they styled frolic (Anglicè mischief), they never failed to steal either a roasting-pig or a fat turkey for this festive occasion. The town was the scene of these depredations, which never extended beyond it. Swine and turkeys were reared in great numbers by all the inhabitants. For those they brought to town in winter, they had an appropriate place at the lower end of the garden, in which they locked them up. It is observable, that these animals were the only things locked up about the house, for this good reason, that nothing else ran the least risk of being stolen. The dexterity of the theft consisted in climbing over very high walls, watching to steal in when the negroes went down to feed the horse or cow, or making a clandestine entrance at some window or aperture: breaking up doors was quite out of rule, and rarely ever resorted to. These exploits were always performed in the darkest nights. If the owner heard a noise in his stables, he usually ran down with a cudgel, and laid it without mercy on any culprit he could overtake. This was either dexterously avoided, or patiently borne. To plunder a man, and afterwards offer him any personal injury, was accounted scandalous; but the turkeys or pigs were never recovered. In some instances, a whole band of these young plunderers would traverse the town, and carry off such a prey as would afford provision for many jovial nights. Nothing was more common than to find one's brothers or nephews among these pillagers.

Marriage was followed by two dreadful privations: a mar-

ried man could not fly down the street in a little sledge, nor join a party of pig-stealers, without outraging decorum. If any of their confederates married, as they frequently did, very young, and were in circumstances to begin housekeeping, they were sure of an early visit of this nature from their old confederates. It was thought a great act of gallantry to overtake and chastise the robbers. I recollect an instance of one young married man who had not long attained to that dignity. His turkeys screaming violently one night, he ran down to chastise the aggressors: he overtook them in the act; but, finding they were his old associates, he could not resist the force of habit, so joined the rest in another exploit of the same nature, and then shared his own turkey at the tavern. There were two inns in the town, the masters of which were "honorable men;" yet these pigs and turkeys were always received and dressed, without questioning whence they came. In one instance a young party had, in this manner, provided a pig, and ordered it to be roasted at the King's Arms: another party attacked the same place whence this booty was taken, but found it already rifled. This party was headed by an idle, mischievous young man, who was the Ned Poins of his fraternity; well guessing how the stolen roasting-pig was disposed of, he ordered his friends to adjourn to the rival tavern, and went himself to the King's Arms. Inquiring in the kitchen (where a pig was roasting) who supped there, he soon arrived at certainty; then, taking an opportunity when there was no one in the kitchen but the cook-maid, he sent for one of the jovial party, who were at cards up stairs. During her absence, he cut the string by which the pig was suspended, laid it in the dripping-pan, and, through the quiet and dark streets of that sober city, carried it safely to the other tavern, where, after finishing the roasting, he and his companions prepared to regale themselves. Meantime the pig was missed at the King's Arms; and it was immediately concluded, from the dexterity and address with which this trick was performed, that no other but the Poins aforesaid could be the author of it. A new stratagem was now devised to

outwit this stealer of the stolen. An adventurous youth of the despoiled party laid down a parcel of shavings opposite to the other tavern, and, setting them in a blaze, cried, "Fire!" a most alarming sound here, where such accidents were too frequent. Every one rushed out of the house just as supper had been served. The dexterous purveyor who had occasioned all this disturbance stole in, snatched up the dish with the pig in it, stole out again by the back-door, and feasted his companions with the recovered spoils.

These were a few idle young men, the sons of avaricious fathers, who, grudging to advance the means of pushing them forward, by the help of their own industry, to independence, allowed them to remain so long unoccupied, that their time was wasted, and habits of conviviality at length degenerated into those of dissipation. They were not only pitied and endured, but received with a wonderful degree of kindness and indulgence. They were usually a kind of wags; went about like privileged persons, at whose jests no one took offence; and were, in their discourse and style of humor, so much like Shakspeare's clowns, that, on reading that admirable author, I thought I recognized my old acquaintances. Of them, however, I saw little, the society admitted at my friend's being very select.

Lay-Brothers.

Before I quit this attempt to delineate the members of which this community was composed, I must mention a class of aged persons, who, united by the same recollections, pursuits, and topics, associated very much with each other, and very little with a world which they seemed to have renounced. They might be styled lay-brothers, and were usually widowers, or persons who, in consequence of some early disappointment, had remained unmarried. These were not devotees, who had, as was formerly often the case in Catholic countries, run from the extreme of licentiousness to that of bigotry. They were generally persons who were never marked as being irreligious or immoral, and were just as little distinguished for peculiar strictness, or devotional fervor. These goodmen lived in the

house of some relation, where they had their own apartments to themselves, and only occasionally mixed with the family. The people of the town lived to a great age: ninety was frequently attained; and I have seen different individuals of both sexes who had reached a hundred. These ancients seemed to place all their delight in pious books and devotional exercises, particularly in singing psalms, which they would do in their own apartments for hours together. They came out and in like ghosts, and were treated as such; for they never spoke, unless when addressed, and seemed very careless of the things of this world, like people who had got above it. Yet they were much together, and seemed to enjoy each other's conversation. Retrospection on the scenes of early life, anticipations of that futurity so closely veiled from our sight, and discussions regarding various passages of holy writ, seemed their favorite themes. They were mild and benevolent, but abstracted, and unlike other people. Their happiness, for happy I am convinced they were, was of a nature peculiar to themselves, not obvious to others. Some there were, not deficient in their attention to religious duties, who, living in the bosom of their families, took an active and cheerful concern to the last in all that amused or interested them; and I never understood that the lay-brothers, as I have chosen to call them, blamed them for so doing. One of the first Christian virtues, charity in the most accepted and common sense of the word, had little scope. Here a beggar was unheard of. People such as I have described in the Bush, or going there, were no more considered as objects of pity than we consider an apprentice as such for having his time to serve before he sets up for himself. In such cases, the wealthier because older settlers frequently gave a heifer or a colt each to a new beginner who set about clearing land in their vicinity. Orphans were never neglected; and from their early marriages, and the casualties to which their mannner of life subjected them, these were not unfrequent. You never entered a house without meeting children. Maidens, bachelors, and childless married people, all adopted orphans; and all treated them as if they were their own.

Miss Schuyler, the "American Lady."

Col. Schuyler had many relations in New York; and the governor and other ruling characters there carefully cultivated the acquaintance of a person so well qualified to instruct and inform them on certain points. Having considerable dealings in the fur-trade too, he went every winter to the capital for a short time, to adjust his commercial concerns, and often took his favorite niece along with him, who, being of an uncommon quick growth and tall stature, soon attracted attention by her personal graces, as well as by the charms of her conversation. I have been told, and should conclude from a picture I have seen drawn when she was fifteen, that she was in her youth very handsome. Of this, few traces remained when I knew her; excessive corpulence having then overloaded her majestic person, and entirely changed the aspect of a countenance once eminently graceful. In no place did female excellence of any kind more amply receive its due tribute of applause and admiration than here, for various reasons. First, cultivation and refinement were rare. Then it was not the common routine that women should necessarily have such and such accomplishments. Pains were taken only on minds strong enough to bear improvement without becoming conceited or pedantic. And lastly, as the spur of emulation was not invidiously applied, those who acquired a superior degree of knowledge considered themselves as very fortunate in having a new source of enjoyment opened to them; but never having been made to understand that the chief motive of excelling was to dazzle, or outshine others, they no more thought of despising their less fortunate companions than of assuming pre-eminence for discovering a wild plum-tree or beehive in the woods; though, as in the former case, they would have regarded such a discovery as a benefit and a pleasure. Their acquisitions, therefore, were never shaded by affectation. The women were all natives of the country, and few had more than domestic education; but men who possessed the advantages of early culture and usage of the world daily

arrived on the continent from different parts of Europe; so that, if we may be indulged in the inelegant liberty of talking commercially of female elegance, the supply was not equal to the demand. It may be easily supposed that Miss Schuyler met with due attention, who, even at this early age, was respected for the strength of her character, and the dignity and composure of her manners. Her mother, whom she delighted to recollect, was mild, pious, and amiable. Her acknowledged worth was chastened by the utmost diffidence. Yet accustomed to exercise a certain power over the minds of the natives, she had great influence in restraining their irregularities, and swaying their opinions. From her knowledge of their language, and habit of conversing with them, some detached Indian families resided for a while in summer in the vicinity of houses occupied by the more wealthy and benevolent inhabitants. They generally built a slight wigwam under shelter of the orchard-fence on the shadiest side; and never were neighbors more harmless, peaceable, and obliging, I might truly add, industrious; for, in one way or other, they were constantly occupied. The women and their children employed themselves in many ingenious handicrafts, which, since the introduction of European arts and manufactures, have greatly declined, — baking-trays, wooden dishes, ladles and spoons, shovels and rakes; brooms of a peculiar manufacture, made by splitting a birch-block into slender but tough filaments; baskets of all kinds and sizes, made of similar filaments, enriched with the most beautiful colors, which they alone knew how to extract from vegetable substances, and incorporate with the wood. They made also of the birch-bark (which is here so strong and tenacious, that cradles and canoes are made of it) many receptacles for holding fruit and other things, curiously adorned with embroidery, not inelegant, done with the sinews of deer; and leggings and moccasons, a very comfortable and highly ornamental substitute for shoes and stockings, then universally used in winter among the men of our own people. They had also a beautiful manufacture of deerskin, softened to the consistence of the finest

chamois-leather, and embroidered with beads of wampum, formed like bugles: these, with great art and industry, they formed out of shells, which had the appearance of fine white porcelain, veined with purple. This embroidery showed both skill and taste, and was among themselves highly valued. They had belts, large embroidered garters, and many other ornaments, formed first of deer sinews, divided to the size of coarse thread, and afterwards, when they obtained worsted thread from us, of that material, formed in a manner which I could never comprehend. It was neither knitted nor wrought in the manner of net, nor yet woven; but the texture was more like that of an officer's sash than any thing I can compare it to.

Marriage of Miss Schuyler.

Miss Schuyler had the happiness to captivate her cousin Philip, eldest son of her uncle, who was ten years older than herself, and was in all respects to be accounted a suitable, and, in the worldly sense, an advantageous match for her. His father was highly satisfied to have the two objects on whom he had bestowed so much care and culture united. They were married in the year 1719,[1] when she was in the eighteenth year of her age. When the old colonel died, he left considerable possessions to be divided among his children; and from the quantity of plate, paintings, &c., which they shared, there is reason to believe he must have brought some of his wealth from Holland, as in those days people had little means of enriching themselves in new settlements. He had, also, considerable possessions in a place near the town, now called Fishkill, about twenty miles below Albany. His family residence, however, was at the Flats, a fertile and beautiful plain on the banks of the river. He possessed about two miles on a stretch of that rich and level champaign. This possession was bounded on the east by the River Hudson, whose high banks overhung the stream and its pebbly strand, and were both adorned and defended by elms (larger than

[1] Miss Schuyler was born in the year 1701.

ever I have seen in any other place), decked with natural festoons of wild grapes, which abound along the banks of this noble stream. These lofty elms were left, when the country was cleared, to fortify the banks against the masses of thick ice which make war upon them in spring, when the melting snows burst this glassy pavement, and raise the waters many feet above their usual level. This precaution not only answers that purpose, but gratifies the mind by presenting to the eye a remnant of the wild magnificence of Nature amidst the smiling scenes produced by varied and successful cultivation. As you came along by the north end of the town, where the *Patroon* had his seat, you afterwards passed by the enclosures of the citizens, where (as formerly described) they planted their corn, and arrived at the Flats, Col. Schuyler's possession. On the right you saw the river in all its beauty, there above a mile broad. On the opposite side, the view was bounded by steep hills, covered with lofty pines, from which a waterfall descended, which not only gave animation to the sylvan scene, but was the best barometer imaginable, foretelling by its varied and intelligible sounds every approaching change, not only of the weather, but of the wind. Opposite to the grounds lay an island above a mile in length, and about a quarter in breadth, which also belonged to the colonel: exquisitely beautiful it was; and though the haunt I most delighted in, it is not in my power to describe it. Imagine a little Egypt yearly overflowed, and of the most redundant fertility. This charming spot was at first covered with wood, like the rest of the country, except a long field in the middle, where the Indians had probably cultivated maize: round this was a broad, shelving border, where the gray and the weeping willows, the bending osier, and numberless aquatic plants not known in this country, were allowed to flourish in the utmost luxuriance; while within, some tall sycamores and wild fruit-trees towered above the rest. Thus was formed a broad belt, which in winter proved an impenetrable barrier against the broken ice, and in summer was the haunt of numberless birds and small animals, who dwelt in perfect

safety, it being impossible to penetrate it. Numberless were the productions of this luxuriant spot. Never was a richer field for a botanist; for, though the ice was kept off, the turbid waters of the spring flood overflowed it annually, and not only deposited a rich sediment, but left the seeds of various plants swept from the shores it had passed by. The centre of the island, which was much higher than the sides, produced with a slight degree of culture the most abundant crops of wheat, hay, and flax. At the end of the island, which was exactly opposite to the family mansion, a long sand-bank extended: on this was a very valuable fishing-place, of which a considerable profit might be made. In summer, when the water was low, this narrow stripe (for such it was) came in sight, and furnished an amusing spectacle; for there the bald or white-headed eagle (a large picturesque bird, very frequent in this country), the osprey, the heron, and the curlew, used to stand in great numbers in a long row, like a military arrangement, for a whole summer-day, fishing for perch and a kind of fresh-water herring, which abounded there. At the same season, a variety of wild ducks, which bred on the shores of the island (among which was a small white diver of an elegant form), led forth their young to try their first excursion. What a scene have I beheld on a calm summer evening! There indeed were "fringed banks," richly fringed, and wonderfully variegated, where every imaginable shade of color mingled, and where life teemed prolific on every side. The river, a perfect mirror, reflected the pine-covered hills opposite; and the pliant shades bent without a wind round this enchanting island; while hundreds of the white divers, saw-bill ducks with scarlet heads, teal, and other aquatic birds, sported at once on the calm waters. At the discharge of a gun from the shore, these feathered beauties all disappeared at once, as if by magic, and in an instant rose again to view in different places.

Philip Schuyler.

Philip Schuyler, who, on the death of his father, succeeded to the inheritance I have been describing, was a person of a

mild, benevolent character, and an excellent understanding, which had received more culture than was usual in that country. But whether he had returned to Europe for the purpose of acquiring knowledge in the public seminaries there, or had been instructed by any French Protestants, who were sometimes retained in the principal families for such purposes, I do not exactly know, but am led rather to suppose the latter, from the connection which always subsisted between that class of people and the Schuyler family.

When the intimacy between this gentleman and the subject of these memoirs took place, she was a mere child; for the colonel, as he was soon after called, was ten years older than she. This was singular there, where most men married under twenty. But his early years were occupied by momentous concerns; for, by this time, the public safety began to be endangered by the insidious wiles of the French Canadians, to whom our frontier settlers began to be formidable rivals in the fur-trade, which the former wished to engross. In process of time, the Indians, criminally indulged with strong liquors by the most avaricious and unprincipled of the traders, began to have an insatiable desire for them, and the traders' avidity for gain increased in the same proportion.

Occasional fraud on the one hand gave rise to occasional violence on the other. Mutual confidence decayed; and hostility betrayed itself, when intoxication laid open every thought. Some of our traders were, as the colonists alleged, treacherously killed in violation of treaties solemnly concluded between them and the offending tribes.

The Mohawks, though always brave and always faithful, felt a very allowable repugnance to expose the lives of their warriors in defence of those who made no effort to defend themselves; who were neither protected by the arms of their sovereign, nor by their own courage. They came down to hold a solemn congress, at which the heads of the Schuyler and Cuyler families assisted, and where it was agreed, that for the present hostilities should be delayed, the hostile nations pacified by concessions and presents, and means

adopted to put the settlement into a state of defence against future aggressions.

On all such occasions, when previously satisfied with regard to the justice of the grounds of quarrel, the Mohawks promised their hearty co-operation. This they were the readier to do as their young brother Philip (for so they styled Col. Schuyler) offered not only to head such troops as might be raised for this purpose, but to engage his two brothers, who were well acquainted with the whole frontier territory, to serve on the same terms. This was a singular instance of public spirit in a young patriot, who was an entire stranger to the profession of arms, and whose sedate equanimity of character was adverse to every species of rashness or enthusiasm. Meantime the provisions of the above-mentioned treaty could not be carried into effect till they were ratified by the assembly at New York, and approved by the governor. Of this there was little doubt: the difficulty was to raise and pay the troops. In the interim, while steps were taking to legalize this project, in 1719 the marriage between Col. Schuyler and his cousin took place under the happiest auspices.

New York.

Soon after their marriage, they paid a visit to New York, which they repeated once a year in the earlier period of their marriage, on account of their connection in that city, and the pleasing and intelligent society that was always to be met with there, both on account of its being the seat of government, and the residence of the commander-in-chief on the continent, who was then necessarily invested with considerable power and privileges, and had, as well as the governor for the time being, a petty court assembled round him. At a very early period, a better style of manners, greater ease, frankness, and polish prevailed at New York than in any of the neighboring provinces. There was, in particular, a brigadier-general Hunter, of whom I have heard Mrs. Schuyler talk a great deal, as coinciding with her uncle and husband successively in their plans either of defence or improvement. He, I think, was then governor, and was as acceptable to the

Schuylers for his colloquial talents and friendly disposition, as estimable for his public spirit, and application to business; in which respects he was not equalled by any of his successors. In his circle the young couple were much distinguished. There were, too, among those leading families, the Livingstons and Rensselaers, friends connected with them both by blood and attachment. There was, also, another distinguished family to whom they were allied, and with whom they lived in cordial intimacy: these were the De Lancys, of French descent, but by subsequent intermarriages blended with the Dutch inhabitants. Of the French Protestants there were many then in New York, as will be hereafter explained; but as these conscientious exiles were persons allied in religion to the primitive settlers, and regular and industrious in their habits, they soon mingled with, and became a part of, that society, which was enlivened by their sprightly manners, and benefited by the useful arts they brought along with them. In this mixed society, which must have had attraction for young people of superior, and in some degree cultivated intellect, this well-matched pair took great pleasure; and here, no doubt, was improved that liberality of mind and manners which so much distinguished them from the less enlightened inhabitants of their native city. They were so much caressed in New York, and found so many charms in the intelligent and comparatively polished society of which they made a part, that they had at first some thoughts of residing there. These, however, soon gave way to the persuasions of the old colonel, with whom they principally resided till his death, which happened in 1721, two years after. This union was productive of all that felicity which might be expected to result from entire congeniality, not of sentiment only, but of original dispositions, attachments, and modes of living and thinking. He had been accustomed to consider her, as a child, with tender endearment. She had been used to look up to him, from infancy, as the model of manly excellence; and they drew knowledge and virtue from the same fountain, in the mind of that respectable parent whom they equally loved and revered.

The House and Rural Economy of the Flats.

I have already sketched a general outline of that pleasant home to which the colonel was now about to bring his beloved.

Before I resume my narrative, I shall indulge myself in a still more minute account of the premises, the mode of living, &c., which will afford a more distinct idea of the country; all the wealthy and informed people of the settlement living, on a smaller scale, pretty much in the same manner. Be it known, however, that the house I had so much delight in recollecting had no pretension to grandeur, and very little to elegance. It was a large brick house of two, or rather three stories (for there were excellent attics), besides a sunk story, finished with the exactest neatness. The lower floor had two spacious rooms, with large light closets: on the first there were three rooms, and in the upper one four. Through the middle of the house was a very wide passage, with opposite front and back doors, which in summer admitted a stream of air peculiarly grateful to the languid senses. It was furnished with chairs and pictures like a summer-parlor. Here the family usually sat in hot weather, when there were no ceremonious strangers.

Valuable furniture (though perhaps not very well chosen or assorted) was the favorite luxury of these people; and in all the houses I remember, except those of the brothers, who were every way more liberal, the mirrors, the paintings, the china, but above all the state-bed, were considered as the family teraphim, secretly worshipped, and only exhibited on very rare occasions. But in Col. Schuyler's family, the rooms were merely shut up to keep the flies, which in that country are an absolute nuisance, from spoiling the furniture. Another motive was, that they might be pleasantly cool when opened for company. This house had, also, two appendages common to all those belonging to persons in easy circumstances there. One was a large portico at the door, with a few steps leading up to it, and floored like a room: it was

open at the sides, and had seats all round. Above was either a slight wooden roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild vine spread its luxuriant leaves and numerous clusters. The grapes, though small, and rather too acid till sweetened by the frost, had a beautiful appearance. What gave an air of liberty and safety to these rustic porticos, which always produced in my mind a sensation of pleasure that I know not how to define, was the number of little birds domesticated there. For their accommodation, there was a small shelf built within the portico where they nestled safely from the touch of slaves and children, who were taught to regard them as the good genii of the place, not to be disturbed with impunity.

At the back of the large house was a smaller and lower one, so joined to it as to make the form of a cross. There one or two lower and smaller rooms below, and the same number above, afforded a refuge to the family during the rigors of winter, when the spacious summer-rooms would have been intolerably cold, and the smoke of prodigious wood-fires would have sullied the elegantly clean furniture. Here, too, was a sunk story, where the kitchen was immediately below the eating-parlor, and increased the general warmth of the house. In summer the negroes inhabited slight outer kitchens, in which food was dressed for the family. Those who wrought in the fields often had their simple dinner cooked without, and ate it under the shade of a great tree. One room, I should have said, in the greater house only, was opened for the reception of company: all the rest were bed-chambers for their accommodation; the domestic friends of the family occupying neat little bedrooms in the attics, or in the winter-house. This house contained no drawing-room: that was an unheard-of luxury. The winter-rooms had carpets: the lobby had oilcloth painted in lozenges, to imitate blue and white marble. The best bedroom was hung with family portraits, some of which were admirably executed; and in the eating-room, which, by the by, was rarely used for that purpose, were some fine Scripture paintings.

That which made the greatest impression on my imagination, and seemed to be universally admired, was one of Esau coming to demand the anticipated blessing: the noble, manly figure of the luckless hunter, and the anguish expressed in his comely though strong-featured countenance, I shall never forget. The house fronted the river, on the brink of which, under shades of elm and sycamore, ran the great road towards Saratoga, Stillwater, and the Northern Lakes. A little simple avenue of morello cherry-trees, enclosed with a white rail, led to the road and river, not three hundred yards distant. Adjoining to this, on the south side, was an enclosure subdivided into three parts, of which the first was a small hay-field, opposite the south end of the house; the next, not so long, a garden; and the third, by far the largest, an orchard. These were surrounded by simple deal fences. Now, let not the Genius that presides over pleasure-grounds, nor any of his elegant votaries, revolt with disgust while I mention the unseemly ornaments which were exhibited on the stakes to which the deals of these same fences were bound. Truly they consisted of the skeleton heads of horses and cattle, in as great numbers as could be procured, stuck upon the above-said poles. This was not mere ornament either, but a most hospitable arrangement for the accommodation of the small familiar birds before described. The jaws are fixed on the pole, and the skull uppermost. The wren, on seeing a skull thus placed, never fails to enter by the orifice, which is too small to admit the hand of an infant, lines the pericranium with small twigs and horsehair, and there lays her eggs in full security. It is very amusing to see the little creature carelessly go out and in at this aperture, though you should be standing immediately beside it. Not satisfied with providing these singular asylums for their feathered friends, the negroes never fail to make a small round hole in the crown of every old hat they can lay their hands on, and nail it to the end of the kitchen for the same purpose. You often see in such a one, at once, thirty or forty of these odd little domiciles, with the inhabitants busily going out and in.

Besides all these salutary provisions for the domestic comfort of the birds, there was, in clearing the way for their first establishment, a tree always left in the middle of the back-yard, for their sole emolument; this tree being purposely pollarded at midsummer, when all the branches were full of sap. Wherever there had been a branch, the decay of the inside produced a hole; and every hole was the habitation of a bird. These were of various kinds: some had a pleasing note; but, on the whole, their songsters are far inferior to ours. I rather dwell on these minutiæ, as they not only mark the peculiarities of the country, but convey very truly the image of a people not too refined for happiness, which, in the process of elegant luxury, is apt to die of disgust.

Col. Schuyler's Barn.

Adjoining to the orchard was the most spacious barn I ever beheld, which I shall describe for the benefit of such of my readers as have never seen a building constructed on a plan so comprehensive. This barn, which, as will hereafter appear, answered many beneficial purposes besides those usually allotted for such edifices, was of a vast size, at least a hundred feet long, and sixty wide. The roof rose to a very great height in the midst, and sloped down till it came within ten feet of the ground, when the walls commenced, which, like the whole of this vast fabric, were formed of wood. It was raised three feet from the ground by beams resting on stone; and on these beams was laid, in the middle of the building, a very massive oak floor. Before the door was a large sill, sloping downwards, of the same materials. A breadth of about twelve feet on each side of this capacious building was divided off for cattle. On one side ran a manger, at the above-mentioned distance from the wall, the whole length of the building, with a rack above it: on the other were stalls for the other cattle, running, also, the whole length of the building. The cattle and horses stood with their hinder parts to the wall, and their heads towards the thrashing-floor. There was a prodigious large box, or open chest, in one side,

built up for holding the corn after it was thrashed; and the roof, which was very lofty and spacious, was supported by large cross-beams. From one to the other of these was stretched a great number of long poles, so as to form a sort of open loft, on which the whole rich crop was laid up. The floor of those parts of the barn which answered the purposes of a stable and cow-house was made of thick slab-deals, laid loosely over the supporting beams. And the mode of cleaning those places was by turning the boards, and permitting the dung and litter to fall into the receptacles left open below for the purpose; thence, in spring, they were often driven down to the river, the soil in its original state not requiring the aid of manure. In the front[1] of this vast edifice there were prodigious folding-doors, and two others that opened behind.

Certainly never did cheerful rural toils wear a more exhilarating aspect than while the domestics were lodging the luxuriant harvest in this capacious repository. When speaking of the doors, I should have mentioned that they were made in the gable-ends; those in the back equally large to correspond with those in the front, while on each side of the great doors were smaller ones for the cattle and horses to enter. Whenever the corn or hay was reaped or cut, and ready for carrying home, which in that dry and warm climate happened in a very few days, a wagon loaded with hay, for instance, was driven into the midst of this great barn; loaded, also, with numberless large grasshoppers, butterflies, and cicadas, who came along with the hay. From the top of the wagon, this was immediately forked up into the loft of the barn, in the midst of which was an open space left for the purpose; and then the unloaded wagon drove in rustic state out of the great door at the other end. In the mean time, every member of the family witnessed or assisted in this summary process, by which the building and thatching of stacks was at once saved; and the whole crop and cattle were thus compendiously lodged under one roof.

[1] By the front is meant the gable-end, which contains the entrance.

The cheerfulness of this animated scene was much heightened by the quick appearance and vanishing of the swallows, which twittered among their high-built dwellings in the roof. Here, as in every other instance, the safety of these domestic friends was attended to, and an abode provided for them. In the front of this barn were many holes, like those of a pigeon-house, for the accommodation of the martin, that being the species to which this kind of home seems most congenial; and, in the inside of the barn, I have counted above fourscore at once. In the winter, when the earth was buried deep in new-fallen snow, and no path fit for walking in was left, this barn was like a great gallery, well suited for that purpose, and furnished with pictures not unpleasing to a simple and contented mind. As you walked through this long area, looking up, you beheld the abundance of the year treasured above you: on one side, the comely heads of your snorting steeds presented themselves, arranged in seemly order; on the other, your kine displayed their meeker visages; while the perspective on either was terminated by heifers and fillies no less interesting. In the midst, your servants exercised the flail, and, even while they thrashed out the straw, distributed it to the expectants on both sides; while the "liberal handful" was occasionally thrown to the many-colored poultry on the sill. Winter itself never made this abode of life and plenty cold and cheerless. Here you might walk, and view all your subjects, and their means of support, at one glance; except, indeed, the sheep, for which a large and commodious building was erected very near the barn; the roof containing a loft large enough to hold hay sufficient for their winter's food.

Occupations of the Day.

Aunt[1] was a great manager of her time, and always contrived to create leisure hours for reading: for that kind of conversation which is properly styled gossiping, she had the utmost contempt. Light, superficial reading, such as merely

[1] "Aunt" was the familiar title of Mrs. Schuyler.

fills a blank in time, and glides over the mind without leaving an impression, was little known there; for few books crossed the Atlantic but such as were worth carrying so far for their intrinsic value. She was too much accustomed to have her mind occupied with objects of real weight and importance to give it up to frivolous pursuits of any kind. She began the morning with reading the Scriptures. They always breakfasted early, and dined two hours later than the primitive inhabitants, who always took that meal at twelve. This departure from the ancient customs was necessary in this family, to accommodate the great numbers of British, as well as strangers from New York, who were daily entertained at her liberal table. This arrangement gave her the advantage of a longer forenoon to dispose of. After breakfast she gave orders for the family details of the day, which, without a scrupulous attention to those minutiæ which fell more properly under the notice of her young friends, she always regulated in the most judicious manner, so as to prevent all appearance of hurry and confusion. There was such a rivalry among domestics, whose sole ambition was her favor, and who had been trained up from infancy, each to their several duties, that excellence in each department was the result both of habit and emulation; while her young *protégées* were early taught the value and importance of good housewifery, and were sedulous in their attention to little matters of decoration and elegance, which her mind was too much engrossed to attend to; so that her household affairs, ever well regulated, went on in a mechanical kind of progress that seemed to engage little of her attention, though her vigilant and overruling mind set every spring of action in motion.

Having thus easily and speedily arranged the details of the day, she retired to read in her closet, where she generally remained till about eleven; when, being unequal to distant walks, the colonel and she, and some of her elder guests, passed some of the hotter hours among those embowering shades of her garden in which she took great pleasure. Here was their lyceum: here questions in religion and morality,

too weighty for table-talk, were leisurely and coolly discussed, and plans of policy and various utility arranged. From this retreat they sojourned to the portico; and while the colonel either retired to write, or went to give directions to his servants, she sat in this little tribunal, giving audience to new settlers, followers of the army left in hapless dependence, and others who wanted assistance or advice, or hoped she would intercede with the colonel for something more peculiarly in his way, he having great influence with the colonial government. At the usual hour her dinner-party assembled, which was generally a large one: it commonly consisted of some of her intimate friends or near relations; her adopted children, who were inmates for the time being; and strangers, sometimes invited merely as friendless travellers, on the score of hospitality, but often welcomed for some time as stationary visitors, on account of worth or talents that gave value to their society; and, lastly, military guests, selected with some discrimination on account of the young friends, whom they wished not only to protect, but cultivate by an improving association. Conversation here was always rational, generally instructive, and often cheerful. The afternoon frequently brought with it a new set of guests. Tea was always drunk early here, and, as I have formerly observed, was attended with so many petty luxuries of pastry, confectionery, &c., that it might well be accounted a meal by those whose early and frugal dinners had so long gone by. In Albany it was customary, after the heat of the day was past, for the young people to go in parties of three or four, in open carriages, to drink tea at an hour or two's drive from home. The receiving and entertaining this sort of company generally was the province of the younger part of the family; and of those many came, in summer evenings, to the Flats, when tea, which was very early, was over. The young people, and those who were older, took their different walks while madame sat in her portico, engaged in what might comparatively be called light reading, — essays, biography, poetry, &c., — till the younger party set out on their return home, and her domestic friends

rejoined her in her portico, where, in warm evenings, a slight repast was sometimes brought; but they more frequently shared the last and most truly social meal within.

Winter made little difference in her mode of occupying her time. She then always retired to her closet to read at stated periods.

The Servants of the House.

The hospitalities of this family were so far beyond their apparent income, that all strangers were astonished at them. To account for this, it must be observed, that, in the first place, there was, perhaps, scarce an instance of a family possessing such uncommonly well-trained, active, and diligent slaves as that which I describe. The set that were staid servants when they married had some of them died off by the time I knew the family; but the principal roots from whence the many branches then flourishing sprung yet remained. These were two women, who had come originally from Africa while very young: they were most excellent servants, and the mothers or grandmothers of the whole set, except one white-woolled negro-man, who in my time sat by the chimney, and made shoes for all the rest.

The great pride and happiness of these sable matrons were to bring up their children to dexterity, diligence, and obedience; Diana being determined that Maria's children should not excel hers in any quality which was a recommendation to favor, and Maria equally resolved that her brood, in the race of excellence, should outstrip Diana's. Never was a more fervent competition. That of Phillis and Brunetta, in "The Spectator," was a trifle to it; and it was extremely difficult to decide on their respective merits; for, though Maria's son Prince cut down wood with more dexterity and despatch than any one in the province, the mighty Cæsar, son of Diana, cut down wheat, and thrashed it, better than he. His sister Betty, who, to her misfortune, was a beauty of her kind, and possessed wit equal to her beauty, was the best seamstress and laundress, by far, I have ever known; and the plain, unpretending Rachel, sister to Prince, wife to Titus (*alias* Tyte),

and head cook, dressed dinners that might have pleased Apicius. I record my old humble friends by their real names, because they allowedly stood at the head of their own class; and distinction of every kind should be respected. Besides, when the curtain drops, or, indeed, long before it falls, 'tis, perhaps, more creditable to have excelled in the lowest parts than to have fallen miserably short in the higher. Of the inferior personages in this dark drama I have been characterizing, it would be tedious to tell: suffice it, that besides filling up all the lower departments of the household, and cultivating to the highest advantage a most extensive farm, there was a thoroughbred carpenter and shoemaker, and a universal genius who made canoes, nets, and paddles, shod horses, mended implements of husbandry, managed the fishing (in itself no small department), reared hemp and tobacco, and spun both, made cider, and tended wild horses, as they call them, which it was his province to manage and to break. For every branch of the domestic economy there was a person allotted, educated for the purpose; and this society was kept immaculate in the same way that the Quakers preserve the rectitude of theirs, and, indeed, in the only way that any community can be preserved from corruption. When a member showed symptoms of degeneracy, he was immediately expelled, or, in other words more suitable to this case, sold. Among the domestics, there was such a rapid increase, in consequence of their marrying very early, and living comfortably without care, that, if they had not been detached off with the young people brought up in the house, they would have swarmed like an overstocked hive.

The prevention of crimes was so much attended to in this well-regulated family, that there was very little punishment necessary; none that I ever heard of, but such as Diana and Maria inflicted on their progeny with a view to prevent the dreaded sentence of expulsion, notwithstanding the petty rivalry between the branches of the two original stocks. Intermarriages between the Montagues and Capulets of the kitchen (which frequently took place), and the habit of living

together under the same mild though regular government, produced a general cordiality and affection among all the members of the family, who were truly ruled by the law of love; and even those who occasionally differed about trifles had an unconscious attachment to each other, which showed itself on all emergencies. Treated themselves with care and gentleness, they were careful and kind with regard to the only inferiors and dependents they had, the domestic animals.

The Princes and Cæsars of the Flats had as much to tell of the sagacity and attachments of the animals, as their mistress related of their own. Numberless anecdotes that delighted me in the last century, I would recount, but fear I should not find my audience of such easy belief as I was, nor so convinced of the integrity of my informers. One circumstance I must mention, because I well know it to be true. The colonel had a horse which he rode occasionally, but which oftener travelled with Mrs. Schuyler in an open carriage. At particular times, when bringing home hay or corn, they yoked Wolf (for so he was called), in a wagon,—an indignity to which, for a while, he unwillingly submitted. At length, knowing resistance was in vain, he had recourse to stratagem; and, whenever he saw Tyte marshalling his cavalry for service, he swam over to the island, the umbrageous and tangled border of which I formerly mentioned. There he fed with fearless impunity till he saw the boat approach. Whenever that happened, he plunged into the thicket, and led his followers such a chase, that they were glad to give up the pursuit. When he saw, from his retreat, that the work was over, and the fields bare, he very coolly returned. Being by this time rather old, and a favorite, the colonel allowed him to be indulged in his dislike to drudgery. The mind which is at ease, neither stung by remorse nor goaded by ambition or other turbulent passions, nor worn with anxiety for the supply of daily wants, nor sunk into languor by stupid idleness, forms attachments and amusements, to which those exalted by culture would not stoop, and those crushed by want and care could not rise. Of this nature was the attach-

ment to the tame animals, which the domestics appropriated to themselves, and to the little fanciful gardens, where they raised herbs or plants of difficult culture, to sell, and give to their friends. Each negro was indulged with his raccoon, his gray squirrel, or muskrat, or perhaps his beaver, which he tamed and attached to himself by daily feeding and caressing him in the farm-yard. One was sure, about all such houses, to find these animals, in which their masters took the highest pleasure.

The Resources of the Schuylers.

It may appear extraordinary, with so moderate an income as could in those days be derived even from a considerable estate in that country, how madame found means to support that liberal hospitality which they constantly exercised. I know the utmost they could derive from their lands, and it was not much: some money they had, but nothing adequate to the dignity, simple as it was, of their style of living, and the very large family they always drew around them. But with regard to the plenty, one might almost call it luxury, of their table, it was supplied from a variety of sources, that rendered it less expensive than could be imagined. Indians, grateful for the numerous benefits they were daily receiving from them, were constantly bringing the smaller game, and, in winter and spring, loads of venison. Little money passed from one hand to another in the country; but there was constantly, as there always is in primitive abodes before the age of calculation begins, a kindly commerce of presents. The people of New York and Rhode Island, several of whom were wont to pass a part of the summer with the colonel's family, were loaded with all the productions of the farm and river. When they went home, they again never failed, at the season, to send a large supply of oysters, and all other shell-fish, which at New York abounded, besides great quantities of tropical fruit, which, from the short run between Jamaica and New York, were there almost as plenty and cheap as in their native soil. Their farm yielded them abundantly all that, in general, agriculture can supply; and the young relatives

who grew up about the house were rarely a day without bringing some provision from the wood or the stream. The negroes, whose business lay frequently in the woods, never willingly went there, or anywhere else, without a gun, and rarely came back empty handed. Presents of wine, then a very usual thing to send to friends to whom you wished to show a mark of gratitude, came very often, possibly from the friends of the young people who were reared and instructed in that house of benediction. As there were no duties paid for the entrance of any commodity there, wine, rum, and sugar were cheaper than can easily be imagined; and in cider they abounded.

The negroes of the three truly united brothers, not having home employment in winter, after preparing fuel, used to cut down trees, and carry them to an adjoining sawmill, where, in a very short time, they made great quantities of planks, staves, &c., which is usually styled lumber, for the West India market. And when a shipload of their flour, lumber, and salted provisions, was accumulated, some relative, for their behoof, freighted a vessel, and went out to the West Indies with it. In this Stygian schooner, the departure of which was always looked forward to with unspeakable horror, all the stubborn or otherwise unmanageable slaves were embarked, to be sold by way of punishment. This produced such salutary terror, that preparing the lading of this fatal vessel generally operated as a temporary reform, at least. When its cargo was discharged in the West Indies, it took in a lading of wine, rum, sugar, coffee, chocolate, and all other West India productions, paying for whatever fell short of the value, and, returning to Albany, sold the surplus to their friends, after reserving to themselves a most liberal supply of all the articles so imported. Thus they had not only a profusion of all the requisites for good housekeeping, but had it in their power to do what was not unusual there in wealthy families, though none carried it so far as these worthies.

In process of time, as people multiplied, when a man had eight or ten children to settle in life, and these marrying early, and all their families increasing fast, though they always were

considered as equals, and each kept a neat house, and decent outside, yet it might be that some of them were far less successful than others in their various efforts to support their families. But these deficiencies were supplied in a quiet and delicate way by presents of every thing a family required, sent from all their connections and acquaintances, which, where there was a continual interchange of sausages, pigs, roasting-pieces, &c., from one house to another, excited little attention; but, when aunt's West India cargo arrived, all the families of this description within her reach had an ample boon sent them of her new supply.

A Universal Aunt.

Having become distinguished through all the northern provinces, the common people, and the inferior class of the military, had learned from the Canadians who frequented her house to call Madame Schuyler aunt. But by one or other of these appellations she was universally known; and a kindly custom prevailed, for those who were received into any degree of intimacy in her family, to address her as their aunt, though not in the least related. This was done oftener to her than others, because she excited more respect and affection; but it had in some degree the sanction of custom. The Albanians were sure to call each other aunt or cousin as far as the most strained construction would carry those relations. To strangers they were, indeed, very shy at first, but extremely kind. When they not only proved themselves estimable, but by a condescension to their customs, and acquiring a smattering of their language, ceased to be strangers, then they were, in a manner, adopted; for the first seal of cordial intimacy among the young people was to call each other cousin. And thus, in an hour of playful or tender intimacy, I have known it more than once begin: "I think you like me well enough, and I am sure I like you very well: come, why should not we be cousins?"—"I am sure I should like very well to be your cousin; for I have no cousins of my own where I can reach them."—"Well, then, you shall be my cousin for ever and

ever." In this uncouth language, and in this artless manner, were these leagues of amity commenced. Such an intimacy was never formed, unless the object of it were a kind of favorite with the parents, who immediately commenced uncle and aunt to the new cousin. This, however, was a high privilege, only to be kept by fidelity and good conduct. If you exposed your new cousin's faults, or repeated her minutest secrets, or by any breach of constancy lost favor, it was as bad as refusing a challenge: you were coldly received everywhere, and could never regain your footing in society.

Aunt's title, however, became current everywhere, and was most completely confirmed in the year 1750, when she gave with more than common solemnity a kind of annual feast, at which the colonel's two brothers and sisters, aunt's sister, Mrs. Cornelius Cuyler, and their families, with several other young people related to them, assembled. It was not given on a stated day, but at the time when most of these kindred could be collected. This year I have often heard my good friend commemorate as that on which their family stock of happiness felt the first diminution. The feast was made, and attended by all the collateral branches (consisting of fifty-two) who had a claim by marriage or descent to call the colonel and my friend uncle and aunt, besides their parents. Among these were reckoned three or four grandchildren of their brothers. At this grand gala there could be no less than sixty persons: but many of them were doomed to meet no more; for the next year the smallpox (always peculiarly mortal here, where it was improperly treated in the old manner) broke out with great virulence, and raged like a plague. But none of those relatives whom Mrs. Schuyler had domesticated suffered by it; and the skill which she had acquired from the communications of the military surgeons who were wont to frequent her house enabled her to administer advice and assistance which essentially benefited many of the patients in whom she was particularly interested; though even her influence could not prevail on people to have recourse to inoculation.

Sir William Johnson.

By the advice of the Schuylers, there was now on the Mohawk River a superintendent of Indian affairs, the importance of which charge began to be fully understood. He was regularly appointed and paid by government. This was the justly celebrated Sir William Johnson, who held an office difficult both to define and execute. He might, indeed, be called the tribune of the Five Nations: their claims he asserted; their rights he protected; and over their minds he possessed a greater sway than any other individual had ever attained. He was, indeed, calculated to conciliate and retain the affections of this brave people, possessing, in common with them, many of those peculiarities of mind and manners that distinguished them from others. He was an uncommonly tall, well-made man, with a fine countenance, which, however, had rather an expression of dignified sedateness, approaching to melancholy. He appeared to be taciturn, never wasting words on matters of no importance, but highly eloquent when the occasion called forth his powers. He possessed intuitive sagacity, and the most entire command of temper and of countenance. He did by no means lose sight of his own interest, but, on the contrary, raised himself to power and wealth in an open and active manner, not disdaining any honorable means of benefiting himself; but at the same time the bad policy, as well as meanness, of sacrificing respectability to snatching at petty present advantages, were so obvious to him, that he laid the foundation of his future prosperity on the broad and deep basis of honorable dealing, accompanied by the most vigilant attention to the objects he had in view; acting so as, without the least departure from integrity on the one hand, or inattention to his affairs on the other, to give, by his manner of conducting himself, an air of magnanimity to his character, that made him the object of universal confidence. He purchased from the Indians (having the grant confirmed by his sovereign) a large and fertile tract of land upon the Mohawk River; where, having cleared and culti-

vated the ground, he built two spacious and convenient places of residence, known afterwards by the names of Johnson Castle and Johnson Hall. The first was on a fine eminence, stockaded round, and slightly fortified: the last was built on the site of the river, on a most fertile and delightful plain, surrounded with an ample and well-cultivated domain, and that again encircled by European settlers, who had first come there as architects or workmen, and had been induced by Sir William's liberality, and the singular beauty of the district, to continue. His trade with the Five Nations was very much for their advantage; he supplying them on more equitable terms than any trader, and not indulging the excesses in regard to strong liquors, which others were too easily induced to do. The castle contained the store in which all goods meant for the Indian traffic were laid up, and all the peltry received in exchange. The hall was his summer residence, and the place round which his greatest improvements were made. Here this singular man lived like a little sovereign, kept an excellent table for strangers and officers (whom the course of their duty now frequently led into these wilds); and by confiding entirely in the Indians, and treating them with unvaried truth and justice, without ever yielding to solicitation what he had once refused, he taught them to repose entire confidence in him. He, in his turn, became attached to them, wore in winter almost entirely their dress and ornaments, and contracted a kind of alliance with them: for, becoming a widower in the prime of life, he had connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter to a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person and good understanding; and whether ever formally married to him according to our usage, or not, contrived to live with him in great union and affection all his life. So perfect was his dependence on those people, whom his fortitude and other manly virtues had attached to him, that when they returned from their summer excursions, and exchanged the last year's furs for fire-arms, &c., they used to pass a few days at the castle, when his family and most of his domestics were down at the hall. There they were all liberally enter-

tained by their friend; and five hundred of them have been known, for nights together, after drinking pretty freely, to lie around him on the floor, while he was the only white person in a house containing great quantities of every thing that was to them valuable or desirable.

While Sir William thus united in his mode of life the calm urbanity of a liberal and extensive trader with the splendid hospitality, the numerous attendance, and the plain though dignified manners, of an ancient baron, the female part of his family were educated in a manner so entirely dissimilar from that of all other young people of their sex and station, that, as a matter of curiosity, it is worthy a recital. These two young ladies, his daughters, inherited in a great measure the personal advantages and strength of understanding for which their father was so distinguished. Their mother, dying when they were young, bequeathed the care of them to a friend. This friend was the widow of an officer who had fallen in battle. I am not sure whether she was devout, and shunned the world for fear of its pollutions; or romantic, and despised its selfish, bustling spirit: but so it was that she seemed utterly to forget it, and devoted herself to her fair pupils. To these she taught needlework of the most elegant and ingenious kinds, reading, and writing. Thus quietly passed their childhood; their monitress not taking the smallest concern in family management, nor, indeed, the least interest in any worldly thing but themselves: far less did she inquire about the fashions or diversions which prevailed in a world she had renounced, and from which she seemed to wish her pupils to remain forever estranged. Never was any thing so uniform as their dress, their occupations, and the general tenor of their lives. In the morning they rose early, read their prayer-book I believe, but certainly their Bible, fed their birds, tended their flowers, and breakfasted; then they were employed for some hours with unwearied perseverance at fine needlework for the ornamental parts of dress, which were the fashion of the day, without knowing to what use they were to be put, as they never wore them, and had not, at the age of

sixteen, ever seen a lady, excepting each other and their governess. They then read, as long as they chose, either the voluminous romances of the last century, of which their friend had an ample collection, or Rollin's Ancient History, the only books they had ever seen. After dinner they regularly in summer took a long walk, or an excursion in the sledge in winter with their friend; and then returned, and resumed their wonted occupations, with the sole variation of a stroll in the garden in summer, and a game at chess or shuttlecock in winter. Their dress was to the full as simple and uniform as every thing else. They wore wrappers of the finest chintz, and green silk petticoats; and this the whole year round without variation. Their hair, which was long and beautiful, was tied behind with a simple ribbon. A large calash shaded each from the sun; and in winter they had long scarlet mantles, that covered them from head to foot. Their father did not live with them, but visited them every day in their apartment. This innocent and uniform life they led till the death of their monitress, which happened when the eldest was not quite seventeen.

Burning of the House at the Flats.

It was at this time (1759), when she was in the very acme of her reputation, and her name was never mentioned without some added epithet of respect or affection, that Madame Schuyler's house, so long the receptacle of all that was good or intelligent, and the asylum of all that was helpless and unfortunate, was entirely consumed before her eyes.

In the summer of this year, as Gen. Bradstreet was riding by the Flats one day, and proposing to call on madame, he saw her sitting in a great chair under the little avenue of cherry-trees that led from her house to the road. All the way as he approached, he had seen smoke, and at last flames, bursting out from the top of her house. He was afraid to alarm her suddenly; but, when he told her, she heard it with the utmost composure, pointed out the likeliest means to check the fire, and ordered the neighbors to be summoned,

and the most valuable goods first removed, without ever attempting to go over to the house herself, where she knew she could be of no service; but, with the most admirable presence of mind, she sat still with a placid countenance, regulating and ordering every thing in the most judicious manner, and with as much composure as if she had nothing to lose. When evening came, of that once happy mansion, not a single beam was left; and the scorched brick walls were all that remained to mark where it had stood.

Madame could not be said to be left without a dwelling, having a house in Albany rather larger than the one thus destroyed. But she was fondly attached to the spot which had been the scene of so much felicity, and was rendered more dear to her by retaining within its bounds the remains of her beloved partner. She removed to Pedrom's house for the night. The news of what had happened spread everywhere; and she had the comfort of knowing, in consequence of this misfortune, better than she could by any other means, how great a degree of public esteem and private gratitude she had excited. The next day people came from all quarters to condole, and ask her directions where and how she would choose to have another house built; and in a few days the ground was covered with bricks, timber, and other materials, brought there by her friends in voluntary kindness. It is to be observed that the people in the interior of New York were so exceedingly skilful in the use, not only of the axe, but of all ordinary tools used in planing and joining timber, that, with the aid of a regular carpenter or two to carry on the nicer parts of the work, a man could build an ordinary house, if it were a wooden one, with very few more than his own domestics. It can scarce be credited that this house, begun in August, was ready for aunt's reception against winter, which here begins very early. But Gen. Bradstreet had sent some of the king's workmen, considering them as employed for the public service while carrying on this building. The most unpleasant circumstance about this new dwelling was the melancholy hiatus which appeared in front, where the former

large house had stood, and where the deep and spacious cellars still yawned in gloomy desolation. Madame, who no longer studied appearance, but merely thought of a temporary accommodation for a life which neither she nor any one expected to be a long one, ordered a broad wooden bridge, like those we see over rivers. This bridge was furnished with seats, like a portico; and this, with the high walls of the burnt house, which were a kind of screen before the new one, gave the whole the appearance of an ancient ruin.

Madame did not find the winter pass comfortably. That road, now that matters were regularly settled, was no longer the constant resort of her military friends. Her favorite nieces were too engaging, and too much admired, to leave room to expect they should remain with her. She found her house comparatively cold and inconvenient, and the winter long and comfortless. She could not now easily go the distance to church. Pedrom, that affectionate and respected brother, was now, by increasing deafness, disqualified from being a companion; and Sister Susan, infirm and cheerless, was, for the most part, confined to her chamber. Under these circumstances, she was at length prevailed on to remove to Albany. The Flats she gave in lease to Pedrom's son Stephen. The house and surrounding grounds were let to an Irish gentleman, who came over to America to begin a new course of life, after spending his fortune in a fashionable dissipation. On coming to America, he found that there was an intermediate state of hardship and self-denial to be encountered, before he could enter on that fancied Arcadia which he thought was to be found in every wood. He settled his family in this temporary dwelling, while he went to traverse the provinces in search of some unforfeited Eden, where the rose had no thorn, and the curse of ceaseless labor had not begun to operate. Madame found reason to be highly satisfied with the change. She had mills which supplied her with bread; her slaves cut and brought home firewood; she had a good garden; and fruit and every other rural dainty came to her in the greatest abundance. All her

former *protégés* and friends in different quarters delighted to send their tribute; and this was merely an interchange of kindness.

Mrs. Grant's Early Life.

It now remains to say how the writer of these pages became so well acquainted with the subject of these memoirs.

My father was at this time a subaltern in the Fifty-fifth Regiment. That corps was then stationed at Oswego; but, during the busy and warlike period I have been describing, my mother and I were boarded in the country below Albany, with the most worthy people imaginable, with whom we ever after kept up a cordial friendship. My father, wishing to see his family, was indulged with permission, and at the same time ordered to take the command of an additional company, who were to come up, and to purchase for the regiment all the stores they should require for the winter; which proved a most extensive commission. In the month of October he set out on this journey, or voyage rather, in which it was settled that my mother and I should accompany him. We were, I believe, the first females above the very lowest ranks who had ever penetrated so far into this remote wilderness. Certainly never was joy greater than that which filled my childish mind on setting out on this journey. I had before seen little of my father; and the most I knew of him was from the solicitude I had heard expressed on his account, and the fear of his death after every battle. I was, indeed, a little ashamed of having a military father, brought up, as I had mostly been, in a Dutch family, and speaking that language as fluently as my own; yet, on the other hand, I had felt so awkward at seeing all my companions have fathers to talk and complain to, while I had none, that I thought, upon the whole, it was a very good thing to have a father of any kind. The scarlet coat, which I had been taught to consider as the symbol of wickedness, disgusted me in some degree. But then, to my great comfort, I found my father did not swear, and again, to my unspeakable delight, that he prayed. A soldier pray! Was it possible? And should I really see my

father in heaven? How transporting! By a sudden revolution of opinion, I now thought my father the most charming of all beings; and the overflowings of my good will reached to the whole company, because they wore the same color, and seemed to respect and obey him. I dearly loved idleness too, and the more because my mother, who delighted in needlework, confined me too much to it. What joys were mine!—to be idle for a fortnight, seeing new woods, rivers, and animals every day. Even then the love of Nature was, in my young bosom, a passion productive of incessant delight. I had, too, a primer, two hymns, and a ballad; and these I read over and over with great diligence. At intervals my attention was agreeably engaged by the details the soldiers gave my father of their manner of living and fighting in the woods, &c.; and with these the praises of madame were often mingled. I thought of her continually: every thing great I heard about her, even her size, had its impression. She became the heroine of my childish imagination; and I thought of her as something both awful and admirable. We had the surgeon of the regiment and another officer with us. They talked, too, of madame, of Indians, of battles, and of ancient history. Sitting from morning to night, musing in a boat, contemplating my father, who appeared to me a hero and a saint, and thinking of Aunt Schuyler, who filled up my whole mind with the grandeur with which my fancy had invested her, and then having my imagination continually amused with the variety of noble wild scenes which the beautiful banks of the Mohawk afforded, I am convinced I thought more in that fortnight, that is to say, acquired more ideas, and took more lasting impressions, than ever I did in the same space of time in my life. This, however foreign it may appear to my subject, I mention as so far connecting with it, that it accounts, in some measure, for that development of thought which led me to take such ready and strong impressions from aunt's conversation when afterwards I knew her.

Introduction to Milton.

A company of the Fifty-fifth was this summer ordered to occupy the fort at Albany. This was commanded by a sagacious veteran called Winepress. My father did not exactly belong to this company; but he wished to return to Albany, where he was known and liked; and the colonel thought, from his steadiness and experience, he would be particularly useful in paying the detached parties, and purchasing for the regiment such stores as they might have occasion for. We set out in our *batteaux;* and I consoled myself for not only leaving Oswego, but (what was nearer my heart) a tame partridge and six pigeons, by the hopes of wandering through Woodcreek, and sleeping in the woods. In both these particulars I was disappointed. Our boats, being lighter, made better way; and we were received in new settlements a little distant from the river. The most important occurrence to me happened the first day. On that evening we returned to Fort Bruerton: I found Capt. Campbell delighted with my reading, my memory, and my profound admiration of the friendship betwixt David and Jonathan. We staid the most of the next day. I was much captivated with the copper-plates in an edition of "Paradise Lost," which, on that account, he had given me to admire. When I was coming away, he said to me, "Keep that book, my dear child: I foretell that the time will come when you will take pleasure in it." Never did a present produce such joy and gratitude. I thought I was dreaming, and looked at it a hundred times before I could believe any thing so fine was really my own. I tried to read it, and almost cried with vexation when I found I could not understand it. At length I quitted it in despair, yet always said to myself, "I shall be wiser next year."

The next year (1762) came, and found me at Albany, if not wiser, more knowing. Again I was shut up in a fort, solemn and solitary. I had no companion, and was never allowed to go out, except with my mother; and that was very seldom indeed. All the fine forenoons I sat and sewed; and, when

others went to play in the evening, I was very often sent up to a large waste room to get a long task by heart of something very grave and repulsive. In this waste room, however, lay an old tattered dictionary, Bailey's, I think, which proved a treasure to me, the very few books we had being all religious or military. I had returned to my Milton, which I conned so industriously, that I got it almost by heart, as far as I went, yet took care to go no farther than I understood. To make out this point, when any one encouraged me by speaking kindly to me, I was sure to ask the meaning of some word or phrase; and, when I found people were not all willing or able to gratify me, I at length had recourse to my waste room and tattered dictionary, which I found a perpetual fountain of knowledge. Consequently, the waste room, formerly a gloomy prison, which I thought of with horror, became now the scene of all my enjoyment; and, the moment I was dismissed from my task, I flew to it with anticipated delight; for there were my treasures, Milton and the ragged dictionary, which were now become the light of my eyes. I studied the dictionary with indefatigable diligence, which I began now to consider as very entertaining. I was extremely sorry for the fallen angels, deeply interested in their speeches, and so well acquainted with their names, that I could have called the roll of them with all the ease imaginable. Time ran on: I was eight years old, and quite uneducated, except reading and plain work. When company came, I was considered as in the way, and sent up to my waste room; but here lay my whole pleasure, for I had neither companions nor amusement.

Milton introduces her to Aunt Schuyler.

My father, not being satisfied with the single apartment allotted to him by the new-comers, removed to the town, where a friend of his, a Scotch merchant, gave him a lodging in his own house, next to that very Madame Schuyler who had been so long my daily thought and nightly dream. We had not been long there when aunt heard that my father was

a good, plain, upright man, without pretensions, but very well principled. She sent a married lady, the wife of her favorite nephew, who resided with her at the time, to ask us to spend the evening with her. I think I have not been on any occasion more astonished, than when, with no little awe and agitation, I came into the presence of madame. She was sitting, and filled a great chair, from which she seldom moved. Her aspect was composed, and her manner such as was at first more calculated to inspire respect than conciliate affection. Not having the smallest solicitude about what people thought of her, and having her mind generally occupied with matters of weighty concern, the first expression of her kindness seemed rather a lofty courtesy than attractive affability; but she shone out by degrees, and she was sure eventually to please every one worth pleasing, her conversation was so rich, so various, so informing; every thing she said bore such a stamp of reality; her character had such a grasp in it.

In the course of the evening dreams began to be talked of; and every one, in turn, gave their opinion with regard to that wonderful mode in which the mind acts independent of the senses, asserting its immaterial nature in a manner the most conclusive. I mused and listened, till at length the spirit of quotation (which very early began to haunt me) moved me to repeat from "Paradise Lost," —

> "When Nature rests,
> Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
> To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
> Wild work produces oft."

I sat silent when my bolt was shot, but so did not madame. Astonished to hear her favorite author quoted readily by so mere a child, she attached much more importance to the circumstance than it deserved; so much, indeed, that, long after, she used to repeat it to strangers in my presence, by way of accounting for the great fancy she had taken to me. These partial repetitions of hers fixed this lucky quotation indelibly in my mind. Any person who has ever been in love, and has

unexpectedly heard that sweetest of all music, the praise of his beloved, may judge of my sensations when madame began to talk with enthusiasm of Milton. The bard of Paradise was indeed "the dweller of my secret soul;" and it never was my fortune before to meet with any one who understood or relished him. I knew very well that the Divine Spirit was his Urania. But I took his invocation quite literally, and had not the smallest doubt of his being as much inspired as ever Isaiah was. This was a very hopeful opening; yet I was much too simple and too humble to expect that I should excite the attention of madame. My ambition aimed at nothing higher than winning the heart of the sweet Catalina [a grand-niece of Madame Schuyler]; and I thought, if Heaven had given me such another little sister, and enabled me to teach her, in due time, to relish Milton, I should have nothing left to ask.

Madame Riedesel and General Schuyler.

[Mrs. Grant's Memoirs, which disclose so much of the domestic life of the Americans prior to the war, do not extend into the war itself; but the names which she mentions are names which belong to American history. A glimpse of the Schuyler family, especially of Gen. Philip Schuyler, a nephew of the "American Lady," is offered in Madame Riedesel's journal of the events connected with Burgoyne's expedition, and the defeat and capitulation of his army with the German contingent at Saratoga. Madame Riedesel with her children, during the latter part of the battle, were sheltered in the cellar of a house near by, where they remained until the capitulation was consummated, when, with her children, she returned to the camp.]

I again [she writes] seated myself in my dear calash; and, in the passage through the American camp, I observed with great satisfaction that no one cast at us scornful glances: on the contrary, they all greeted me, even showing compassion on their countenances at seeing a mother with her little children in such a situation. I confess that I feared to come

into the enemy's camp, as the thing was so entirely new to me. When I approached the tents, a noble-looking man came toward me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. "You tremble," said he to me, "fear nothing." — "No," replied I; "for you are so kind, and have been so tender toward my children, that it has inspired me with courage." He then led me to the tent of Gen. Gates, with whom I found Gens. Burgoyne and Phillips, who were upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Burgoyne said to me, "You may now dismiss all your apprehensions; for your sufferings are at an end." I answered him, that I should certainly be acting very wrongly to have any more anxiety, when our chief had none, and especially when I saw him on such a friendly footing with Gen. Gates. All the generals remained to dine with Gen. Gates. The man who had received me so kindly came up, and said to me, "It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen. Come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes." — "You are certainly," answered I, "a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness." I then learned that he was the American general, Schuyler. He entertained me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteaks, potatoes, good butter, and bread. Never have I eaten a better meal. I was content. I saw that all around me were so likewise; but that which rejoiced me more than every thing else was, that my husband was out of all danger. As soon as we had finished dinner, he invited me to take up my residence at his house, which was situated in Albany, and told me that Gen. Burgoyne would also be there. I sent, and asked my husband what I should do. He sent me word to accept the invitation; and as it was two days' journey from where we were, and already five o'clock in the afternoon, he advised me to set out in advance, and to stay over night at a place distant about three hours' ride. Gen. Schuyler was so obliging as to send with me a French officer, who was a very agreeable

man, and commanded those troops who composed the reconnoitring party of which I have before made mention. As soon as he had escorted me to the house where we were to remain, he went back. I found in this house a French physician, and a mortally wounded Brunswick officer, who was under his care, and who died a few days afterward. The wounded man extolled highly the good nursing of the doctor, who may have been a very skilful surgeon, but was a young coxcomb. He rejoiced greatly when he heard that I could speak his language, and began to entertain me with all kinds of sweet speeches and impertinences; among other things, that he could not believe it possible that I was a general's wife, because a woman of such rank would not certainly follow her husband into the camp. I ought, therefore, to stay with him; for it was better to be with the conquerors than the conquered. I was beside myself with his insolence, but dared not let him see the contempt with which he inspired me, because I had no protector. When night came on, he offered to share his room with me; but I answered that I should remain in the apartment of the wounded officer, whereupon he distressed me still more with all kinds of foolish flatteries, until suddenly the door opened, and my husband and his adjutant entered. "Here, sir, is my husband," said I to him, with a glance meant to annihilate him. Upon this he withdrew, looking very sheepish. Yet afterward he was so polite as to give up his room to us. The day after this we arrived at Albany, where we had so often longed to be. But we came not, as we supposed we should, as victors. We were, nevertheless, received in the most friendly manner by the good Gen. Schuyler, and by his wife and daughters, who showed us the most marked courtesy, as, also, Gen. Burgoyne, although he had — without any necessity, it was said — caused their magnificently built houses to be burned. But they treated us as people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. Even Gen. Burgoyne was deeply moved at their magnanimity, and said to Gen. Schuyler, "Is it to *me*, who have done you so much injury, that you show so

much kindness?" — "That is the fate of war," replied the brave man: "let us say no more about it." We remained three days with them, and they acted as if they were very reluctant to let us go. Our cook had remained in the city with the camp equipage of my husband; but, the second night after our arrival, the whole of it was stolen from us, notwithstanding an American guard of ten or twenty men had been deputed for its protection. Nothing remained to us, except the beds of myself and children, and a few trifles that I had kept by me for my own use; and this, too, in a land where one could get nothing for money, and at a time when we were in want of many things: consequently, my husband was obliged to board his adjutant, quartermaster, &c., and find them in every thing. The English officers — our friends, as I am justified in calling them; for, during the whole of my sojourn in America, they always acted as such — each one gave us something. One gave a pair of spoons; another, some plates; all of which we were obliged to use for a long time, as it was not until three years afterward, in New York, that we found an opportunity, although at great cost, to replace a few of the things we had lost. Fortunately, I had kept by me my little carriage which carried my baggage. As it was already very late in the season, and the weather raw, I had my calash covered with coarse linen, which, in turn, was varnished over with oil; and in this manner we set out on our journey to Boston, which was very tedious, besides being attended with considerable hardship.

I know not whether it was my carriage that attracted the curiosity of the people to it (for it certainly had the appearance of a wagon in which they carry around rare animals); but often I was obliged to halt because the people insisted upon seeing the wife of the German general with her children. For fear that they would tear off the linen covering from the wagon, in their eagerness to see me, I very often alighted, and by this means got away more quickly. However, I must say that the people were very friendly, and were particularly delighted at my being able to speak English, which was the language of their country.

In the midst of all my trials, however, God so supported me, that I lost neither my frolicsomeness nor my spirits; but my poor husband, who was gnawed by grief on account of all that had happened, and on account, also, of his captivity, became, by these constant stoppages, peevish in the highest degree, and could scarcely endure them. His health had suffered very greatly, especially by the many damp nights that he had spent in the open air; and he was, therefore, often obliged to take medicine. One day, when he was very sick from the effects of an emetic, he could not sleep on account of the noise that our American guard made, who never left us, but were continually drinking and carousing before our very door; and when he sent them a message, begging them to keep quiet, they redoubled their noise. I resolved to go out myself; and I said to them that my husband was sick, and begged that they would be less noisy. They at once desisted from their merriment, and all became still,—a proof that this nation, also, have respect for our sex.

The Temper of the Colonists.

[Madame Riedesel's Journal recounts her experience in the journey which she took with her husband and the German troops, when they left Cambridge under orders to go to Virginia. The name of Hessian had struck terror in the hearts of the country-people; and the gentleness and sweetness of this refined lady seemed almost unequal to the task of securing for herself and family common respect. But the incidents of the journey serve to indicate the temper of the colonists, especially on the border of New England and New York.]

One day we came to a pretty little place; but, our supply-wagon not having been able to follow us, we could not endure our hunger longer. Observing a quantity of butcher's meat in the house in which we put up, I begged the hostess to let me have some. "I have," answered she, "several different kinds. There is beef, veal, and mutton." My mouth already watered at the prospect. "Let me have some," I said: "I will pay you well for it." Snapping her fingers almost under

my very nose, she replied, "You shall not have a morsel of it. Why have you come out of your land to kill us, and waste our goods and possessions? Now you are our prisoners. It is, therefore, our turn to torment you."—"See," rejoined I, "these poor children. They are almost dead with hunger." She remained inflexible. But when, finally, my three-and-a-half-year-old little daughter, Caroline, came up to her, seized her by the hand, and said to her in English, "Good woman, I am very hungry," she could not longer withstand her. She took her in a room, and gave her an egg. "No," said the good little child, "I have still two sisters." At this the woman was touched, and gave her three eggs, saying, "I am just as angry as ever; but I cannot withstand the child." She then became more gentle, and offered me bread and milk. I made tea for ourselves. The woman eyed us longingly, for the Americans love it very much; but they had resolved to drink it no longer, as the famous duty on the tea had occasioned the war. I offered her a cup, and poured out for her a saucer of tea. This mollified her completely, and she begged me to follow her into the kitchen, where I found the husband gnawing at a pig's tail; while his wife, to my great satisfaction, brought out of the cellar a basket of potatoes. When she came back, he reached out to her his tidbit. She ate some of it, and gave it back to him in a little while, when he again began to feast upon it. I saw this singular mutual entertainment with amazement and disgust; but he believed that hunger made me begrudge it him, and he reached out to me the already thoroughly-gnawed tail. What should I do,—throw it away, and not only injure his feelings, but lose my loved basket of potatoes? I accordingly took it, pretended to eat it, and quietly threw it into the fire. We had now made our entire peace with them. They gave me my potatoes; and I made a good supper off them, with excellent butter. But, besides this, they moved us into three pretty rooms with good beds.

The next morning we again set out on our journey, and still, on every hand, drew upon us the curiosity of the inhabitants.

Upon reaching the bank of the Hudson River,[1] we were quartered at the house of a boatman, where we were given, as a special mark of favor, a half-finished room without windows. We hung our bedclothes before them, and slept upon some straw, as our baggage-wagon was broken, and we had, therefore, no beds. In consequence of this accident, also, we had, unfortunately, neither coffee nor tea nor sugar, which had often, upon this journey, constituted our only refreshment. Our landlady, a perfect fury, finally allowed us on the following morning, when our things had arrived, to breakfast in her room, as it was in the month of December, and we could not make a fire in our room. But we were unable to induce her to let us have a table to ourselves; and we were not once permitted to sit down to hers, until she, with her children and servants, had finished breakfast, which consisted of what had been left over from the evening meal; viz., cabbage, ham, and the like, with coffee and coarse sugar. They left us a filthy table, which we were first obliged to clean before we could use it; and yet they insisted that we should put every thing in order, and replace the cups and saucers in a perfectly clean condition. At the least remonstrance, they pointed us to the door. She did all this to torment us; for she was an anti-royalist. Unfortunately, a storm, with adverse winds, came up; so that we, as the boatman assured us, could not cross the river without danger. The wicked woman insisted, not-

[1] Mrs. Riedesel and the troops struck the Hudson at Fishkill. When they arrived at that place, Washington, on horseback, attended by his staff, saw them march by. A journal of a Brunswick officer, speaking of the American commander-in-chief on this occasion, naively says, "He reviewed all our divisions, and was very polite to our officers. All that, in general, can be said on the subject of the said general amounts to this, that it is a pity a man of his character and talents is a rebel to his king."

Mrs. Riedesel and the first division of the troops reached Lancaster in the latter part of December. The credulous inhabitants of that town had been hoaxed with the story that the King of England had made a present of the worthy town of Lancaster to Gen. Riedesel, to reward him for his services, and that the latter had now come to take possession of the place with his troops. The irritation of the people, accordingly, was so roused against the German general, that serious consequences were at first feared; and it was a long time before they could be convinced of the falsity of the report. — *W. L. Stone.*

withstanding, that we should go; and it was only after many entreaties, that we obtained permission to remain two days longer. On the third day, the husband, with a perplexed air, came and announced to us that we must go. I entreated him to think of our danger, and at least to accompany us, as I should then have more courage to attempt the passage over. He promised to take us over himself; and we embarked upon a little boat with one sail; but, as he shoved it from the land, our man sprang up, and out of the boat, and left us only one sailor, who did not understand very well how to guide the tiller. We were, therefore, on account of his unskilfulness, and the contrary winds, driven hither and thither in the river for more than five hours, until, at last, after a thousand anxieties, we landed upon the opposite shore. Even then we were still obliged to wade up to the knees through a morass, till we came to the house of Col. Horborn,[1] a very rich man, where we were to lodge.[2]

[1] Probably Osborn.

[2] Mrs. Riedesel does not exaggerate the peril of her passage across the Hudson in this storm; and knowing men at the time were surprised that she escaped without accident. Indeed, the treatment she received from the inhabitants of the towns through which she passed on this journey was such as to excite the indignation of Col. Troup, who had been detailed to accompany the party to its destination. In a letter to Gen. Gates, dated at Sussex Court House, Jan. 3, 1779, Col. Troup writes, "You cannot imagine what difficulties we had to overcome on our march hither. The people of almost every house where we stopped seemed to delight in rendering our stay with them as unpleasant as they possibly could. I am sorry to add, that they behaved very improperly to Lady Riedesel. They could not dismiss from their minds the cruelty with which our prisoners have been treated. Part of them were afraid of being plundered; others, of being murdered by us. A young woman, who had been married only shortly before, wept continually, crying and gnashing her teeth for almost two hours running, merely because I asked her to let Lady Riedesel sleep in her chamber, where she kept some gowns, petticoats, pots, and the like. The rudeness with which they treated us, of every degree and kind, was carried to such a point, that, since my departure from Cambridge, I have always stood in the greatest fear. Lady Riedesel, the general, and his family, have testified to me, in every way, their esteem and kindness. A few minutes ago they and the children, before setting out for Easton, were in the best state of health." And in another letter to Gates, shortly after, he writes, "The army has made a stand at Middlebrook; and the officer who was despatched by Lord Sterling to attend Lady Riedesel to Virginia assures me that they are well satisfied with their lodgings. In spite of his assurances, however, I cannot disengage myself from my private opinion, which, I am persuaded, does not much differ from yours." — *W. L. Stone.*

In that place I had a small room, it is true, but a good one, for myself, husband, children, and both my maids; in which, however, the adjutants had to take breakfast, dinner, and tea. As I wished to change my stockings, on account of my feet being completely soaked, I begged our officers to go out long enough for me to do this. In the mean time, they went into the kitchen to warm themselves; and, while there, suddenly the host came in, took them by the arms, exclaiming at the same time, "Here, you nasty Royalists! is it not enough that I harbor you? Can you not sometimes leave me in peace?" He had just come in from the field, and in his coarse cloth garments, his long beard, and his dirty linen, looked so like a bear, that we trembled before him. His wife, however, was kind. On the following day, which was Sunday, she begged me to drink coffee with her after dinner. Scarcely had I seated myself, when the husband entered, looking much more respectable, as he had shaved himself, and put on his Sunday linen. As I could not yet forget the scene of the day before, I got up, and wished to leave the room. But he shut the door, and asked me, "Are you afraid of me?" — "No," answered I, "I am afraid of no one, not even the Devil, whom you so resembled yesterday." — "But to-day," replied he, "I look much better." — "Yes," said I: "nevertheless, I desire to get out of the way of further discourtesies." My demeanor, instead of vexing, pleased him. He took me by the hand, and urged me to sit down again in my chair. "I am not so bad as you think," said he. "You please me; and, if I had no wife, I would marry you." — "But," rejoined I, "how do you know that I would have you?" — "That," said he, "we should soon see. I am very rich. The whole landscape, as far as you can see, is mine: my wife is already old. I think, therefore, you had better remain here." From this moment I could have had every thing that the house afforded; for the good wife was delighted to share with me all that she herself was accustomed to have.

An English Girl and General Putnam.

[By one of the fortunes of war, which divided so many households, it happened that a daughter of Major Moncrieffe was amongst patriots in New Jersey, while her father, who had been with Gen. Gage in Boston, was now with Gen. Howe at Staten Island. Miss Moncrieffe, whose Memoirs as Mrs. Coghlan have an air of candor singularly alternating with the smirking manner of a public penitent, gives an account of her passage through the American lines to Gen. Howe's camp, which contains some curious sketches of Gen. Putnam].

I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingston, my first stepmother's brother, who was the governor of New Jersey. He behaved to me with harshness, and even added insult to his reproaches. Thus destitute of friends, I wrote to Gen. Putnam, who instantly answered my letter by a very kind invitation to his house, assuring me that he respected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life he himself, or any part of his family, might always command his services. On the next day he sent Col. Webb, one of his aides-de-camp, to conduct me to New York. When I arrived in Broadway (a street so called), where Gen. Putnam resided, I was received with the greatest tenderness, both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters; and on the following day I was introduced by them to Gen. and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study to show me every mark of regard. But I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes, indeed, I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house,[1] where my chief delight was to view with a telescope our fleet and army at Staten Island. My amusements were few. The good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiery, indolence in America

[1] Almost every gentleman's house in New York has a gallery, with a summer-house on the top.— *Mrs. Coghlan.*

being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked some for Gen. Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *Muscadin*, like our Dilettanti of St. James Street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world, his heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration. One day after dinner the Congress was the toast: Gen. Washington viewed me very attentively, and sarcastically said, "Miss Moncrieffe, you don't drink your wine." Embarrassed by this reproof, I knew not how to act: at last, as if by a secret impulse, I addressed myself to the American commander, and, taking the wine, I said, "Gen. Howe *is* the toast." Vexed at my temerity, the whole company, especially Gen. Washington, censured me; when my good friend Gen. Putnam, as usual, apologized, and assured them I did not mean to offend. "Besides," replied he, "every thing said or done by such a child ought rather to amuse than affront you." Gen. Washington, piqued at this observation, then said, "Well, miss, I will overlook your indiscretion, on condition that you drink my health, or Gen. Putnam's, the first time you dine at Sir William Howe's table, on the other side of the water."

These words conveyed to me a flattering hope that I should once more see my father; and I promised Gen. Washington to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

Not long after this circumstance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten Island, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me, for he now considered me as a prisoner. Gen. Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying "that I should remain a hostage for my father's good behavior." I must here observe, that, when Gen. Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam, as if it were by instinct, laid his hand on his sword, and with a violent oath swore "that my father's request *should* be granted." The commander-in-chief, whose influence governed the Congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention; and, that I

might not escape, they ordered me to King's Bridge, where, in justice, I must say that I was treated with the utmost tenderness.[1] Gen. Mifflin there commanded: his lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman, a Quaker; and here my heart received its first impression. . . . To him[2] I plighted my virgin vow; and I shall never cease to lament that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete.

My conqueror was engaged in another cause; he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: he fought to liberate, not to enslave, nations. He was a colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country. His victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought: they shone as bright as the cause which achieved them. I had communicated by letter, to Gen. Putnam, the proposals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them; and I was embarrassed by the answer which the general returned. He entreated me to remember that the person in question, from his political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by observing, "that I surely would not unite myself with a man, who, in his zeal for the cause of his country, would not hesitate to drench his sword in the blood of my nearest relation, should he be opposed to him in battle." Saying this, he lamented the necessity of giving advice contrary to his own sentiments, since, in every other respect, he considered the match as unexceptionable. Nevertheless, Gen. Putnam, after this discovery, appeared, in all his visits to King's Bridge, extremely reserved. His eyes were constantly fixed on me; nor did he ever cease to make me the object of his concern to Congress; and, after various applications, he succeeded in obtaining leave for my departure; when, in order that I should go to Staten Island with the respect due to my sex and family, the barge belonging to the Continental Congress was ordered with twelve oars; and a

[1] My father's knowledge of the country induced Gen. Washington to use every expedient in order to seduce him from the royal cause; and he knew there was none more likely to succeed than that of attacking his parental feelings.

[2] *His* name is never mentioned by Mrs. Coghlan.

general officer, together with his suite, was despatched to see me safe across the bay of New York. The day was so very tempestuous, that I was half drowned with the waves dashing against me. When we came within hail of the "Eagle," man-of-war, which was Lord Howe's ship, a flag of truce was sent to meet us: the officer despatched on this occasion was Lieut. Brown. Gen. Knox told him that he had received orders to see me safe to headquarters. Lieut. Brown replied, "It was impossible, as no person from the enemy could approach nearer the English fleet;" but added, "that, if I would place myself under his protection, he certainly would attend me thither." I then entered the barge, and, bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned my back on liberty.

We first rowed alongside the "Eagle;" and Mr. Brown afterwards conveyed me to headquarters. When my name was announced, the British commander-in-chief sent Col. Sheriff (lately made a general, and who, during my father's lifetime, was one of his most particular friends, although, alas! the endearing sentiment of friendship now seems extinct in his breast, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned) with an invitation from Sir William Howe to dinner, which was necessarily accepted. When introduced, I cannot describe the emotion I felt; so sudden the transition in a few hours, that I was ready to sink into the earth. Judge the distress of a girl not fourteen obliged to encounter the curious, inquisitive eyes of at least forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the general. Fatigued with their fastidious compliments, I could only hear the buzz amongst them, saying, "She is a sweet girl, she is divinely handsome;" although it was some relief to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montresor, who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumstance, I recovered a degree of confidence; but being unfortunately asked, agreeably to military etiquette, for a toast, I gave Gen. Putnam. Col. Sheriff said in a low voice, "You must not give him here;" when Sir William Howe complacently replied, "Oh, by all means! If he be the lady's sweetheart, I can have no objection to drink his health." This

involved me in a new dilemma: I wished myself a thousand miles distant; and, to divert the attention of the company, I gave to the general a letter that I had been commissioned to deliver from Gen. Putnam, of which the following is a copy. (And here I consider myself bound to apologize for the bad spelling of my most excellent republican friend. The bad orthography was amply compensated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.) "*Ginrole* Putnam's compliments to Major Moncrieffe, has made him a present of a fine daughter, if he dont *lick*[1] her he must send her back again, and he will provide her with a fine good *twig* husband." The substitution of *twig* for *whig* husband served as a fund of entertainment to the company.

The Great Torpedo.

[It was at this time also that one of those experiments in submarine warfare was tried, of which every war has so many illustrations. Thacher in his Journal gives the following account of it.]

October [1776]. — By some gentlemen from headquarters, near New York, we are amused with an account of a singular machine, invented by a Mr. D. Bushnell of Connecticut, for the purpose of destroying the British shipping by explosion. This novel machine was so ingeniously constructed, that, on examination, Major-Gen. Putnam was decidedly of opinion that its operations might be attended with the desired success: accordingly he encouraged the inventor, and resolved to be himself a spectator of the experiment on the British shipping in New York harbor. Mr. Bushnell gave to his machine the name of American Turtle, or Torpedo. It was constructed on the principles of submarine navigation; and, on trial, it has been ascertained that it might be rowed horizontally, at any given depth under water, and the adventurer, concealed within, might rise or sink as occasion requires. A magazine of powder was attached to it in such a manner as to

[1] Like.

be screwed into the bottom of the ship; and, being now disengaged from the machine, the operator retires in safety, leaving the internal clock-work in motion; and, at the distance of half an hour or an hour, the striking of a gunlock communicates fire to the powder, and the explosion takes place. It was determined to make the experiment with this machine in the night, on the ship "Eagle," of sixty-four guns, on board of which Admiral Lord Howe commanded. Gen. Putnam placed himself on the wharf to witness the result. Mr. Bushnell had instructed his brother in the management of the torpedo with perfect dexterity; but, being taken sick, a sergeant of a Connecticut regiment was selected for the business, who, for want of time, could not be properly instructed. He, however, succeeded so far as to arrive in safety with his apparatus under the bottom of the ship, when the screw designed to perforate the copper sheathing, unfortunately struck against an iron plate near the rudder, which, with the strong current, and want of skill in the operator, frustrated the enterprise; and, as daylight had begun to appear, the sergeant abandoned his magazine, and returned in the torpedo to the shore. In less than half an hour, a terrible explosion from the magazine took place, and threw into the air a prodigious column of water, resembling a great water-spout, attended with a report like thunder. Gen. Putnam and others, who waited with great anxiety for the result, were exceedingly amused with the astonishment and alarm which this secret explosion occasioned on board of the ship. This failure, it is confidently asserted, is not to be attributed to any defect in the principles of this wonderful machine, as it is allowed to be admirably calculated to execute destruction among the shipping.

FEB. 10, 1778. — I have now obtained a particular description of the American torpedo, and other ingenious submarine machinery, invented by Mr. David Bushnell, for the purpose of destroying shipping while at anchor, some account of which may be found in this Journal. The external appearance of the torpedo bears some resemblance to two

upper tortoise-shells, of equal size, placed in contact, leaving, at that part which represents the head of the animal, a flue or opening sufficiently capacious to contain the operator, and air to support him thirty minutes. At the bottom, opposite to the entrance, is placed a quantity of lead for ballast. The operator sits upright, and holds an oar for rowing forward or backward, and is furnished with a rudder for steering. An aperture at the bottom, with its valve, admits water for the purpose of descending; and two brass forcing-pumps serve to eject the water within, when necessary for ascending. The vessel is made completely water-tight, furnished with glass windows for the admission of light, with ventilators, and air-pipes; and is so ballasted with lead fixed at the bottom as to render it solid, and obviate all danger of oversetting. Behind the submarine vessel is a place above the rudder for carrying a large powder-magazine: this is made of two pieces of oak timber, large enough, when hollowed out, to contain one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, with the apparatus used for firing it, and is secured in its place by a screw turned by the operator. It is lighter than water, that it may rise against the object to which it is intended to be fastened. Within the magazine is an apparatus constructed to run any proposed length of time under twelve hours: when it has run out its time, it unpinions a strong lock, resembling a gunlock, which gives fire to the powder. This apparatus is so pinioned, that it cannot possibly move, till, by casting off the magazine from the vessel, it is set in motion. The skilful operator can swim so low on the surface of the water as to approach very near a ship in the night, without fear of being discovered, and may, if he choose, approach the stern or stem above water, with very little danger. He can sink very quickly, keep at any necessary depth, and row a great distance in any direction he desires, without coming to the surface. When he rises to the surface, he can soon obtain a fresh supply of air, and, if necessary, he may then descend again, and pursue his course. Mr. Bushnell found that it required many trials, and considerable instruction, to make a man of common ingenuity

a skilful operator. The first person, his brother, whom he employed, was very ingenious, and made himself master of the business, but was taken sick before he had an opportunity to make use of his skill. Having procured a substitute, and given him such instruction as time would allow, he was directed to try an experiment on the "Eagle," a sixty-four-gun ship on board of which Lord Howe commanded, lying in the harbor of New York. He went under the ship, and attempted to fix the wooden screw into her bottom, but struck, as he supposes, a bar of iron which passes from the rudder hinge, and is spiked under the ship's quarter. Had he moved a few inches, which he might have done without rowing, there is no doubt he would have found wood where he might have fixed the screw; or, if the ship had been sheathed with copper, he might easily have pierced it. But not being well skilled in the management of the vessel, in attempting to move to another place, he lost the ship. After seeking her in vain for some time, he rowed some distance, and rose to the surface of the water, but found daylight had advanced so far, that he durst not renew the attempt. He says that he could easily have fastened the magazine under the stern of the ship, above water, as he rowed up to the stern and touched it, before he descended. Had he fastened it there, the explosion of one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, the quantity contained in the magazine, must have been fatal to the ship. In his return from the ship to New York, he passed near Governor's Island, and thought he was discovered by the enemy on the island. Being in haste to avoid the danger he feared, he cast off the magazine, as he imagined it retarded him in the swell, which was very considerable. After the magazine had been cast off one hour, the time the internal apparatus was set to run, it blew up with great violence, throwing a vast column of water to an amazing height in the air, and leaving the enemy to conjecture whether the stupendous noise was produced by a bomb, a meteor, a water-spout, or an earthquake. Some other attempts were made in Hudson River, in one of which the operator, in going towards the ship, lost sight of her, and

went a great distance beyond her; and the tide ran so strong as to baffle all his efforts. Mr. Bushnell being in ill health, and destitute of resources, was obliged to abandon his pursuit at that time, and wait for a more favorable opportunity, which never occurred. In the year 1777 Mr. Bushnell made an attempt from a whale-boat, against "The Cerberus," frigate, lying at anchor, by drawing a machine against her side by means of a line. The machine was loaded with powder, to be exploded by a gunlock, which was to be unpinioned by an apparatus to be turned by being brought alongside of the frigate. This machine fell in with a schooner at anchor astern of the frigate, and concealed from his sight. By some means it became fixed, and, exploding, demolished the schooner. Commodore Simmons, being on board "The Cerberus," addressed an official letter to Sir Peter Parker, describing this singular disaster. Being at anchor to the westward of New London, with a schooner which he had taken, discovered, about eleven o'clock in the evening, a line, towing astern from the bows. He believed that some person had veered away by it, and immediately began to haul in. A sailor belonging to the schooner, taking it for a fishing-line, laid hold of it, and drew in about fifteen fathoms. It was buoyed up by small pieces of wood tied to it at stated distances. At the end of the rope, a machine was fastened, too heavy for one man to pull up; for it exceeded one hundred pounds in weight. The other people of the schooner coming to his assistance, they drew it on deck. While the men were examining the machine, about five minutes from the time the wheel had been put in motion, it exploded, blew the vessel into pieces, and set her on fire. Three men were killed, and the fourth blown into the water much injured. On examining round the ship after this accident, the other part of the line was discovered, buoyed up in the same manner. This the commodore ordered to be instantly cut away, for fear of hauling up another of the *infernals*, as he termed it. These machines were constructed with wheels, furnished with irons sharpened at the end, and projecting about an inch, in order

to strike the sides of the vessel when hauling them up, thereby setting the wheels in motion, which in the space of five minutes causes the explosion. Had the whole apparatus been brought to operate on a ship at the same time, it must have occasioned prodigious destruction.

Joe Bettys.

[At a convivial meeting, at which the healths of the captors of André were drunk, a toast was also proposed to the memory of Fulmer, Cory, and Perkins, who achieved the capture of Joseph Bettys, a distinguished traitor and spy. Col. Ball, who presided, made the following statement respecting the exploit.]

During the War of the Revolution, I was an officer in the New York line, in the regiment commanded by Col. Wynkoop. Being acquainted with Bettys, who was a citizen of Ballston, and knowing him to be bold, athletic, and intelligent in an uncommon degree, I was desirous of obtaining his services for my country, and succeeded in enlisting him as a sergeant. He was afterwards reduced to the ranks, on account of some insolence to an officer, who, he said, had abused him without a cause. Knowing his irritable and determined spirit, and unwilling to lose him, I procured him the rank of sergeant in the fleet commanded by Gen. Arnold (afterwards the distinguished traitor) on Lake Champlain in 1776. Bettys was in that desperate fight which took place in the latter part of the campaign, between the British and American fleets on that lake, and, being a skilful seaman, was of signal service during the battle. He fought until every commissioned officer on board his vessel was killed or wounded, and then assumed command himself, and continued to fight with such reckless courage, that Gen. Waterbury, who was second in command under Arnold, perceiving the vessel was likely to sink, was obliged to order Bettys and the remnant of his crew on board his own vessel; and, having noticed his extraordinary bravery and conduct, he placed him on the quarter-deck by his side, and gave orders through him, until the vessel,

becoming altogether crippled, the crew mostly killed, himself wounded, and only two officers left, the colors were struck to the enemy. Gen. Waterbury afterwards told my father, that he never saw a man behave with such deliberate desperation as Bettys, and that the shrewdness of his management showed that his conduct was not inferior to his courage. After the action, Bettys went to Canada, turned traitor to his country, received an ensign's commission in the British army, became a spy, and proved himself a most dangerous and subtle enemy. He was at length arrested, tried, and condemned to be hung at West Point. But the entreaties of his aged parents, and the solicitations of influential Whigs, induced Gen. Washington to pardon him on promise of amendment. But it was in vain. The generosity of the act only added rancor to his hatred; and the Whigs of the section of the country, especially of Ballston, had deep occasion to remember the traitor, and to regret the unfortunate lenity they had caused to be shown him. He recruited soldiers for the king in the very heart of the country. He captured and carried off the most zealous and efficient patriots, and subjected them to the greatest suffering; and those against whom he bore particular malice lost their dwellings by fire, or lives by murder, and all this while the British commander kept him in employ as a faithful and most successful messenger, and a cunning and intelligent spy. No fatigue wearied his resolution, no distance was an obstacle to his purpose, and no danger appalled his courage. No one felt secure. Sometimes, in the darkness of the night, he came by stealth upon us; and sometimes, even in the middle of the day, he was prowling about as if unconscious of any danger. He boldly proclaimed himself a desperado; that he carried his life in his hand; that he was as careless of it as he should be of that of others, should they undertake to catch him; that his liberty was guarded by his life, and whoever should undertake to deprive him of it must expect to mingle their blood with his. And it was well understood that what Bettys said Bettys meant, and as well ascertained, that when he came among us to perpetrate his

mischief, that he generally brought with him a band of refugees, and concealed them in the neighborhood, to assist him in the accomplishment of his purposes. Still there were many who resolved on his apprehension, be the danger what it might; and many ineffectual attempts were made for that purpose. But he eluded all their vigilance till some time in the winter of 1781–82, when a suspicious stranger was observed in the neighborhood, in snow-shoes, and well armed. Cory and Perkins, on information from Fulmer, immediately armed themselves, and, together with Fulmer, proceeded in pursuit. They traced him, by a circuitous track, to the house of a Tory: they consulted a moment, and then, by a sudden effort bursting open the door, rushed upon him, and seized him, before he had an opportunity of effecting any resistance. He was at his meal, with his pistols lying on the table, and his rifle resting on his arm. He made an attempt to discharge the latter, but, not having taken the precaution to undo the deerskin cover that was over the lock, did not succeed. He was then pinioned so firmly, that to resist was useless, and to escape impossible; and the notorious Bettys, cheated of all his threats, and foiled in his most particular resolution, was obliged to yield himself a tame and quiet prisoner to the enterprise and daring of Fulmer, Cory, and Perkins. He asked leave to smoke, which being granted, he took out his tobacco, and with it something else, which when unobserved, as he hoped, he threw into the fire; but Cory saw it, and immediately snatched it out with a handful of coals. It was a small leaden box, about the eighth of an inch in thickness, and contained a paper in cipher, which they could not read; but it was afterwards discovered to be a despatch to the British commander at New York, and also an order for thirty pounds sterling on the Mayor of New York, should the despatch be safely delivered. Bettys begged leave to burn it, but was refused. He offered them a hundred guineas if he might be allowed to do it; but they steadily refused. He then said, "I am a dead man," but continued to intercede with them to allow him to escape. He made the most liberal offers, a part

of which he had present means to make good; but they still refused to listen to him. He was then taken to Albany, tried, convicted, and executed as a spy and traitor to his country. And the only reward these daring men ever received for their hazardous achievement was the rifle and pistols of Bettys. The conduct of the captors of André was noble; but that of the captors of Bettys was both noble and heroic. André was a gentleman, and without the means of defence: Bettys was fully armed, and known to be a desperado. The capture of the former was by accident; of the latter, by enterprise and design. That of the former was without danger; of the latter, at the imminent peril of life. André was a more important, but perhaps not a more dangerous man than Bettys. Both tempted their captors with all-seducing gold, and both were foiled. And Paulding Williams and Van Wart, though venerated in the highest degree by me, as having exhibited a trait of character honorable to the reputation of their country, have not, in my estimation, claims to celebrity superior to those of Fulmer, Cory, and Perkins.

A Day with Washington.

[The Marquis de Chastellux, from whose travels we have already quoted, extended his journey to New Jersey, where Washington was in camp, for the sake of visiting the commander-in-chief; and his narrative of the reception which Washington gave him is so simple and picturesque, that we give it, omitting only certain details of the journey, which obstruct the interest in this particular subject.]

After riding two miles along the right flank of the army, and after passing thick woods on the right, I found myself in a small plain, where I saw a handsome farm. A small camp which seemed to cover it, a large tent extended in the court, and several wagons round it, convinced me that this was his Excellency's quarter; for it was thus Mr. Washington is called in the army, and throughout America. M. de Lafayette was in conversation with a tall man, five foot nine inches high (about five foot ten and a half English), of a noble and mild

countenance. It was the general himself. I was soon off horseback and near him. The compliments were short: the sentiments with which I was animated, and the good wishes he testified for me, were not equivocal. He conducted me to his house, where I found the company still at table, although the dinner had been long over. He presented me to the generals, Knox, Wayne, Howe, &c., and to his *family*, then composed of Cols. Hamilton and Tighlman, his secretaries and his aides-de-camp, and of Major Gibbs, commander of his guards; for, in England and America, the aides-de-camp, adjutants, and other officers attached to the general, form what is called his *family*. A fresh dinner was prepared for me, and wine; and the present was prolonged to keep me company. A few glasses of claret and madeira accelerated the acquaintances I had to make; and I soon felt myself at ease near the greatest and the best of men. The goodness and benevolence which characterize him are evident from every thing about him. But the confidence he gives birth to never occasions improper familiarity; for the sentiment he inspires has the same origin in every individual,— a profound esteem for his virtues, and a high opinion of his talents. About nine o'clock the general officers withdrew to their quarters, which were all at a considerable distance; but, as the general wished me to stay in his own house, I remained some time with him, after which he conducted me to the chamber prepared for my aides-de-camp and me. This chamber occupied the fourth part of his lodging. He apologized to me for the little room he had at his disposal, but always with a noble politeness which was neither complimentary nor troublesome.

At nine the next morning they informed me that his Excellency was come down into the parlor. This room served at once as audience-chamber and dining-room. I immediately went to wait on him, and found breakfast prepared. . . . While we were at breakfast, horses were brought; and Gen. Washington gave orders for the army to get under arms at the head of the camp. The weather was very bad; and it had already begun raining. We waited half an hour; but the general, see-

ing that it was more likely to increase than to diminish, determined to get on horseback. Two horses were brought him, which were a present from the State of Virginia: he mounted one himself, and gave me the other. Mr. Lynch and Mr. de Montesquieu had each of them, also, a very handsome blood horse, such as we could not find at Newport for any money. We repaired to the artillery camp, where Gen. Knox received us. The artillery was numerous; and the gunners, in very fine order, were formed in parade in the foreign manner; that is, each gunner at his battery, and ready to fire. The general was so good as to apologize to me for the cannon not firing to salute us. He said, that having put all the troops on the other side of the river in motion, and apprised them that he might himself march along the right bank, he was afraid of giving the alarm, and of deceiving the detachments that were out. We gained, at length, the right of the army, where we saw the Pennsylvania line: it was composed of two brigades, each forming three battalions, without reckoning the light infantry, which were detached with the Marquis de Lafayette. Gen. Wayne, who commanded it, was on horseback, as well as the brigadiers and colonels. They were all well mounted. The officers also had a very military air: they were well ranged, and saluted very gracefully. Each brigade had a band of music: the march they were then playing was the Huron. I heard that this line, though in want of many things, was the best clothed in the army; so that, his Excellency asking me whether I would proceed and see the whole army, or go by the shortest road to the camp of the marquis, I accepted the latter proposal. The troops ought to thank me for it; for the rain was falling with redoubled force. They were dismissed, therefore; and we arrived, heartily wet, at the Marquis de Lafayette's quarters, where I warmed myself with great pleasure, partaking from time to time of a large bowl of grog, which is stationary on his table, and is presented to every officer who enters. The rain appearing to cease, or inclined to cease for a moment, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to follow his Excellency to the camp of the marquis. We found all his

troops in order of battle on the heights to the left, and himself at their head, expressing by his air and countenance that he was happier in receiving me there than at his estate in Auvergne. . . .

The rain spared us no more at the camp of the marquis than at that of the main army; so that, our review being finished, I saw with pleasure Gen. Washington set off in a gallop to regain his quarters. We reached them as soon as the badness of the roads would permit us. At our return we found a good dinner ready, and about twenty guests, among whom were Gens. Howe and Sinclair. The repast was in the English fashion, consisting of eight or ten large dishes of butcher's meat and poultry, with vegetables of several sorts, followed by a second course of pastry, comprised under the two denominations of pies and puddings. After this, the cloth was taken off; and apples, and a great quantity of nuts, were served, which Gen. Washington usually continues eating for two hours, *toasting* and conversing all the time. These nuts are small and dry, and have so hard a shell (hickory-nuts), that they can only be broken by the hammer: they are served half open; and the company are never done picking and eating them. The conversation was calm and agreeable. His Excellency was pleased to enter with me into the particulars of some of the principal operations of the war, but always with a modesty and conciseness which proved that it was from pure complaisance he mentioned it. About half-past seven we rose from table; and immediately the servants came to shorten it, and convert it into a round one; for at dinner it was placed diagonally, to give more room. I was surprised at this manœuvre, and asked the reason of it. I was told they were going to lay the cloth for supper. In half an hour I retired to my chamber, fearing lest the general might have business, and that he remained in company only on my account; but, at the end of another half hour, I was informed that his Excellency expected me at supper. I returned to the dining-room, protesting against this supper; but the general told me he was accustomed to take something in the evening; that, if I would be seated, I should

only eat some fruit, and assist in the conversation. I desired nothing better, for there were then no strangers, and nobody remained but the general's family. The supper was composed of three or four light dishes, some fruit, and, above all, a great abundance of nuts, which were as well received in the evening as at dinner. The cloth being soon removed, a few bottles of good claret and madeira were placed on the table. Every sensible man will be of my opinion, that being a French officer, under the orders of Gen. Washington, and, what is more, a good Whig, I could not refuse a glass of wine offered me by him; but I confess that I had little merit in this complaisance, and that, less accustomed to drink than anybody, I accommodated myself very well to the English mode of *toasting*. You have very small glasses; you pour out yourself the quantity of wine you choose, without being pressed to take more; and the toast is only a sort of check in the conversation, to remind each individual that he forms part of the company, and that the whole form only one society. I observed that there was more solemnity in the toasts at dinner. There were several ceremonious ones: the others were suggested by the general, and given out by his aides-de-camp, who performed the honors of the table at dinner; for one of them is every day seated at the bottom of the table, near the general, to serve the company, and distribute the bottles. The toasts in the evening were given by Col. Hamilton, without order or ceremony. . . .

THE CUSTOM OF TOASTING.

These healths, or toasts, as I have already observed, have no inconvenience, and only serve to prolong the conversation, which is always more animated at the end of the repast. They oblige you to commit no excess, wherein they greatly differ from the German healths, and from those we still give in our garrisons and provinces. But I find it an absurd and truly barbarous practice, the first time you drink, and at the beginning of dinner, to call out successively to each individual, to let him know you drink his health. The actor in this ridiculous comedy is sometimes ready to die with thirst, whilst he is

obliged to inquire the names, or catch the eyes, of five and twenty or thirty persons, and the unhappy persons to whom he addresses himself, with impatience; for it is certainly not possible for one to bestow a very great attention to what one is eating, and what is said to one, being incessantly called to on the right and left, or pulled by the sleeve by charitable neighbors, who are so kind as to acquaint one with the politeness one is receiving. The most civil of the Americans are not content with this general call: every time they drink, they make partial ones, for example, four or five persons at a time. Another custom completes the despair of poor foreigners, if they be ever so little absent, or have good appetites: these general and partial attacks terminate in downright duels. They call to you from one end of the table to the other, "Sir, will you permit me to drink a glass of wine with you?" This proposal always is accepted, and does not admit the excuse of the great Cousin, "One does not drink without being acquainted." The bottle is then passed to you, and you must look your enemy in the face; for I can give no other name to the man who exercises such an empire over my will. You wait till he, likewise, has poured out his wine, and taken his glass; you then drink mournfully with him, as a recruit imitates the corporal in his exercise. But to do justice to the Americans, they themselves feel the ridicule of these customs borrowed from Old England, and since laid aside by her.

A Portrait of Washington.

[The person of Washington appears slightly sketched in the Marquis de Chastellux's account; but there is a more direct and studied portraiture in the Military Journal of Dr. James Thacher.]

His Excellency the commander-in-chief made a visit to our hospital: his arrival was scarcely announced before he presented himself at our doors. Dr. Williams and myself had the honor to wait on this great and truly good man through the different wards, and to reply to his inquiries relative to the condition of our patients. He appeared to take a deep

interest in the situation of the sick and wounded soldiers, and inquired particularly as to their treatment and comfortable accommodations. Not being apprised of his intended visit in time to make preparation for his reception, we were not entirely free from embarrassment; but we had the inexpressible satisfaction of receiving his Excellency's approbation of our conduct as respects the duties of our department. The personal appearance of our commander-in-chief is that of the perfect gentleman and accomplished warrior. He is remarkably tall, full six feet, erect, and well proportioned. The strength and proportion of his joints and muscles appear to be commensurate with the pre-eminent powers of his mind. The serenity of his countenance, and majestic gracefulness of his deportment, impart a strong impression of that dignity and grandeur which are his peculiar characteristics; and no one can stand in his presence without feeling the ascendency of his mind, and associating with his countenance the idea of wisdom, philanthropy, magnanimity, and patriotism. There is a fine symmetry in the features of his face, indicative of a benign and dignified spirit.

His nose is straight, and his eyes inclined to blue. He wears his hair in a becoming cue; and from his forehead it is turned back, and powdered, in a manner which adds to the military air of his appearance. He displays a native gravity, but devoid of all appearance of ostentation. His uniform dress is a blue coat with two brilliant epaulets, buff-colored under-clothes, and a three-cornered hat with a black cockade. He is constantly equipped with an elegant small-sword, boots, and spurs, in readiness to mount his noble charger. There is not in the present age, perhaps, another man so eminently qualified to discharge the arduous duties of the exalted station he is called to sustain, amidst difficulties which to others would appear insurmountable; nor could any man have more at command the veneration and regard of the officers and soldiers of our army, even after defeat and misfortune. This is the illustrious chief whom a kind Providence has decreed as the instrument to conduct our country to peace and to independence.

Princeton and Dr. Witherspoon.

[It was on the same journey that De Chastellux visited Princeton, N.J., and paid his respects to Dr. Witherspoon.]

This town is situated on a sort of platform, not much elevated, but which commands on all sides. It has only one street, formed by the high-road. There are about sixty or eighty houses, all tolerably well built: but little attention is paid them; for that is immediately attracted by an immense building, which is visible at a considerable distance. It is a college, built by the State of Jersey some years before the war. As this building is only remarkable from its size, it is unnecessary to describe it. . . . The object which excited my curiosity, though very foreign from letters at that moment, brought me to the very gate of the college. I dismounted for a moment to visit this vast edifice, and was soon joined by Dr. Witherspoon, president of the university. He is a man of at least sixty; is a member of Congress, and much respected in this country. In accosting me, he spoke French: but I easily perceived that he had acquired his knowledge of that language from reading, rather than from conversation; which did not prevent me, however, from answering him, and continuing to converse with him, in French, for I saw that he was well pleased to display what he knew of it. This is an attention which costs little, and is too much neglected in a foreign country. To reply in English to a person who speaks French to you is to tell him, "You do not know my language so well as I do yours." In this, too, one is not unfrequently mistaken. As for me, I always like better to have the advantage on my side, and to fight on my own ground. I conversed in French, therefore, with the president; and from him I learned that this college is a complete university; that it can contain two hundred students, and more, including the outboarders; that the distribution of the studies is formed so as to make only one class for the humanities, which corresponds with our first four classes; that two others are destined to the perfecting the youth in the study of Latin and Greek; a fourth, to

natural philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, &c.; and a fifth, to moral philosophy. Parents may support their children at this college at the annual expense of forty guineas. Half of this sum is appropriated to lodgings and masters: the rest is sufficient for living either in the college, or at board in private houses in the town. This useful establishment has fallen into decay since the war. There were only forty students when I saw it. A handsome collection of books had been made, the greatest part of which has been embezzled. The English even carried off from the chapel the portrait of the King of England, — a loss for which the Americans easily consoled themselves, declaring they would have no king amongst them, not even a painted one.

PENNSYLVANIA.

A Philadelphia Schoolmaster.

THE materials are abundant for obtaining a view of the social condition of what was at the time the foremost city in America, and from these materials we propose to draw in presenting a picture of manners and customs; but first we put ourselves under the personal lead of a very agreeable gentleman, Alexander Graydon, Esq., whose reminiscences extend back to a period shortly before the beginning of the war, at which time he was about twenty years of age. His more distinct recollections begin with the removal of his family from Bristol, Penn., to Philadelphia, when he was six or seven years old.]

In the city, I lived with, and was under the care of, my grandfather. The school he first put me to was that of David James Dove, an Englishman, and much celebrated in his day as a teacher, and no less as a dealer in the minor kind of satirical poetry. To him were attributed some political effusions in this way, which were thought highly of by his party, and made a good deal of noise. He had also made some figure, it seems, in the Old World; being spoken of, as I have heard (though in what way I know not, having never seen the work), in a book entitled "The Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Taylor." As the story went, some one reading this performance to Mr. Dove on its first appearance, with the mischievous design of amusing himself at his expense, as he knew what the book contained, he (Dove) bore testimony to

the truth of the contents, with which, he said, he was perfectly acquainted, exclaiming as the reader went along, "True, true as the gospel!" But when the part was reached in which he himself is introduced in a situation somewhat ridiculous, he cried out it was a lie, a most abominable lie, and that there was not a syllable of truth in the story. At any rate, Dove was a humorist, and a person not unlikely to be engaged in ludicrous scenes. It was his practice, in his school, to substitute disgrace for corporal punishment. His birch was rarely used in canonical method, but was generally stuck into the back part of the collar of the unfortunate culprit, who, with this badge of disgrace towering from his nape, like a broom at the masthead of a vessel for sale, was compelled to take his stand upon the top of the form for such a period of time as his offence was thought to deserve. He had another contrivance for boys who were late in their morning attendance. This was to despatch a committee of five or six scholars for them, with a bell and lighted lantern; and in this "odd equipage," in broad daylight, the bell all the while tingling, were they escorted through the streets to school. As Dove affected a strict regard to justice in his dispensations of punishment, and always professed a willingness to have an equal measure of it meted out to himself in case of his transgressing, the boys took him at his word; and one morning, when he had overstaid his time, either through laziness, inattention, or design, he found himself waited on in the usual form. He immediately admitted the justice of the procedure, and, putting himself behind the lantern and bell, marched with great solemnity to school, to the no small gratification of the boys, and entertainment of the spectators. But this incident took place before I became a scholar. It was once my lot to be attended in this manner; but what had been sport to my tutor was to me a serious punishment.

The school was at this time kept in Videll's Alley, which opened into Second, a little below Chestnut Street. It counted a number of scholars of both sexes, though chiefly boys; and the assistant, or writing-master, was John Reily, a very expert

penman and conveyancer, a man of some note, who, in his gayer moods, affected a pompous and technical phraseology, as he is characterized under the name of Parchment in a farce written some forty years ago, and which, having at least the merit of novelty and personality, was a very popular drama, though never brought upon the stage. Some years afterwards, Dove removed to Germantown, where he erected a large stone building, in the view of establishing an academy upon a large scale; but I believe his success was not answerable to his expectations. I know not what my progress was under the auspices of Mr. Dove; but having never, in my early years, been smitten with the love of learning, I have reason to conclude it did not pass mediocrity. I recollect a circumstance, however, which one afternoon took place at my grandfather's, to the no small entertainment of the old gentleman, who often adverted to it afterwards. Dove was there, and in endeavoring to correct my utterance (as I had an ill habit of speaking with my teeth closed, as if indifferent whether I spoke or not), he bawled out in one of his highest tones, "Why don't you speak louder? Open your mouth like a Dutchman: say *yaw*."[1]

[1] This Dove was a *satirical poet*, and has been described by Judge Peters, an early pupil of his, as a "sarcastical and ill-tempered doggerelizer, who was but ironically *Dove*; for his temper was that of a hawk, and his pen the beak of a falcon pouncing on innocent prey."

He became, says Watson, a teacher of languages in the Philadelphia Academy, and was chiefly conspicuous for the part he took in the politics of the day, and by his caustic rhymes in ridicule of his opponents. He wrote poetical illustrations to accompany the caricatures which abounded in his time, and was himself, in turn, a rich subject for the caricaturist. Watson records a characteristic anecdote of Charles Thomson, secretary to the Congress of 1776. When young, Thomson resided in the family of Dove, who, with his wife, was much addicted to scandal, a propensity in the highest degree offensive to the honorable nature of the future secretary. Wishing to leave them, but dreading their tongues, he adopted an ingenious expedient to prevent their injurious exercise. He gravely inquired of them one evening, if his conduct as a boarder had been satisfactory to them. They promptly replied in the affirmative. "Would you, then," asked Thomson, "be willing to give me a certificate to that effect?"—"Oh, certainly!" A certificate was accordingly given; and the next day he parted from them in peace. — *J. S. Littell.*

Mr. John Beveridge.

I have said that I entered the Latin School. The person whose pupil I was consequently to become was Mr. John Beveridge, a native of Scotland, who retained the smack of his vernacular tongue in its primitive purity. His acquaintance with the language he taught was, I believe, justly deemed to be very accurate and profound; but, as to his other acquirements (after excepting the game of backgammon, in which he was said to excel), truth will not warrant me in saying a great deal. He was, however, diligent and laborious in his attention to his school; and had he possessed the faculty of making himself beloved by the scholars, and of exciting their emulation and exertion, nothing would have been wanting in him to an entire qualification for his office. But, unfortunately, he had no dignity of character, and was no less destitute of the art of making himself respected than beloved. Though not, perhaps, to be complained of as intolerably severe, he yet made a pretty free use of the rattan and the ferule, but to very little purpose. He was, in short, no disciplinarian, and consequently very unequal to the management of seventy or eighty boys, many of whom were superlatively pickle and unruly. He was assisted, indeed, by two ushers, who eased him in the burden of teaching, but who, in matters of discipline, seemed disinclined to interfere, and disposed to consider themselves rather as subjects than rulers. I have seen them slyly slip out of the way when the principal was entering upon the job of capitally punishing a boy, who, from his size, would be likely to make resistance. For this had become nearly a matter of course; and poor Beveridge, who was diminutive in his stature, and neither young nor vigorous, after exhausting himself in the vain attempt to denude the delinquent, was generally glad to compound for a few strokes over his clothes, on any part that was accessible. He had, indeed, so frequently been foiled, that his birch at length was rarely brought forth, and might truly be said to have lost its terrors: it was *tanquam gladium in vagina*

repositum. He indemnified himself, however, by a redoubled use of his rattan.

So entire was the want of respect towards him, and so liable was he to be imposed upon, that one of the larger boys, for a wager, once pulled off his wig, which he effected by suddenly twitching it from his head under pretence of brushing from it a spider; and the unequivocal insult was only resented by the peevish exclamation of "*Hoot mon!*"

Various were the rogueries that were played upon him; but the most audacious of all was the following. At the hour of convening in the afternoon (that being found the most convenient, from the circumstance of Mr. Beveridge being usually a little beyond the time), the bell having rung, the ushers being at their posts, and the scholars arranged in their classes, three or four of the conspirators conceal themselves without for the purpose of observing the motions of their victim. He arrives, enters the school, and is permitted to proceed until he is supposed to have nearly reached his chair at the upper end of the room, when instantly the door and every window-shutter is closed. Now, shrouded in utter darkness, the most hideous yells that can be conceived are sent forth from at least threescore of throats; and Ovids and Virgils and Horaces, together with the more heavy metal of dictionaries, whether of Cole, of Young, or of Ainsworth, are hurled without remorse at the head of the astonished preceptor, who, on his side, groping and crawling under cover of the forms, makes the best of his way to the door. When attained, and light restored, a death-like silence ensues. Every boy is at his lesson: no one has had a hand or a voice in the recent atrocity. What, then, is to be done? and who shall be chastised?

Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descries not him who aimed the fatal wound,
Nor knows to fix revenge.

This most intolerable outrage, from its succeeding beyond expectation, and being entirely to the taste of the school, had a run of several days, and was only then put a stop to by the interference of the *faculty*, who decreed the most exemplary punishment on those who should be found offending in the premises, and by taking measures to prevent a farther repetition of the enormity.

In the year 1765, Mr. Beveridge published by subscription a small collection of Latin poems. Of their general merit, I presume not to judge; but I think I have heard they were not much commended by the British reviewers. The latinity, probably, is pure, the prosody correct, the versification sufficiently easy and sounding, and such as might serve to evince an intimate acquaintance with the classics of ancient Rome; but I should doubt their possessing much of the soul of poetry. One of them is neither more nor less than an humble petition in hexameters, and certainly a very curious specimen of pedantic mendicity. It is addressed to Thomas Penn, the proprietary of Pennsylvania; and the poet very modestly proposes that he should bestow upon him a few of his acres, innumerable, he observes, as the sands of the Delaware; in return for which, his verse shall do its best to confer immortal fame upon the donor. By way of further inducement to the gift, he sets before his excellency the usual ingratitude of an enriched and unknown posterity on the one hand, and, on the other, the advantage which Ajax, Æneas, and Mæcenas, derived from the Muses of Homer, of Virgil, and Horace. I never heard, however, that the poet was the better for his application. I rather think that the proprietor was of opinion there was a want of reciprocity in the proposal, and that, whatever the *carmen Horatii vel Maronis* might have been worth, that of Mr. Beveridge did not amount to a very valuable consideration.

But, after all, it is perhaps too much to expect from a modern, — good Latin, good poetry, and good sense, all at the same time.

The Paxton Boys.

Of all the cities in the world, Philadelphia was, for its size, perhaps one of the most peaceable and unwarlike; and Grant[1] was not wholly without data for supposing, that, with an inconsiderable force, he could make his way, at least through Pennsylvania. So much had the manners of the Quakers, and its long exemption from hostile alarm, nourished this disposition, that a mere handful of lawless frontier-men was found sufficient to throw the capital into consternation. The unpunished and even applauded massacre of certain Indians at Lancaster, who, in the jail of that town, had vainly flattered themselves that they possessed an asylum, had so encouraged their murderers, who called themselves "Paxton Boys," that they threatened to perpetrate the like enormity upon a number of other Indians under the protection of government in the metropolis; and for this purpose they at length put themselves in arms, and actually began their march. Their force, though known to be small in the beginning, continually increased as it went along; the *vires acquirit eundo* being no less the attribute of terror than of fame. Between the two, the invaders were augumented to some thousands by the time they had approached within a day or two's journey of their object. To the credit, however, of the Philadelphians, every possible effort was made to frustrate the inhuman design of the banditti; and the Quakers, as well as others who had proper feelings on the occasion, exerted themselves for the protection of the terrified Indians, who were shut up in the barracks, and for whose immediate defence part of a British regiment of foot was stationed there. But the citadel, or place of arms, was in the very heart of the city, all around and within the old court-house and Friends' meeting-house. Here stood the artillery, under the command of Capt. Loxley, a very honest though little, dingy-looking man, with regimentals considerably war-worn or tarnished, — a very salamander, or *fire-drake*, in the public

[1] Gen. Grant of the British army probably.

estimation, whose vital air was deemed the fume of sulphureous explosion, and who, by whatever means he had acquired his science, was always put foremost when great guns were in question. Here it was that the grand stand was to be made against the approaching invaders, who, if rumor might be credited, had now extended their murderous purposes beyond the savages, to their patrons and abettors. Hence the cause had materially changed its complexion; and, instead of resting on a basis of mere humanity and plighted faith, it had emphatically become the cause of self-preservation, little doubt being entertained that the capital would be sacked, in case of the predominance of the barbarous foe. In this state of consternation and dismay, all business was laid aside for the more important occupation of arms. Drums, colors, rusty halberds and bayonets, were brought forth from their lurking-places; and as every good citizen who had a sword had girded it to his thigh, so every one who had a gun had placed it on his shoulder: in short, *bella*, *horrida bella* (war, destructive war), was about to desolate the hitherto peaceful streets of Philadelphia.

But, with all this, the old proverb was not belied; and the benign influence of this *ill wind* was sensibly felt by us schoolboys. The dreaded event was overbalanced in our minds by the holidays which were the effect of it; and, so far as I can recall my feelings on the occasion, they very much preponderated on the side of hilarity.

As the defensive army was without eyes, it had, of course, no better information than such as common bruit could supply; and hence many untoward consequences ensued. One was the near extinction of a troop of mounted butchers from Germantown, who, scampering down Market Street with the best intentions in the world, were announced as the Paxton Boys, and, by this mistake, very narrowly escaped a greeting from the rude throats of Capt. Loxley's artillery. The word "FIRE!" was already quivering on his lips; but Pallas came in shape of something, and suppressed it. Another emanation from this unmilitary defect of vision was the curious order, that every householder in Market Street should affix one or

more candles at his door before daylight, on the morning of the day on which, from some sufficient reason no doubt, it had been elicited that the enemy would full surely make his attack, and by no other than this identical route, on the citadel. Whether this illumination was merely intended to prevent surprise, or whether it was that the commander who enjoined it was determined, like Ajax, that, if perish he must, he would perish in the face of day, I do not know; but certain it is that such a decree went forth, and was religiously complied with. This I can affirm from the circumstance of having resided in Market Street at the time. The sage precaution, however, proved superfluous, although, with respect merely to the nearness of the redoubted invaders, there was color for it. It was soon ascertained that they had reached Germantown; and a deputation of the least obnoxious citizens, with the olive-branch, was sent out to meet them. After a parley of some days, an armistice was agreed upon, and peace at length so effectually restored, that the formidable stragglers who had excited so much terror were permitted, as friends, to enter the city.

Party spirit, at this time, ran very high; and the Paxton men were not without a number of clamorous advocates, who entirely justified them on the score of their sufferings from the savages, who, during the war, had made incursions upon them, and murdered their kindred and friends. It was even alleged that the pretended friendly Indians had been treacherous, having always maintained an understanding with the hostile ones, and frequently conducted them into our settlements. But this rested on mere suspicion, without a shadow of proof that ever I heard of. It was enough, however, to throw it out to obtain partisans to the opinion; and whether the Paxton men were "more sinned against than sinning" was a question which was agitated with so much ardor and acrimony, that even the schoolboys became warmly engaged in the contest. For my own part, though of the religious sect which had been long warring with the Quakers, I was entirely on the side of humanity and public duty (or in this,

do I beg the question?), and perfectly recollect my indignation at the sentiments of one of the ushers who was on the opposite side. His name was Davis, and he was really a kind, good-natured man; yet, from the dominion of his religious or political prejudices, he had been led to apologize for, if not to approve of, an outrage which was a disgrace to a civilized people. He had been among the riflemen on their coming into the city, and talking with them upon the subject of the Lancaster massacre, and particularly of the killing of Will Sock, the most distinguished of the victims, related, with an air of approbation, this rhodomontade of the real or pretended murderer. "I," said he, "am the man who killed Will Sock: this is the arm that stabbed him to the heart; and I glory in it." Notwithstanding the fine coloring of Mr. Davis, young as I was, I am happy in being able to say that I felt a just contempt for the inglorious boaster, who appeared to me in the light of a cowardly ruffian, instead of a hero. There was much political scribbling on this occasion; and, among the pamphleteers of the day, Dr. Franklin drew his pen in behalf of the Indians, giving a very affecting narrative of the transaction at Lancaster, which, no doubt, had its effect in regulating public opinion, and thereby putting a stop to the farther violence that was meditated.

Ogle and Friend.

But it was not alone by hostile alarms that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquillity had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance, and, in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,—

A la clarté de cieux dans l'ombre de la nuit,

to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this duumvirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and

Orestes; but the cement which connected them was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never-ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that, upon hiring a servant, he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow some time after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself; but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed, either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appearance in Philadelphia has been thus related to me by Mr. Will Richards the apothecary, who, it is well known, was, from his size and manner, as fine a figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I was sitting, perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement; for no sooner had he entered, than throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher with the exclamation of, "Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss," he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault, or shake off the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf, and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, "Ha, my jolly fellow! give me a smack of your fat chops," and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But, instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor, and myself on top of him. Nevertheless, I kept kissing away, until,

nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'For Heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him, and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered; and finding that I was neither a Quaker, nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and, entering into conversation, soon discovered, that, however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman. This," said Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Capt. Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

This same coffee-house, the only one indeed in the city, was also the scene of another affray by Ogle and Friend in conjunction. I know not what particular acts of mischief they had been guilty of; but they were very drunk, and their conduct so extremely disquieting and insulting to the peaceable citizens there assembled, that, being no longer able to endure it, it was judged expedient to commit them; and Mr. Chew, happening to be there, undertook, in virtue probably of his office of recorder, to write their commitment. But Ogle, facetiously jogging his elbow, and interrupting him with a repetition of the pitiful interjection of "*Ah, now, Mr. Chew!*" he was driven from his gravity, and obliged to throw away the pen. It was then taken up by Alderman M——n with a determination to go through with the business, when the culprits reeling round him, and Ogle in particular, hanging over his shoulder, and reading after him as he wrote, at length with irresistible effect hit upon an unfortunate oversight of the alderman. "Ay," says he, "my father was a justice of peace too; but he did not spell that word as you do. I remember perfectly well, that, instead of an S, he always used to spell CIRCUMSTANCE with a C." This sarcastic thrust at the scribe entirely turned the tide in favor of the rioters; and, the company being disarmed of their resentment, the alderman had no disposition to provoke further criticism by going on with the *mittimus*.

The irregularities of these gay rakes were not more eccentric than diversified; and, the more extravagant they could render them, the better. At one time they would drive full tilt through the streets in a chair; and upon one of these occasions, on approaching a boom which had been thrown across the street, in a part that was undergoing the operation of paving, they lashed forward their steed, and, sousing against the spar with great violence, they were consequently hurled from their seats, like Don Quixote in his temerarious assault of the windmills. At another time, at Dr. Orme's, the apothecary, where Ogle lodged, they, in emulation of the same mad hero at the puppet-show, laid about them with their canes upon the defenceless bottles and phials, at the same time assaulting a diminutive Maryland parson, whom, in their frolic, they kicked from the street-door to the kitchen. He was a fellow-lodger of Ogle's; and, to make him some amends for the roughness of this usage, they shortly after took him drunk to the dancing-assembly, where, through the instrumentality of this unworthy son of the church, they contrived to excite a notable hubbub. Though they had escaped, as already mentioned, at the coffee-house, yet their repeated malefeasances had brought them within the notice of the civil authority, and they had more than once been in the clutches of the mayor of the city. This was Mr. S——, a small man of a squat, bandy-legged figure; and hence, by way of being revenged on him, they bribed a negro, with a precisely similar pair of legs, to carry him a billet, which imported, that, as the bearer had in vain searched the town for a pair of hose that might fit him, he now applied to his Honor to be informed where he purchased HIS stockings.

Swimming and Skating.

The exercises of swimming and skating were so much within the reach of the boys of Philadelphia, that it would have been surprising, had they neglected them, or even had they not excelled in them. Both Delaware and Schuylkill present the most convenient and delightful shores for the

former, whilst the heat and the length of the summers invite to the luxury of bathing; and the same rivers seldom fail in winter to offer the means of enjoying the latter; and, when they do, the ponds always afford them. Since the art of swimming has been in some degree dignified by Dr. Franklin's having been a teacher of it, and having made it the subject of a dissertation, I may, perhaps, be warranted in bringing forward my remark. When in practice, I never felt myself spent with it; and though I never undertook to swim farther than across Schuylkill at or near the middle ferry, where the bridge now stands, it appeared to me that I could have continued the exercise for hours, and consequently have swum some miles. To recover breath, I only found it necessary to turn upon my back, in which position, with my arms across my body, or pressed to my sides (since moving them, as many do, answers no other purpose than to retard and fatigue the swimmer), my lungs had free play, and I felt myself as perfectly at ease as if reclined on a sofa. In short, no man can be an able swimmer who only swims with his face downward. The pressure of the water on the breast is an impediment to respiration in that attitude, which, for that reason, cannot be long continued: whereas the only inconvenience in the supine posture is, that the head sinks so low, that the ears are liable to receive water, — a consequence which might be prevented by stopping them with wool or cotton, or covering them with a bathing-cap.

With respect to skating, though the Philadelphians have never reduced it to rules, like the Londoners, nor connected it with their business, like Dutchmen, I will yet hazard the opinion, that they were the best and most elegant skaters in the world. I have seen New-England skaters, Old-England skaters, and Holland skaters; but the best of them could but "make the judicious grieve." I was once slightly acquainted with a worthy gentleman, the quondam member of a skating-club in London; and it must be admitted that he performed very well for an Englishman. His *High Dutch*, or, as he better termed it, his *outer-edge* skating, might, for aught I

know, have been exactly conformable to the statutes of this institution. To these he would often appeal; and I recollect the principal one was, that each stroke should describe an exact semicircle. Nevertheless, his style was what we should deem a very bad one. An utter stranger to the beauty of bringing forward the suspended foot towards the middle of the stroke, and boldly advancing it before the other at the conclusion of it, thus to preserve throughout his course a continuity of movement, to rise like an ascending wave to its acme, then gracefully, like a descending one, to glide into the succeeding stroke without effort either real or apparent, — every change of foot with this gentleman seemed a beginning of motion, and required a most unseemly jerk of the body, and unequivocal evidence of the want of that power which depends on a just balance, and should never be lost; which carries the skater forward with energy without exertion, and is as essential to his swift and graceful career as is a good head of water to the velocity of a mill-wheel. Those who have seen good skating will comprehend what I mean; still better those who are adepts themselves: but excellence in the art can never be gained by geometrical rules. The two reputed best skaters of my day were Gen. Cadwallader, and Massey the biscuit-baker; but I could name many others, both of the academy and Quaker school, who were in no degree inferior to them; whose action and attitudes were equally graceful, and, like theirs, no less worthy of the chisel than those which, in other exercises, have been selected to display the skill of the eminent sculptors of antiquity. I here speak, be it observed, of what the Philadelphians *were*, not what they *are*, since I am unacquainted with the present state of the art; and from my lately meeting with young men, who, though bred in the city, had not learned to swim, I infer the probability that skating may be equally on the decline.

SLATE ROOF HOUSE—PENN'S RESIDENCE.

The Slate-Roof House.

The Abbé Raynal,[1] when speaking of Philadelphia, in his "Philosophical History of the East and West Indies," observes that the houses are covered with slate, — a material amply supplied from quarries in the neighborhood. But, unfortunately for the source from which the abbé derived his information, there were no such quarries near the city that ever I heard of, and certainly but a single house in it with this kind of roof, which, from that circumstance, was distinguished by the name of *The Slate House.* It stood in Second Street, at the corner of Norris's Alley, and was a singular old-fashioned structure, laid out in the style of a fortification, with abundance of angles, both salient and re-entering. Its two wings projected to the street in the manner of bastions, to which the main building, retreating from sixteen to eighteen feet, served for a curtain. Within, it was cut up into a number of apartments, and on that account was exceedingly well adapted to the purpose of a lodging-house, to which use it had been long appropriated. An additional convenience was a spacious yard on the back of it, extending half-way to

[1] This celebrated person was born in 1712, educated among the Jesuits, and had even become a member of their order, but was expelled for denying the supreme authority of the church. He afterwards associated with Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, and was by them employed to furnish the theological articles for the encyclopædia. In this, however, he received the assistance of the Abbé Yvon, to whom he did not give above a sixth of what he received; which being afterwards discovered, he was obliged to pay Yvon the balance. His most celebrated work is his "Political and Philosophical History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies," which has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and much admired. This work was followed, in 1780, by another, entitled "The Revolution of America," in which the abbé pleads the cause of the Americans with zeal. The chief trait in Raynal's character was his love of liberty; but, when he saw the length to which the French revolutionists were proceeding, he made one effort to stop them in their career. In May, 1791, he addressed a letter to the Constituent National Assembly, in which, after complimenting them upon the great things they had done, he cautioned them against the dangers of going farther. He lived not only to see his forebodings of public calamity realized, but to suffer his share of it. After being stripped of all his property, which was considerable, by the robbers of the Revolution, he died in poverty, March, 1796, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. — *Lond. Ency.*

Front Street, enclosed by a high wall, and ornamented with a double row of venerable, lofty pines, which afforded a very agreeable *rus in urbe*, or rural scene in the heart of the city. The lady who had resided here, and given some celebrity to the stand by the style of her accommodations, either dying, or declining business, my mother was persuaded by her friends to become her successor, and, accordingly, obtained a lease of the premises, and took possession of them, to the best of my recollection, in the year 1764 or 1765.[1] While in this residence, and in a still more commodious one in the upper part of Front Street, to which she some years afterwards removed, she had the honor, if so it might be called, of entertaining strangers of the first rank who visited the city. Those who have seen better days, but have been compelled by hard necessity to submit to a way of life, which to a feeling mind, whoever may be the guests, is sufficiently humiliating, are much indebted to Mr. Gibbon for the handsome manner in

[1] The slate-roof house is still standing [in 1846], a creditable monument to the forbearance of its lady-owner, in the midst of the general war which for years has been steadily waged against every relic of the olden-time. How much longer it will be suffered to remain, it were vain to conjecture. Its origin, its uses, and the historical characters who from time to time have dwelt within its walls, should create a feeling of interest for its preservation on the part of Philadelphians, and prompt the adoption of immediate measures for that patriotic purpose. In this age of "Constitutional scruples," the city councils might not feel at liberty to appropriate the sum necessary for its purchase and restoration; but the citizens themselves, by limiting the sum to a trifle, might readily fill a subscription for a few thousand dollars, and, by placing it under the guardianship of the city, insure for it the necessary care. [It has since been taken down.]

We are informed by the zealous chronicler, Watson, that this house was erected for Samuel Carpenter, whom he eulogizes for his early public spirit, and that it was occupied by William Penn on his second visit, in the year 1700. One month after Penn's arrival, John Penn, called the "American," was born in this house. In 1703 the property was purchased by William Trent, the founder of Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, for eight hundred and fifty pounds. Watson quotes a letter from James Logan in 1700 to Penn as follows: "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter), which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden. I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a governor. His price is nine hundred pounds of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare."

He could not spare it, however; and it became the property of a Mr. Norris, in whose family it still continues. — *J. S. Littell.*

which he speaks of the hostess of a boarding-house at Lausanne. With the delicacy of a gentleman, and the discernment of a man of the world, the historian dares to recognize that worth and refinement are not confined to opulence or station; and that although, in the keeper of a house of public entertainment, these qualities are not much to be looked for, yet, when they do occur, the paying for the comforts and attentions we receive does not exempt us from the courtesy of an apparent equality and obligation. An equally liberal way of thinking is adopted by Mr. Cumberland, who tells us in his Memoirs, that the British coffee-house was kept by a Mrs. Anderson, a person of great respectability. If, then, an education and situation in early life, which enabled my mother to maintain an intercourse in the best families in the city, — pretentions in no degree impaired by her matrimonial connection, or an industrious, irreproachable conduct in her succeeding years of widowhood, — can give a claim to respect, I have a right to say with Mr. Cumberland, that the principal lodging-house in Philadelphia was kept by a person of great respectability.

The Guests of the Slate-Roof House.

A biographical sketch of the various personages who in the course of eight or nine years became inmates of this house, might, from the hand of a good delineator, be both curious and amusing. Among these were persons of distinction, and some of no distinction; many real gentlemen, and some, no doubt, who were merely pretenders to the appellation; some attended by servants in gay liveries; some, with servants in plain coats; and some with no servants at all. It was rarely without officers of the British army. It was, at different times, nearly filled by those of the Forty-second or Highland Regiment, as, also, by those of the Royal Irish. Besides these, it sometimes accommodated officers of other armies, and other uniforms. Of this description was the Baron de Kalb, who visited this country probably about the year 1768 or 1769, and who fell a major-general in the army of the United States at the battle of Camden. Though a

German by birth, he had belonged to the French service, and had returned to France after the visit just mentioned. During our Revolutionary contest, he came to tender us his services, and returned no more. The steady and composed demeanor of the baron bespoke the soldier and philosopher, — the man who had calmly estimated life and death, and who, though not prodigal of the one, had no unmanly dread of the other. He was not indeed a young man; and his behavior at the time of his death, as I have heard it described by Mons. Dubuisson, his aide-de-camp, was exactly conformable to what might have been supposed from his character.[1]

[1] "The representation of the baron," says the author in a MS. note "as an enthusiast for liberty, whose sacred cause he crossed the Atlantic to espouse, is one of the 'lame and impotent conclusions' of our republican fanatics. He cared just as much for our liberty, probably, as did the other French subjects who assisted us under the standard of the Count de Rochambeau. He, no doubt, thought the occasion favorable for crippling the power of Britain, and of avenging the loss of Canada. At the same time, he was politic enough to take the tone of the people he was acting with, and might, therefore, have talked of liberty with the rest; but he would have deemed it quite sufficient to his fame to be considered as at once faithful to France and her allies, and of having acquitted himself as a brave and accomplished soldier; and this was all we had to require of him."

The baron was born in Germany, about the year 1717. When young, he entered into the service of France, in which he continued for forty-two years, and obtained the rank of brigadier-general. In 1757, during the war between England and France, he was sent by the French Government to the American colonies, in order to learn the points in which they were most vulnerable, and how far the seeds of discontent might be sown in them towards the mother-country. He was seized, while in the performance of his commission, as a suspected person, but escaped detection. He then went to Canada, where he remained until its conquest by the British, after which he returned to France. In 1777, during the war of the Revolution, he came a second time to the United States, and offered his services to Congress. They were accepted; and he was soon after made a major-general. At first he was placed in the northern army; but when the danger which threatened Charleston from the formidable expedition under Sir Henry Clinton, in 1778, rendered it necessary to re-enforce the American troops in the south, a detachment was sent to them, consisting of the Maryland and Delaware lines, which were put under his command. Before he could arrive, however, at the scene of action, Gen. Lincoln had been made prisoner, and the direction of the whole southern army devolved upon the baron, until the appointment of Gen. Gates. On the 15th of August, Gates was defeated near Camden, by Lord Rawdon; and, in the battle, De Kalb, who commanded the right wing, fell, covered with wounds, while gallantly fighting on foot. A tomb was erected to his memory, by order of Congress, in the cemetery of Camden. — *Ency. Amer.* — *J. S. Littell.*

Another of our foreign guests was one Badourin, who wore a white cockade, and gave himself out for a general in the Austrian service; but, whether general or not, he one night, very unexpectedly, left his quarters, making a masterly retreat, with the loss of no other baggage than that of an old trunk, which, when opened, was found to contain only a few old Latin and German books. Among the former was a folio, bound in parchment, which I have now before me: it is a ponderous tract of the mystical Robert Fludd, *alias* de Fluctibus, printed at Oppenheim in the year 1618, and in part dedicated to the Duke de Guise, whom the author informs us he had instructed in the art of war. It is to this writer, probably, that Butler thus alludes in his "Hudibras:"—

> "He, Anthroposophus and *Floud*
> And Jacob Behman, understood."

From this work of Mr. Fludd, which, among a fund of other important matter, treats of astrology and divination, it is not improbable that its quondam possessor, Mr. Badourin, might have been a mountebank conjurer, instead of a general.

Lady Moore and Lady O'Brien.

Among those of rank from Great Britain, with whose residence we were honored, I recollect Lady Moore and her daughter, a sprightly miss, not far advanced in her teens, and who, having apparently no dislike to be seen, had more than once attracted my attention;[1] for I was just touching that age when such objects begin to be interesting, and excite

[1] Sir Henry Moore, the last British governor of New York that I remember (says Mrs. Grant), came up this summer to see Albany, and the ornament of Albany, Aunt Schuyler. He brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him. This is the same family alluded to in the text; but I was not aware (says the author in a MS. note) that Sir Henry was governor of New York. Mrs. Grant and myself, probably not differing much in age, appear nearly at the same time to have been looking back on the scenes of our youth, and to have brought to remembrance not only some of the characters, but to have coincided in our remarks on several subjects. The Miss Moore alluded to, I remember to have heard, was, some years after the time of this our joint recognition of her, considered as an elegant woman in England, where, it was said, she led the fashions. — *J. S. Littell.*

feelings which disdain the invidious barriers with which the pride of condition would surround itself. Not that the young lady was stately. My vanity rather hinted she was condescendingly courteous; and I had no doubt read of women of quality falling in love with their inferiors. Nevertheless, the extent of my presumption was a look or a bow as she now and then tripped along through the entry. Another was Lady Susan O'Brien, not more distinguished by her title than by her husband, who accompanied her, and had figured as a comedian on the London stage, in the time of Garrick, Mossop, and Barry. Although Churchill charges him with being an imitator of Woodward,[1] he yet admits him to be a man of parts; and he has been said to have surpassed all his contemporaries in the character of the fine gentleman, in his easy manner of treading the stage, and particularly of drawing

[1] WOODWARD, endowed with various powers of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, favorite of the town,
Lured by the pleasing prospect of renown.
A squeaking Harlequin made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures every limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh, indeed; but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplaced,
And inclination fondly took for taste:
Hence hath the town so often seen displayed
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct in these insipid days,
Some comic character strong-featured, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time nor censures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There WOODWARD safely shall his powers exert,
Nor fail of favor where he shows desert:
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.
Churchill's Rosciad.

the sword, to which action he communicated a swiftness and a grace which Garrick imitated, but could not equal.[1] O'Brien is presented to my recollection as a man of the middle height, with a symmetrical form, rather light than athletic. Employed by the father to instruct Lady Susan in elocution, he taught her, it seems, that it was no sin to love; for she became his wife, and, as I have seen it mentioned in the "Theatrical Mirror," obtained for him, through the interest of her family, a post in America. But what this post was, or where it located him, I never heard.

Sir William Draper.

A third person of celebrity and title was Sir William Draper,[2] who made a tour to this country a short time after

[1] Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came:
Willkinson this, O'Brien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic power endued,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood.
The last, by Nature formed to please, who shows
In Johnson's Stephen which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects with too much art
To put on Woodward in each mangled part,
Adopt his shrug, his wink, his stare, nay, more,
His voice and croaks; for Woodward croaked before.
When the dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
Churchill's Rosciad.

[2] *Vide* correspondence in the Letters of Junius. In his celebrated controversy with the "great unknown," Sir William displayed a degree of ability and skill that challenged the admiration even of his relentless adversary. He attained the rank of general in the British army. He was born at Bristol (England), where his father held the post of collector of the customs. He was thoroughly educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1763 he was "conqueror of Manilla." He arrived at Charleston, S.C., in January, 1770, and during the summer of that year visited Maryland, where he was received with much hospitality. From Maryland he passed into New York, and, while there, was married to Miss De Lancey, who died in 1778, leaving him a daughter. In 1779 he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Minorca. He died at Bath, January, 1787.

Wraxall says he was "a man hardly better known to posterity by his capture

his newspaper encounter with Junius. It has even been suggested that this very incident sent the knight on his travels. Whether or not it had so important a consequence, it cannot be denied that Sir William *caught a Tartar* in Junius; and that, when he commenced his attack, he had evidently underrated his adversary.

During his stay in Philadelphia, no one was so assiduous in his attentions to him as Mr. Richardson, better known at that time by the name of Frank Richardson, then from England, on a visit to his friends. This gentleman was one of the most singular and successful of American adventurers. The son of one of our plainest Quakers, he gave early indications of that cast of character which has raised him to his present station, — that of a colonel in the British Guards. At a time when such attainments formed no part of education in Pennsylvania, he sedulously employed himself in acquiring skill in the use of the small-sword and the pistol, as if to shine as a duellist had been the first object of his ambition. Either from a contempt for the dull pursuits of the "home-keeping youth" of his day, or from the singularity of his propensities repelling association, he was solitary, and rarely with companions. Fair and delicate to effeminacy, he paid great attention to his person, which he had the courage to invest in scarlet, in defiance of the society to which he belonged, in whose mind's eye, perhaps as to that of the blind man of

of Manilla than by his correspondence with JUNIUS. He was endowed with talents, which, whether exerted in the field or in the closet, entitled him to great consideration. His vanity, which led him to call his house at Clifton, near Bristol, 'Manilla Hall,' and there to erect a cenotaph to his fellow-soldiers who fell before that city during the siege, exposed him to invidious comments. . . . JUNIUS's obligations to his officious friendship for the Marquis of Granby was indelible; for however admirably written may be his letter of the 21st of January, 1769, which opened the series of those celebrated compositions, it was Draper's answer, with his signature annexed to it, that drew all eyes towards the two literary combatants. Great as were JUNIUS's talents, yet, if he had been left to exhale his resentment without notice or reply, he might have found it difficult to concentre on himself the attention of all England. But, the instant that Sir William avowedly entered the lists as Lord Granby's champion, a new interest was awakened in the public mind." —*J. S. Littell.*

Locke, this color, from their marked aversion to it, resembles the sound of a trumpet; and no less in defiance of the plain manners of a city, in which, except on the back of a soldier, a red coat was a phenomenon, and always indicated a Creole, a Carolinian, or a dancing-master. With these qualifications, and these alone perhaps, Mr. Richardson, at an early age, shipped himself for England, where soon, having the good-fortune to establish a reputation for courage by drawing his sword in behalf of a young man of rank, in a broil at the theatre, he was received into the best company, and thence laid the foundation of his preferment. Such, at least, was the generally received account of his rise. But, whether accurate or not, his intimate footing with Sir William is an evidence of the style of his company whilst abroad, as well as of the propriety of his conclusion, that his native land was not his sphere.[1]

As the story went, on Mr. Richardson's first going to England, he happened to be in the same lodgings with Foote the comedian, with whom he became intimate. One day, upon his coming out of his chamber, "Richardson," says Foote to him, "a person has just been asking for you, who expressed a strong desire to see you, and pretended to be an old Philadelphia acquaintance. But I knew better; for he was a d——d ill-looking fellow, and I have no doubt the rascal was a bailiff: so I told him you were not at home." But here either Foote's sagacity had been at fault, or he had been playing off a stroke of his humor, the visitor having really been no other than Mr. ——, a respectable merchant of Philadelphia, though not a figure the most debonair, to be sure.

[1] He is the same Richardson alluded to in the following extract of a letter from Gen. Washington to Mr. Reed, dated 14th January, 1776: "Mr. Sayre has been committed to the Tower upon the information of a certain Lieutenant or Adjutant Richardson (formerly of your city), for treasonable practices, an intention of seizing his Majesty, and possessing himself of the Tower, it is said in 'The Crisis.' But he is admitted to bail himself in five hundred pounds, and two sureties in two hundred and fifty pounds each." — *Sparks's Writings of Washington*, vol. iii. p. 242. — *J. S. Littell.*

From Philadelphia, Sir William passed on to New York, where, if I mistake not, he married. During his residence in that city, he frequently amused himself with a game of rackets, which he played with some address; and he set no small value on the talent. There was a mechanic in the place, the hero of the tennis court, who was so astonishingly superior to other men, that there were few whom he could not beat with one hand attached to the handle of a wheelbarrow. Sir William wished to play with him, and was gratified; the New-Yorker having urbanity enough to cede the splendid stranger some advantages, and, even in conquering, to put on the appearance of doing it with difficulty. Yet, apart, he declared that he could have done the same with the incumbrance of the wheelbarrow. These are hearsay facts: they come, however, from persons of credit, in the way of being acquainted with them.

Major Etherington.

Major George Etherington of the Royal Americans was an occasional inmate of our house, from its first establishment on the large scale, until the time of its being laid down, about the year 1774. He seemed to be always employed in the recruiting service, in the performance of which he had a snug, economical method of his own. He generally dispensed with the noisy ceremony of a recruiting *coterie;* for having, as it was said, and I believe truly, passed through the principal grades in its composition, namely, those of drummer and sergeant, he was a perfect master of the inveigling arts which are practised on the occasion, and could fulfil, at a pinch, all the duties himself. The major's *forte* was a knowledge of mankind, of low life especially; and he seldom scented a subject that he did not, in the end, make his prey. He knew his man, and could immediately discover a fish that would bite: hence he wasted no time in angling in wrong waters. His superior height, expansive frame, and muscular limbs, gave him a commanding air among the vulgar; and, while enforcing his suit with all the flippancy of halbert elocution, he familiarly held his booby by the button: his small,

black, piercing eyes, which derived additional animation from the intervention of a sarcastic, upturned nose, penetrated to the fellow's soul, and gave him distinct intelligence of what was passing there. In fact, I have never seen a man with a cast of countenance so extremely subtile and investigating. I have myself more than once undergone its scrutiny; for he took a very friendly interest in my welfare, evinced by an occasional superintendence of my education, in so far, at least, as respects the exterior accomplishments. Above all things, he enjoined upon me the cultivation of the French language, of which he had himself acquired a smattering from a temporary residence in Canada; and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture upon a resolution I had absurdly taken up, not to learn dancing, from an idea of its being an effeminate and unmanly recreation. He combated my folly with arguments of which I have since felt the full force, but which, as they turned upon interests I was then too young to form conceptions of, produced neither conviction nor effect. Fortunately for me, I had to deal with a man who was not thus to be baffled. He very properly assumed the rights of mature age and experience; and accordingly, one day, on my return from school, he accosted me with, "Come here, young man, I have something to say to you," and, with a mysterious air, conducted me to his chamber. Here I found myself entrapped. Godwin, the assistant of Tioli, the dancing-master, was prepared to give me a lesson. Etherington introduced me to him as the pupil he had been speaking of, and, saying he would leave us to ourselves, he politely retired. The arrangement with Tioli was, that I should be attended in the major's room until I was sufficently drilled for the public school; and, the ice thus broken, I went on, and instead of standing in a corner, like a goose on one leg (the major's comparison) "while music softens, and while dancing fires," I became qualified for the enjoyment of female society in one of its most captivating forms.

Major Etherington had a brother in the rank of a captain, so like himself as to realize the story of the two Socias, and

to remove half the improbability of the plot of Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors." Any one at a first sight might have mistaken the one for the other, at least I did, for a moment; but, on a close inspection, it would be discovered that the captain was more scant in his proportions, as well as several years younger, than his brother. Tom, for so the captain was familiarly called by the major, had taken his turn to recruit in Philadelphia, while his superior was employed elsewhere. From a comparatively weaker discernment of human character, he had enlisted a lad, and converted him into his waiting-man, whom George, on a junction which soon after took place, pronounced to be a fool, and wholly unfit for a soldier. This the captain denied strenuously, and the question became the frequent topic of good-humored altercation between them, until an incident occurred which gave the major an unequivocal triumph. One morning very early, the brothers lodging in the same apartment, this recruit, and, for the first time, common servant of the two, softly approached the bed of the major, and, gently tapping him on the shoulder to awaken him, very sapiently inquired if he might clean his shoes. George, with infinite presence of mind, replied that it was not material; but "go," says he, "and ask my brother Tom if you may clean his." The poor fellow did as he was bid, and probably as he would have done if he had not been bidden; and Tom's slumbers became victims, also, to the same momentous investigation. The major took care to relate the circumstance at the breakfast-table, and, of course, obtained a unanimous suffrage to his opinion, that the captain's recruit was not exceeding wise.

The Battle of the Kegs.

[Francis Hopkinson's amusing "Ballad of the Battle of the Kegs" had its origin in an incident thus related in a letter from Philadelphia, published in "The New Jersey Gazette," Jan. 21, 1778.]

Philadelphia has been entertained with a most astonishing instance of the activity, bravery, and military skill of the

royal navy of Great Britain. The affair is somewhat particular, and deserves notice. Some time last week, two boys observed a keg of a singular construction floating in the river opposite to the city. They got into a small boat, and, attempting to take up the keg, it burst with a great explosion, and blew up the unfortunate boys. Yesterday, several kegs of a like construction made their appearance. An alarm was immediately spread through the city. Various reports prevailed, filling the city and the royal troops with consternation. Some reported that the kegs were filled with armed rebels, who were to issue forth in the dead of night, as the Grecians did of old from their wooden horse at the siege of Troy, and take the city by surprise; asserting that they had seen the points of their bayonets through the bungholes of the kegs. Others said they were charged with the most inveterate combustibles, to be kindled by secret machinery, and, setting the whole Delaware in flames, were to consume all the shipping in the harbor; whilst others asserted that they were constructed by art magic, would of themselves ascend the wharves in the night time, and roll all flaming through the streets of the city, destroying every thing in their way. Be this as it may, certain it is that the shipping in the harbor, and all the wharves in the city, were fully manned. The battle began; and it was surprising to behold the incessant blaze that was kept up against the enemy, the kegs. Both officers and men exhibited the most unparalleled skill and bravery on the occasion; whilst the citizens stood gazing as solemn witnesses of their prowess. From "The Roebuck" and other ships of war, whole broadsides were poured into the Delaware. In short, not a wandering ship, stick, or drift-log, but felt the vigor of the British arms. The action began about sunrise, and would have been completed with great success by noon, had not an old market-woman, coming down the river with provisions, unfortunately let a small keg of butter fall overboard, which (as it was then ebb) floated down to the scene of action. At sight of this unexpected re-enforcement of the enemy, the battle was renewed with fresh fury, and the firing was incessant

till the evening closed the affair. The kegs were either totally demolished, or obliged to fly, as none of them have shown their *heads* since. It is said his Excellency Lord Howe has despatched a swift-sailing packet with an account of this victory to the court of London. In a word, Monday, the 5th of January, 1778, must ever be distinguished in history for the memorable BATTLE OF THE KEGS.[1]

HABITS OF SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA.

[That entertaining *chiffonnier*, Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," has gathered, from conversation with a great many octogenarians, a multitude of incidents and sayings respecting life in Philadelphia, and in other parts of the State, a hundred years ago; and we glean from his work some of the characteristic facts.]

Mrs. Susan N——, who lived to be eighty years of age, told me it was the custom of her early days for the young part of the family, and especially of the female part, to dress up neatly towards the close of the day, and sit in the street-porch. It was customary to go from porch to porch in neighborhoods, and sit and converse. Young gentlemen, in passing, used to affect to say, that, while they admired the charms of the fair

[1] A writer in the Pennsylvania Ledger of Feb. 11 says, in reference to this event, "The town of Philadelphia not being as fully acquainted with the subject of the letter taken from a Burlington paper as the ingenious author would have his readers believe them to be, it may be necessary to relate to them the fact. At the time it happened, it was so trifling as not to be thought worthy of notice in this paper; and we do not doubt but our readers will allow this letter-writer full credit for the fertility of his invention. The case was, that, on the 5th of January last, a barrel of an odd appearance came floating down the Delaware, opposite the town, and attracted the attention of some boys, who went in pursuit of it, and had scarcely got possession of it, when it blew up, and either killed or injured one or more of them. So far the matter was serious; and the fellow who invented the mischief may quit his conscience of the murder or injury done the lads as well as he can. Some days after, a few others of much the same appearance, and some in the form of buoys, came floating in like manner; and a few guns were, we believe, fired at them from some of the transports lying along the wharves. Other than this, no notice was taken of them, except, indeed, by our author, whose imagination, perhaps as fertile as his invention, realized to himself in the frenzy of his enthusiasm the matters he has set forth."

who thus occupied them, they found it a severe ordeal, as they thought they might become the subject of remark. This, however, was a mere banter. Those days were really very agreeable and sociable. To be so easily gratified with a sight of the whole city population must have been peculiarly grateful to every travelling stranger.

Our girls in the daytime, as told me by T. B., used to attend to the work of the family, and in the evening paraded in their porch at the door. Some of them, however, even then read novels, and walked without business abroad. Those who had not housework employed themselves in their accomplishments, such as making shell-work, cornucopiæ, working of pocketbooks with a close, strong-stitched needlework.

The wedding-entertainments of olden times were very expensive and harassing to the wedded. The house of the parent would be filled with company to dine: the same company would stay to tea and to supper. For two days, punch was dealt out in profusion. The gentlemen saw the groom on the first floor, and then ascended to the second floor, where they saw the bride: there every gentleman, even to one hundred in a day, kissed her. Even the plain Friends submitted to these things. I have known rich families which had one hundred and twenty persons to dine, — the same who had signed their certificate of marriage at the Monthly Meeting: these also partook of tea and supper. As they formally passed the Meeting twice, the same entertainment was repeated. Two days the male friends would call and take punch; and all would kiss the bride. Besides this, the married pair for two weeks saw large tea-parties at their home, having in attendance every night the groomsmen and bridesmaids. To avoid expense and trouble, Friends have since made it sufficient to pass but one Meeting. When these marriage-entertainments were made, it was expected also that punch, cakes, and meats should be sent out very generally in the neighborhood, even to those who were not visitors in the family.

Affectation of French Manners.

About the year 1793 to '94, there was an extravagant and impolitic affection for France, and hostility to every thing British, in our country generally. It required all the prudence of Washington and his cabinet to stem the torrent of passion which flowed in favor of France to the prejudice of our neutrality. Now the event is passed, we may thus soberly speak of its character. This remark is made for the sake of introducing the fact, that the patriotic mania was so high, that it caught the feelings of the boys of Philadelphia. I remember with what joy we ran to the wharves, at the report of cannon, to see the arrivals of the Frenchmen's prizes, we were so pleased to see the British union down. When we met French mariners or officers in the streets, we would cry, "Vive la République!" Although most of us understood no French, we had caught many national airs; and the streets, by day and night, resounded with the songs of boys, such as these: "Allons, enfans de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé!" &c. "Dansons le carmagnole, vive le sang! vive le sang!" &c. "A ç'ira, ç'ira," &c. Several verses of each of these and others were thus sung. All of us, too, put on the national cockade. Some, whose parents had more discretion, resisted this boyish parade of patriotism for a doubtful revolution; and then they wore their cockade on the inside of their hat. I remember several boyish processions; and on one occasion the girls, dressed in white and in French tricolored ribbons, formed a procsssion too. There was a great liberty pole, with a red cap at top, erected at Adet's or Fauchet's house [now Girards Square, up High Street]; and there I and one hundred others, taking hold of hands, and forming a ring round the same, made triumphant leapings, singing the national airs. There was a band of music to lead the airs. I remember that among the grave and elderly men who gave the impulse, and prompted the revellings, was a burly, gouty old gentleman, Blair M'Clenahan, Esq. (famed in the Democratic ranks of that day); and with him and the white misses at our

head, we marched down the middle of the dusty street, and when arrived opposite to Mr. Hammond's (the British minister's house; High, above Eighth Street, Hunter's house, I believe), there were several signs of disrespect manifested to his house. All the facts of that day, as I now contemplate them as among the earliest impressions of my youth, seem something like the remembrance of a splendid dream. I hope never to see such an enthusiasm for any foreigners again, however merited. It was a time, when, as it seems to me, Philadelphia boys usurped the attributes of manhood, and the men, who should have chastened us, had themselves become very puerile! It was a period in Philadelphia when reason and sobriety of thought had lost their wonted operation on our citizens. They were fine feelings to insure the success of a war actually begun, but bad affections for any nation whose interests lay in peace and neutrality. Washington bravely submitted to become unpopular to allay and repress this dangerous foreign attachment.

Gentlemen's Dress.

Mr. B——, a gentleman of ninety years of age, has given me his recollections of the costumes of his early days in Philadelphia, to this effect; to wit, men wore three-square or cocked hats, and wigs, coats with large cuffs, big skirts, lined and stiffened with buckram. None ever saw a crown higher than the head. The coat of a beau had three or four large plaits in the skirts, wadding almost like a coverlet to keep them smooth, cuffs, very large, up to the elbows, open below, and inclined down, with lead therein: the capes were thin and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited neck-stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock-buckle on the back of the neck. Shirts with hand ruffles, sleeves finely plaited; breeches close fitted, with silver, stone, or paste gem buckles; shoes, or pumps, with silver buckles of various sizes and patterns; thread, worsted, and silk stockings. The poorer class wore sheep and buckskin breeches close set to the limbs. Gold and silver sleeve-buttons, set with stones or paste, of

various colors and kinds, adorned the wrists of the shirts of all classes. The very boys often wore wigs; and their dresses in general were similar to that of the men. The odious use of wigs was never disturbed till after the return of Braddock's broken army. They appeared in Philadelphia, wearing only their natural hair, — a mode well adapted to the military, and thence adopted by our citizens. The King of England, too, about this time, having cast off his wig, *malgré* the will of the people and the petitions and remonstrances of the periwig-makers of London, this confirmed the change of fashion here, and completed the ruin of our wig-makers.[1] The women wore caps (a bare head was never seen), stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side, so that a full-dressed lady entered a door like a crab, pointing her obtruding flanks end foremost, high-heeled shoes of black stuff with white silk or thread stockings; and, in the miry times of winter, they wore clogs, galoshes, or pattens.

From various reminiscents we glean that laced ruffles depending over the hand were a mark of indispensable gentility. The coat and breeches were generally desirable of the same material, — of broadcloth for winter, and of silk camlet for summer. No kind of cotton fabrics was then in use or known. Hose were, therefore, of thread or silk in summer, and of fine worsted in winter. Shoes were square-toed, and were often "double channelled." To these succeeded sharp toes as peaked as possible. When wigs were universally worn, gray wigs were powdered, and for that purpose sent in a wooden box frequently to the barber to be dressed on his blockhead. But "brown wigs," so called, were exempted from the white disguise. Coats of red cloth, even by boys, were considerably worn; and plush breeches and plush vests of various colors, shining and slipping, were in common use. Everlasting, made of worsted, was a fabric of great use for breeches, and sometimes for vests. The vest had great

[1] The use of wigs must have been peculiarly an English fashion here, as I find Kalm, in 1749, speaks of the French gentlemen then as wearing their own hair in Canada. — *J. F. Watson.*

depending pocket-flaps; and the breeches were very short above the stride, because the art of suspending them by suspenders was unknown. It was then the test of a well-formed man, that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above his hips, and his stockings, without gartering, above the calf of the leg. With the cues belonged frizzled sidelocks, and toupees formed of the natural hair; or, in defect of a long tie, a splice was added to it. Such was the general passion for the longest possible whip of hair, that sailors and boatmen, to make it grow, used to tie theirs in eel-skins to aid its growth. Nothing like surtouts were known; but they had coating or cloth great-coats, or blue cloth and brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining to the latter. In the time of the American war, many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great-coats. The sailors in the olden time used to wear hats of glazed leather, or of woollen thrumbs, called chapeaux, closely woven, and looking like a rough nap; and their "small-clothes," as we would say now, were immense wide petticoat-breeches, wide open at the knees, and no longer. About eighty years ago, our workingmen in the country wore the same, having no falling flaps, but slits in front: they were so full and free in girth, that they ordinarily changed the rear to the front when the seat became prematurely worn out. In sailors and common people, big silver brooches in the bosom were displayed, and long quartered shoes, with extreme big buckles on the extreme front.

Gentlemen in the olden time used to carry muffettees in winter. They were, in effect, little woollen muffs of various colors, just big enough to admit both hands, and long enough to screen the wrists, which were then more exposed than now; for they then wore short sleeves to their coats purposely to display their fine linen and plaited shirt-sleeves with their gold buttons, and sometimes laced ruffles. The sleeve-cuffs were very wide, and hung down depressed with leads in them. In the summer-season, men very often wore calico morning-gowns at all times of the day, and abroad in the streets. A damask banyan was much the same thing by another name.

Poor laboring-men wore ticklenburg linen for shirts, and striped ticken breeches; they wore gray corduroy coats in winter. Men and boys always wore leather breeches. Leather aprons were used by all tradesmen and workmen.

Ladies' Dress.

Once ladies wore "a skimmer hat," made of a fabric which shone like silver tinsel: it was of a very small flat crown, and big brim, not unlike the late Leghorn flats. Another hat, not unlike it in shape, was made of woven horse-hair, wove in flowers, and called "horse-hair bonnets," — an article which might be again usefully introduced for children's wear as an enduring hat for long service. I have seen what was called a bath bonnet, made of black satin, and so constructed to lie in folds that it could be set upon like a *chapeau bras*,— a good article now for travelling ladies. "The musk-melon" bonnet, used before the Revolution, had numerous whalebone stiffeners in the crown, set at an inch apart, in parallel lines, and presenting ridges to the eye, between the bones. The next bonnet was the "whalebone bonnet," having only the bones in the front as stiffeners. "A calash bonnet" was always formed of green silk. It was worn abroad, covering the head; but when in rooms it could fall back in folds, like the springs of a calash or gig-top: to keep it up over the head, it was drawn up by a cord always held in the hands of the wearer. The "wagon bonnet," always of black silk, was an article exclusively in use among the Friends; was deemed to look, on the head, not unlike the top of the Jersey wagons, and having a pendent piece of like silk hanging from the bonnet, and covering the shoulders. The only straw wear was that called the "straw beehive bonnet," worn generally by old people.

The ladies once wore "hollow-breasted stays," which were exploded as injurious to the health. Then came the use of straight stays. Even little girls wore such stays. At one time the gowns worn had no fronts: the design was to display a finely-quilted Marseilles, silk, or satin petticoat, and a bare stomacher on the waist. In other dresses, a white apron

was the mode. All wore large pockets under their gowns. Among the caps was the "queen's nightcap,"—the same always worn by Lady Washington. The "cushion head-dress" was of gauze stiffened out in cylindrical form with white spiral wire. The border of the cap was called the balcony.

A lady of my acquaintance thus describes the recollections of her early days preceding the War of Independence: Dress was discriminative and appropriate, both as regarded the season, and the character of the wearer. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits. They sat at home, or went out in the morning, in chintz: brocades, satins, and mantuas, were reserved for evening or dinner parties. Robes, or *negligées*, as they were called, were always worn in full dress. Muslins were not worn at all. Little misses at a dancing-school ball (for these were almost the only *fêtes* that fell to their share in the days of discrimination) were dressed in frocks of lawn or cambric. Worsted was then thought dress enough for common days.

As a universal fact, it may be remarked that no other color than black was ever made for ladies' bonnets, when formed of silk or satin. Fancy colors were unknown; and white bonnets of silk fabric had never been seen. The first innovation remembered was the bringing-in of blue bonnets. The time was, when the plainest women among the Friends (now so averse to fancy colors) wore their colored silk aprons, say of green, blue, &c. This was at a time when the gay wore white aprons. In time, white aprons were disused by the gentry; and then the Friends left off their colored ones, and used the white. The same old ladies among Friends whom we can remember as wearers of the white aprons, wore, also, large white beaver hats, with scarcely the sign of a crown, and which were, indeed, confined to the head by silk cords tied under the chin. Eight dollars would buy such a hat when beaver fur was more plentiful. They lasted such ladies almost a whole life of wear. They showed no fur. Very decent women went abroad and to churches with check aprons. I

have seen those who kept their coach in my time, to bear them to church, who told me they went on foot with a check apron, to the Arch-street Presbyterian meeting in their youth. Then all hired women wore short-gowns and petticoats of domestic fabric, and could be instantly known as such whenever seen abroad.

Watches.

In the old time, shagreen-cased watches of turtle-shell and pinchbeck were the earliest kind seen; but watches of any kind were much more rare then. When they began to come into use, they were so far deemed a matter of pride and show, that men are living who have heard public friends express their concern at seeing their youth in the show of watches or watch-chains. It was so rare to find watches in common use, that it was quite an annoyance at the watchmakers to be so repeatedly called on by street-passengers for the hour of the day. Mr. Duffield, therefore, first set up an outdoor clock to give the time of day to people in the street. Gold chains would have been a wonder then: silver and steel chains and seals were the mode, and regarded good enough. The best gentlemen of the country were content with silver watches, although gold ones were occasionally used. Gold watches for ladies were a rare occurrence, and, when worn, were kept without display for domestic use.

The Furniture of a House.

Formerly there were no sideboards; and, when they were first introduced after the Revolution, they were much smaller, and less expensive, than now. Formerly they had couches of worsted damask, and only in very affluent families, in lieu of what we now call sofas, or lounges. Plain people used settees and settles: the latter had a bed concealed in the seat, and, by folding the top of it outwards to the front, it exposed the bed, and widened the place for the bed to be spread upon it. This, homely as it might now be regarded, was a common sitting-room appendage, and was a proof of more attention to comfort than display. It had, as well as the settee, a very

high back of plain boards; and the whole was of white pine, generally unpainted, and whitened well with unsparing scrubbing. Such was in the poet's eye, when pleading for his sofa, —

> "But restless was the seat; the back erect
> Distressed the weary loins that felt no ease."

They were a very common article in very good houses, and were generally the proper property of the oldest members of the family, unless occasionally used to stretch the weary length of tired boys. They were placed before the fireplaces in the winter to keep the back guarded from wind and cold. Formerly there were no Windsor chairs; and fancy chairs are still more modern. Their chairs of the genteelest kind were of mahogany or red walnut (once a great substitute for mahogany in all kinds of furniture, tables, &c.), or else they were of rush-bottoms, and made of maple posts and slats, with high backs and perpendicular.[1] Instead of japanned waiters, as now, they had mahogany tea boards and round tea-tables, which, being turned on an axle underneath the centre, stood upright, like an expanded fan or palm-leaf in the corner. Another corner was occupied by a beaufet, which was a corner closet with a glass door, in which all the china of the family, and the plate, were intended to be displayed for ornament, as well as use. A conspicuous article in the collection was always a great china punch-bowl, which furnished a frequent and grateful beverage; for wine-drinking was then much less in vogue. China teacups and saucers were about half their present size; and china teapots and coffeepots with silver nozzles were a mark of superior finery. The sham of plated ware was not then known; and all who showed a silver service had the massive metal too. This occurred in the wealthy families in little coffee and tea pots; and a silver tankard for good sugared toddy was above vulgar entertainment. Where we now use earthenware, they then used delftware

[1] When the first Windsor chairs were introduced, they were universally *green.* — *J. F. Watson.*

imported from England; and, instead of queen's-ware (then unknown), pewter platters and porringers, made to shine along a "dresser," were universal. Some, and especially the country-people, ate their meals from wooden trenchers. Gilded looking-glasses, and picture-frames of golden glare, were unknown; and both, much smaller than now, were used. Small pictures painted on glass, with black mouldings for frames, with a scanty touch of gold-leaf in the corners, were the adornment of a parlor. The looking-glasses in two plates, if large, had either glass frames, figured with flowers engraved thereon, or were of scalloped mahogany, or of Dutch wood scalloped, painted white or black, with here and there some touches of gold. Every householder in that day deemed it essential to his convenience and comfort to have an ample chest of drawers in his parlor or sitting-room, in which the linen and clothes of the family were always of ready access. It was no sin to rummage them before company. These drawers were sometimes nearly as high as the ceiling. At other times, they had a writing-desk about the centre, with a falling lid to write upon when let down. A great high clock-case, reaching to the ceiling, occupied another corner; and a fourth corner was appropriated to the chimney-place. They then had no carpets on their floors, and no paper on their walls. The silver-sand on the floor was drawn into a variety of fanciful figures and twirls with the sweeping-brush; and much skill and pride was displayed therein in the devices and arrangement. They had then no argand or other lamps in parlors;[1] but dipped candles, in brass or copper candlesticks, were usually good enough for common use; and those who occasionally used mould candles made them at home, in little tin frames, casting four to six candles in each. A glass lantern with square sides furnished the entry-lights in the houses of the affluent. Bedsteads then were made, if fine, of carved mahogany, of slender dimensions; but for com-

[1] The first which ever came to this country is in my possession, originally a present from Thomas Jefferson to Charles Thomson. — *J. F. Watson.*

mon purposes, or for the families of good tradesmen, they were of poplar, and always painted green. It was a matter of universal concern to have them low enough to answer the purpose of repose for sick or dying persons, — a provision so necessary for such possible events, now so little regarded by the modern practice of ascending to a bed by steps, like clambering up to a hay-mow.

Tea and Chocolate.

In the olden time it was the fashion, in some parts of the country, to serve a dish of chocolate, which had just then come into use, in a curious style. The height of the fashion was to put into the kettle of chocolate several links of sausages, and, after boiling all together, to serve the guests with a bowl of chocolate and a sausage, which was cut up, and then the mess eaten with a spoon. When tea was first introduced into Salem, the usual mode of serving it up was to boil the tea in an iron kettle, and, after straining the liquor off, the boiled herb was put into a dish, and buttered. This was eaten, while the liquid decoction was drank without sugar or milk, to wash down the greens. But this is nothing to be compared to the exquisite breakfast which was in common vogue among the people of Salem some eighty or ninety years since. The sour household-brewed beer was put on in the great brass kettle, and simmered over the fire, with the crusts of the brown-bread crumbed in, and occasionally dulcified with a little molasses. This was served up hot to the family, under the name of "Whistle-belly-vengeance." Surely the modern mode of taking tea in French porcelain gilt cups, with patent loaf-sugar and cream, stirred with a silver spoon, is more delicate, refined, and elegant.

An Old-fashioned Apprentice.

Only figure to yourselves, readers, a young man of eighteen years of age, of good proportions, handsome face, and blooming with beauty, dressed in a pair of deerskin breeches coming hardly down to his knees, which, before they could be allowed

to come into the presence of the ladies at meeting on the sabbath, were regularly blacked up on the preceding Saturday night, at the dye-kettle of Deacon Holman, in order to give them a clean and fresh appearance for the Sunday. Imagine his legs covered up to the knees with a pair of blue woollen-yarn stockings, his feet incased with a thick and substantial pair of shoes, well greased, and ornamented with a pair of small brass buckles, a present from his master for his good behavior. Imagine that he wore a speckled shirt all the week, and a white one on Sunday, which was always carefully taken off as soon as he returned from meeting, folded up, and laid by for the next sabbath. Imagine that the leather breeches, after several years' wear, got greasy as they grew old, and were only flexible so long as they were on, and kept warm by the superflux of youthful heat.

Imagine, that in the morning of a cold day in January, when the snow which had blown into the bed-chamber through the broken pane, or through the crevices of an old garret, had filled the breeches, and stiffened them almost into horn, — imagine, we say, this young apprentice shaking out the snow, and pulling them on. It makes us shudder to think of it, and to commiserate the poor hapless wight, who had to warm them into flexibility by some of that superabundant heat which had been acquired by lying warm in a straw bed, covered up by a good, substantial woollen rug, before he could move his legs down stairs to kindle a fire for his master. What a contrast between the dress of an apprentice now, and a fellow-sufferer seventy years since!

A Superstitious Tailor.

Col. Thomas Forrest, who died in 1828, at the age of eighty-three, had been in his early days a youth of much frolic and fun, always well disposed to give time and application to forward a joke. He found much to amuse himself in the credulity of some of the German families. I have heard him relate some of his anecdotes of the prestigious kind with much humor. When he was about twenty-one years of age,

a tailor who was measuring him for a suit of clothes happened to say, "Ah! Thomas, if you and I could only find some of the money of the sea-robbers (the pirates), we might drive our coach for life." The sincerity and simplicity with which he uttered this caught the attention of young Forrest; and, when he went home, he began to devise some scheme to be amused with his credulity and superstition. There was a prevailing belief, that the pirates had hidden many sums of money, and much of treasure, about the banks of the Delaware. Forrest got an old parchment, on which he wrote the dying-testimony of one John Hendricks, executed at Tyburn for piracy, in which he stated that he had deposited a chest and pot of money at Cooper's Point in the Jerseys. This parchment he smoked, and gave to it the appearance of antiquity; and, calling on his German tailor, he told him he had found it among his father's papers, who had got it in England from the prisoner, whom he visited in prison. This he showed to the tailor as a precious paper which he could by no means lend out of his hand. This operated the desired effect.

Soon after, the tailor called on Forrest with one Ambruster, a printer, whom he introduced as capable of "printing any spirit out of hell," by his knowledge of the black art. He asked to show him the parchment. He was delighted with it, and confidently said he could conjure Hendricks to give up the money. A time was appointed to meet in an upper room of a public-house in Philadelphia, by night; and the innkeeper was let into the secret by Forrest. By the night appointed, they had prepared by a closet a communication with a room above their sitting-room, so as to lower down by a pulley the invoked ghost, who was represented by a young man entirely sewed up in a close white dress, on which were painted black-eyed sockets, mouth, and bare ribs with dashes of black between them, the outside and inside of the legs and thighs blackened, so as to make white bones conspicuous there. About twelve persons met in all, seated around a table. Ambruster shuffled and read out cards, on which were inscribed the names of the New

Testament saints, telling them he should bring Hendricks to encompass the table, visible or invisible he could not tell. At the words, "John Hendricks, *du verfluchter, cum heraus*," the pulley was heard to reel, the closet-door to fly open, and John Hendricks, with ghastly appearance, to stand forth. The whole were dismayed, and fled, save Forrest the brave. After this, Ambruster, on whom they all depended, declared that he had by spells got permission to take up the money. A day was therefore appointed to visit the Jersey shore, and to dig there by night. The parchment said it lay between two great stones. Forrest, therefore, prepared two black men to be entirely naked, except white petticoat breeches; and these were to jump each on the stone whenever they came to the pot which had been previously put there. These frightened off the company for a little. When they next essayed, they were assailed by cats tied two and two, to whose tails were spiral papers of gunpowder, which illuminated and whizzed, while the cats whawled. The pot was at length got up, and brought in great triumph to Philadelphia wharf; but oh, sad disaster! while helping it out of the boat, Forrest, who managed it, and was handing it up to the tailor, trod upon the gunnel, and filled the boat, and, holding on to the pot, dragged the tailor into the river — it was lost! For years afterwards, they reproached Forrest for that loss, and declared he had got the chest himself, and was enriched thereby. He favored the conceit, until at last they actually sued him on a writ of treasure-trove; but their lawyer was persuaded to give it up as idle.

Washington in Philadelphia.

While Washington lived in Philadelphia as president, he had his formal *levee* visits every two weeks, on Tuesday afternoon, which were understood by himself to be given by the *president* of the United States, and not on his own account. He was therefore not to be seen by any and every body, but required that every one should be introduced by his secretary, or by some gentlemen whom he knew himself. The place of reception was the dining-room in the rear, — a room of about thirty

feet in length. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor from front to rear.

At three o'clock, the visitor was introduced to this dining room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington, clad in black silk velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered, and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a black cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword. He stood always in front of the fireplace, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and his name distinctly announced. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, in a manner *avoiding* to shake hands, even with best friends. As visitors came, they formed a circle round the room; and, at a quarter-past three, the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right, and spake to each visitor, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words. When he had completed this circuit, he resumed his first position; and the visitors approaching him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock, this ceremony was over. These facts have been learned in general from the reminiscences of Gen. Sullivan.

Mrs. Washington's *levees* were every Friday evening, at which occasion the general was always present. It was an occasion for emulous and aspiring belles to essay to win his attention. But he was never familiar: his countenance uniformly, even there, preserved its habitual gravity. A lady of his family said it was his habit, also, when without company, and that she only remembered him to have *once* made a hearty laugh in a narrative and incident in which she was a party. The truth was, his deportment was unavoidably grave: it was sobriety, stopping short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration and a feeling of awe rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate; not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purposes.

When Congress agreed by law to rest at Philadelphia *ten years*, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a large edifice for Gen. Washington as President, in South Ninth Street (the site of the present university); but the president, when he saw it, would not occupy it, because of the great expense to furnish it at his own cost; for then the nation never thought of that charge to their account. His dinner-parties were given every Thursday at four o'clock precisely, never waiting for any guests. His company usually assembled fifteen to twenty minutes before dinner, in the drawing-room. He always dressed in a suit of black, sword by his side, and hair powdered. Mrs. Washington often, but not always, dined with the company; and, if there were ladies present, they sat on each side of her. Mr. Lear, his private secretary, sat at the foot of the table, and was expected to be specially attentive to all the guests. The president himself sat half way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side which would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand. He always asked a blessing at his own table, and in a standing posture. If a clergyman was present, he asked him to do it. The dishes were always without covers: a small roll of bread enclosed in a napkin was on the side of each plate. The president generally dined on one dish, and that of a very simple kind. He avoided the first or second course, as "too rich for me." He had a silver pint cup or mug of beer placed by his plate, of which he drank: he took but one glass of wine at dinner, and commonly one after. He then retired (the ladies having gone a little before), leaving his secretary to tarry with the wine-bibbers while they might further remain. There were placed upon his table, as ornaments, sundry alabaster mythological figures of about two feet high. The centre of the table contained five or six large silver or plated waiters. The table itself was of an oval shape: at the end were also some silver waiters of an oval form. It was the habit of Gen. Washington to go every day, at twelve o'clock, to set his watch at Clark's standard, south-east corner of Front and High Streets.

There all the porters took off their hats, and stood uncovered, till he turned and went back again. He always bowed to such salutation, and lifted his hat in turn.

Washington's coach was presented to him, it is said, by Louis XVI., King of France, as a mark of personal esteem and regard. Others have said it had been brought out for the late Gov. Penn. It was cream-colored, globular in its shape, and capacious within; ornamented in the French style, with Cupids supporting festoons, and wreaths of flowers, emblematically arranged along the panel work; the figures and flowers beautifully covered with fine glass, very white and dazzling to the eye of youth and simplicity in such matters. It was drawn sometimes by four, but in common by two, very elegant Virginia bays, with long switch tails and splendid harness, and driven by a German, tall and muscular, possessing an aquiline nose. He wore a cocked hat, square to the front, seemingly, in imitation of his principal, but thrown a little back upon his long *cue*, and presenting to the memory a figure not unlike the one of Frederick of Prussia, upon the sign in Race Street: he exhibited an important air, and was evidently proud of his charge. On the death of Washington, this coach found its way to New Orleans, after the purchase of Louisiana; and there, being found at a plantation in the time of Packenham's invasion, got riddled with shot, and destroyed. The chief of its iron work has since been used in the palisade to H. Milne's grave.

On Sunday mornings, at the gate of Christ Church, the appearance of this coach, awaiting the breaking-up of the service, never failed in drawing a crowd of persons, eager, when he came forth, for another view of this nobleman of nature, and stamping with their feet in freezing weather upon the pavement to keep them warm the while. The indistinct sounds of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within were no sooner heard by them than the press became formidable, considering the place and the day. During the slow movement of the dense crowd of worshippers issuing from the opened door, and the increased volume of sound from the

organ, it was not necessary for the stranger visiting the city, and straining his vision to behold the general for the first time, to inquire of his jostled neighbor, "Which is he?" There could be no mistake in this matter: Washington was to be known at once.

His noble height and commanding air; his person enveloped in, what was not very common in those days, a rich blue Spanish cloak faced with red silk velvet, thrown over the left shoulder; his easy, unconstrained movement; his inimitable expression of countenance, on such occasions beaming with mild dignity and beneficence combined; his patient demeanor in the crowd, emerging from it to the eye of the beholder, like the bright silvery moon at night from the edge of a dark cloud; his gentle bendings of the neck to the right and to the left, parentally, and expressive of delighted feelings on his part, — these, with the appearance of the awed and charmed and silent crowd of spectators gently falling back on each side as he approached, unequivocally announced to the gazing stranger, as with the voice of one "trumpet-tongued," Behold the man!

The Chevalier du B——c.[1]

It was about the year 1792, that the Duke of Orléans, — now Louis Philippe, King of France, — accompanied by his two brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, came to the western country. On arriving in Pittsburg, then a small village, they found one or two *emigrés*, who had formerly filled prominent stations under the *ancien régime*, but who were now earning a scanty subsistence in carrying on some little business of merchandise. One of them, the Chevalier du B——c, one of the worthiest of men, and an admirable philosopher, kept a little shop, then denominated, *par excellence*, a confectionery. The articles (and the only ones, by the way) entitling the chevalier's establishment to this attractive name were the kernels of hazelnuts, walnuts, and peach-stones, enclosed in

[1] This reminiscence was contributed to Watson's Annals by Morgan Neville.

an envelope of burnt maple-sugar, *fabricated* by the skilful hands of the chevalier himself. Du B——c was the most popular citizen of the village. He had a monkey of admirable qualities; and his pointer (Sultan) could, like the dog in the Arabian Nights, tell counterfeit money from good: at least, the honest folks who supplied our little market with chickens and butter thought so, and that was the same thing. It was amusing to hear the master of the shop calling his two familiars to aid him in selecting the good from the bad "'leven-penny-bits." "Allons, Sultan, tell dese good ladie de good money from de counterfait." Then followed the important consultation between the dog and the monkey. Pug grinned, and scratched his sides: Sultan smelled, and in due time scraped the money into the drawer. As there were no counterfeit "'leven-pences," Sultan seldom failed. "Madame," would my friend say to the blowzy country lass, "Sultan is like de pope: he is infallible." Sultan and Bijou laid the foundation of this excellent man's fortune. They brought crowds of custom to the shop; and in two or three years he was enabled to convert his little business into a handsome fancy store. An attraction was then added to the establishment, that diverted a portion of the public admiration from Sultan and the monkey: this was a Dutch clock, with a goodly portion of gilding, and two or three white-and-red figures in front: before striking, it played a waltz. It was inestimable. This music had never before been heard in the West; and those who have been brought up amidst the everlasting grinding of our present museums can have no conception of the excitement caused by our chevalier's clock. In those days, every unique piece of furniture, or rare toy, was believed to have formed a part of the *spolia opima* of the French Revolution; and most generally they were set down as the property of the Queen of France. It was soon insinuated abroad, that the chevalier's clock formed one of the rare ornaments of the boudoir of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. When he was asked how much it cost, he evaded the question with admirable casuistry. "Ah, mon ami," he would say with sincere

tristesse, "the French Revolution produce some terrible effect: it was great sacrifice: it is worth fifteen hundred franche guiney." That, and the dog and the monkey, were worth to the chevalier fifteen thousand dollars; for he realized this sum in a few years, from a foundation of a few pounds of sugar and a peck of hazelnuts.

Such was the Chevalier du B——c in his magazine; and he was a perfect illustration of the French character of that day. It would accommodate itself to any situation in life. It enabled the minister of marine to become, like Bedredden, a pastry-cook, and young Egalité, the present[1] King of France, a schoolmaster in Canada. But this is only one side of the picture. Du B——c, when he closed his shop, and entered into society, was the delight of his auditory. He was an accomplished scholar, possessed the most polished manners and habits of *la vieille cour*. He was a younger son; or, as the French people call it, he was the "cadet" of a noble family. He had travelled much, and observed profoundly. He had been to the Holy Land, not exactly as a palmer, but being *attaché à la légation Française* at Constantinople, of which his relation, Sauf Bœuf, was the head, he took the opportunity of travelling through as much of Asia as was usually examined by European travellers. Such was my early friend Du B——c, to whose instructions and fine *belles-lettres* acquirements, I am indebted for some of the most unalloyed enjoyments of my life, by opening to me some of the richest treasures of French literature; and such was the man whom the sons of Orléans found in a frontier American village. I do not remember the definite destination of the interesting strangers; but certain it is, that the Chevalier du B——c induced them to while away a much longer period in Pittsburg than could have been their original intention. He proposed to Gen. N——, whose house was always the temple of hospitality, where he was in the habit of dining every Sunday, and at whose table and fireside the unfortunate *emigré* was

[1] Written in 1843.

sure to find a hearty welcome, to introduce the travellers. The general at first received the proposition with coldness. He said he had been a soldier of the Revolution, the intimate of Rochambeau and Lafayette, and of course entertained a feeling of the deepest respect for the memory of the unfortunate Louis, not as a monarch, but as a most amiable and virtuous man. He insisted that no good could spring from the infamous exciter of the Jacobins, the profligate Egalité. "Mais, mon général (said the chevalier with a shrug of the shoulders, and most melancholy contortion of his wrinkled features), ils sont dans les plus grande misère, et ils ont été chassé, comme nous autres, par ces vilains sans culottes." The chevalier knew his man; and the *bon hommie* of the general prevailed. "Eh, bien! chevalier, allez, rendre nos devoirs aux voyageurs, et qu'ils dinent chez nous demain." The strangers accepted the courtesy, and became intimate with and attached to the family of the kind-hearted American. The charms of the conversation of the Duke of Orléans, and his various literary attainments, soon obliterated, for the moment, the horrible career of his father, from the minds of his hearers. If my boyish recollection is faithful, he was rather taciturn and melancholy. He would be perfectly abstracted from conversation, sometimes for half an hour, looking steadfastly at the coal-fire that blazed in the grate; and, when roused from his revery, he would apologize for this breach of *bienséance*, and call one of the children who were learning French to read to him. On these occasions I have read to him many passages selected by him from Télémaque. The beautiful manner in which he read the description of Calypso's Grotto is still fresh in my memory. He seldom adverted to the scenes of the Revolution; but he criticised the battles of that period, particularly that of Jemapes, with such discrimination as to convince the military men of Pittsburg, of whom there were several, that he was peculiarly fitted to shine in the profession of arms.

Montpensier, the second brother, has left no mark on the tablet of memory by which I can recall him; but Beaujolais,

the young and interesting Beaujolais, is still before "my mind's eye." There was something romantic in his character; and Madame de Genlis' romance, "The Knights of the Swan," in which that charming writer so beautifully apostrophizes her young ward, had just prepared every youthful bosom to lean towards this accomplished boy. He was tall and graceful, and playful as a child. He was a universal favorite. He was a few years older than myself; but, when together, we appeared to be of the same age. A transient cloud of melancholy would occasionally pass over his fine features in the midst of his gayest amusements; but it disappeared quickly, like the white cloud of summer. We then ascribed it to a boyish recollection of the luxuries and splendors of the Palais Royal, in which he had passed his early life, which he might be contrasting with the simple domestic scene which was passing before him. It was, however, probably in some measure imputable to the first sensation of that disease, which, in a few short years afterwards, carried him to the grave.

One little circumstance made a singular impression on me. I was standing one day with this group of Frenchmen, on the bank of the Monongahela, when a countryman of theirs, employed in the quartermaster's department, as a laborer, in taking care of the flat-boats, passed by. Pierre Cabot, or, as he was familiarly called, French Peter, was dressed in a blanket capot, with a hood in place of a hat, in the manner of the Canadian boatmen, and in moccasons. Du B——c called after him, and introduced him to the French princes. The scene presented a subject for moralizing, even for a boy: on the banks of the Ohio, and in exile, the representative of the first family of a nation who held rank of higher importance than any other nation in Europe, took by the hand in a friendly and familiar conversation his countryman, whose lot was cast among the dregs of the people, and who would not have aspired to the honor of letting down the steps of the carriage of the man with whom he here stood on a level.

Peter was no Jacobin: he had emigrated from France before the philosophic Robespierre and his colleagues had en-

lightened their fellow-citizens, and opened their eyes to the propriety of vulgar brutality and ferocity. Honest Cabot, therefore, felt all the love and veneration for the princes, which Frenchmen under the old *régime* never failed to cherish for members of the *grand monarque.* I was a great favorite with old Peter. The next time I met him, he took me in his arms, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Savez-vous, mon enfant, ce qui m'est arrivé j'ai eu l'honneur de causer avec monseigneur, en pleine rue? Ah! bon Dieu, quelle chose affreuse que la revolution!"

The brothers, on quitting Pittsburg, left a most favorable impression on the minds of the little circle in which they were received so kindly. The recollection of the amiable Beaujolais was particularly cherished; and when the news of his death in Sicily, a few years after, reached the West, the family circle of Gen. N—— expressed the sincerest sorrow.

The Chevalier du B——c, after realizing a snug fortune by industry and economy, removed to Philadelphia, to have the opportunity of mingling more with his countrymen. On the restoration of the Bourbons, his friends induced him to return to France to resume the former rank of his family. But it was too late: the philosophical emigrant had lived too long in American seclusion to relish the society of Paris, or habits had changed there too much to be recognized by him. The following is a translation of a paragraph from one of his letters to his old friend, the late Gen. N——, soon after his arrival in Paris.

"I must bear witness to the improvement and advancement of my country since the Revolution: as a man, however, I cannot but mourn. The storm has not left a single shrub of my once numerous family; the guillotine has drunk the blood of all my race; and I now stand on the verge of the grave, the dust of a name whose pride it once was to trace its history through all the distinguished scenes of French history for centuries back. With the eloquent savage, Logan, whose speech you have so often read to me, I can say, that 'not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any living creature.' I must return to America, and breathe my last on that soil where my most contented days were passed."

The chevalier never returned, however: he lingered away his time in the different seaports of France; and he died at last in the city of Bordeaux.

The Ephratah Institution.

There was, as early as 1732 to 1740, a very remarkable religious sect of Germans formed at Ephratah, intended to live in a monastic life: in time, it also included a separate sisterhood. They formed a considerable town, and grew in wealth by their industry, and rise of value in lands. At one time, they were many in number, but now have dwindled away. They were undoubtedly sincere and exemplary in their religious principles and actions. Dr. W. M. Fahnestock of Harrisburg, who lately united himself to them, and has probably become one of their preachers, has given a long and interesting historical sketch of this people, in Hazard's Register of 1835. They were remarkable as a community, in being fine Latinists, writing and speaking Latin as readily as their vernacular tongue. Men of wealth in Philadelphia, who sought good classical education for their sons, used to send them there; and I have known some educated there who used to correspond with some of the brotherhood in Latin. But, above all, they were peculiar for their superior music and singing. It was this last attraction which first allured young Dr. Fahnestock to their meetings; and when his heart was touched, like St. Augustine's, he readily fell into sympathy with their religion, — a thing in itself found needful, in some way, for all men who come to think considerately.

Their music was so peculiar as to deserve some special mention, "not as music for the ear, but as music for the soul." One of their leaders, Beissel, was a first-rate musician and composer.

In composing sacred music, he took his style from the music of Nature; and the whole, comprising several large volumes, are founded on the tones of the Æolian harp: the singing is the Æolian harp harmonized. It is very peculiar in its style and concords, and in its execution. The tones issuing from

the choir imitate very soft instrumental music, conveying a softness and devotion almost superhuman to the auditor. Their music is set in two, four, five, and seven parts. All the parts, save the bass, are led and sung exclusively by females, the men being confined to the bass, which is set in two parts, — the high and low bass, the latter resembling the deep tones of the organ; and the first, in combination with one of the female parts, is an excellent imitation of the concert-horn. The whole is sung on the *falsetto* voice, the singers scarcely opening their mouths, or moving their lips, which throws the voice up to the ceiling, which is not high; and the tones, which seem to be more than human, at least, so far from common church singing, appear to be entering from above, and hovering over the heads of the assembly. Their singing so charmed the commissioners who were sent to visit the society by the English Government, after the French war, that they requested a copy to be sent to the royal family in England, which was cheerfully complied with, and which, I understand, is still preserved in the National Library. About twelve months afterwards, a box was received, of three or four feet long, and two or two and a half wide, containing a present in return. What the present was is not now certainly known, none having seen it but Friedsam and Jabez, who was then prior, and into whose care it was consigned. It was buried secretly by him with the advice of Beissel. It is supposed, by a hint given by Jabez, that it was images of the king and queen in full costume, or images of the Saviour on the cross, and the Virgin Mary; supposing, as many in this country have erroneously thought, that the people of Ephratah possess many of the Catholic principles and feelings. The king, at whose instance they were sent, was a German; and we may presume that he considered that they retained the same views as the monastic institutions of Europe. They have nearly a thousand pieces of music, a piece being composed for every hymn. This music is lost entirely now at Ephratah, — not the music-books, but the style of singing: they never attempt it any more. It is, however, still preserved and finely executed, though in a faint degree, at Snowhill, near the

Antietam Creek, in Franklin County of this State, where there is a branch of the society, and which is now the principal settlement of the Seventh Day Baptists. They greatly outnumber the people of Ephratah, and are in a very flourishing condition. There they keep up the institution as originally established at Ephratah, and are growing rapidly. Their singing, which is weak in comparison with the old Ephratah choir, and may be likened to the performance of an overture by a musical box, with its execution by a full orchestra in the opera-house, is so peculiar and affecting, that, when once heard, it can never be forgotten.

THE ENTRY OF THE BRITISH ARMY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I can well remember [writes a lady to me] the previous gloom spread over the minds of the inhabitants, from the time it was thought the enemy would advance through the Jerseys; the very darkest hour of the Revolution appearing to me to be that preceding the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. The Tories, who favored the government at home (as England was then called), became elated, and the Whigs depressed. This may account for a good deal of severity that was used before the constituted authorities of that time left the city, in visiting the inhabitants, and inspecting what stores of provisions they had, taking, in some instances, what they deemed superfluous, especially blankets, of which our army were in great need. After the public authorities had left the city, it was a very gloomy time indeed. We knew the enemy had landed at the head of Elk: but of their procedure and movements we had but vague information; for none were left in the city in public employ, to whom expresses would be addressed. The day of the battle of Brandywine was one of deep anxiety. We heard the firing, and knew of an engagement between the armies, without expecting immediate information of the result, when, towards night, a horseman rode at full speed down Chestnut Street, and turned round Fourth to the Indian Queen public-house. Many ran to hear what he had to tell; and, as I remember, his account was pretty near the truth. He told of Lafayette being wounded.

We had for a neighbor and an intimate acquaintance a very amiable English gentleman (H. Gurney), who had been in the British army, and had left the service upon marrying a rich and excellent lady of Philadelphia some years before. He was a person so much liked and esteemed by the public, that he remained unmolested at a time when the Committee of Public Safety sent many excellent citizens into banishment without a hearing, upon the most vague and unfounded suspicion, but contented themselves with only taking his word of honor that he would do nothing inimical to the country, nor furnish the enemy with any information. He endeavored to give my mother confidence that the inhabitants would not be ill treated. He advised that we should be all well dressed, and that we should keep our houses closed. The army marched in, and took possession of the town in the morning. We were up stairs, and saw them pass to the State House. They looked well, clean, and well clad; and the contrast between them and our own poor, barefooted, and ragged troops, was very great, and caused a feeling of despair. It was a solemn and impressive day; but I saw no exultation in the enemy, nor, indeed, in those who were reckoned favorable to their success. Early in the afternoon, Lord Cornwallis's suite arrived, and took possession of my mother's house. But my mother was appalled by the numerous train which took possession of her dwelling, and shrank from having such inmates; for a guard was mounted at the door, and the yard filled with soldiers and baggage of every description. And I well remember what we thought of the haughty looks of Lord Rawdon [1] and the other aide-de-camp, as they traversed the apartments. My mother desired to speak with Lord Cornwallis; and he attended her in the front-parlor. She told him of her situation, and how impossible it would be for her to stay in her own house with such a numerous train as composed his lordship's establishment. He behaved with great politeness to her, said he should be sorry to give trouble, and

[1] Since the Marquis of Hastings, and who died at Malta in 1826.

would have other quarters looked out for him. They withdrew that very afternoon; and he was accommodated at Peter Reeve's, in Second, near to Spruce Street, and we felt very glad at the exemption. But it did not last long; for directly the quartermasters were employed in billeting the troops, and we had to find room for two officers of artillery, and afterwards, in addition, for two gentlemen, secretaries of Lord Howe. The officers very generally, I believe, behaved with politeness to the inhabitants; and many of them, upon going away, expressed their satisfaction that no injury to the city was contemplated by their commander. They said that living among the inhabitants, and speaking the same language, made them uneasy at the thought of acting as enemies.

At first provisions were scarce and dear, and we had to live with much less abundance than we had been accustomed to. Hard money was, indeed, as difficult to come at as if it had never been taken from the mines, except with those who had things to sell for the use of the army. They had given certificates to the farmers, as they came up through Chester County, of the amount of stores they had taken; and, upon these being presented for payment at headquarters, they were duly honored. My mother received a seasonable supply in this way from persons who were in her debt, and had been paid for what the army had taken. Every thing considered, the citizens fared better than could have been expected; and though it was extremely disagreeable in many places, on account of the dirt, yet the city was healthy. The enemy appeared to have a great deal of shipping in the Delaware: I counted sixty vessels that looked of large size, moored so close to each other, that it seemed as if you could not pass a hand between them, near to where the navy-yard now is; and all the wharves and places seemed crowded. There was scarce any thing to sell in the shops when they came into the town; and the paper money had depreciated to nothing. I remember two pieces of silk that I saw on sale a little before their arrival at a hundred dollars per yard. Tea was fifty and sixty dollars per pound.

THE MESCHIANZA.

Gen. Howe, during the time he staid in Philadelphia, seized and kept for his own use Mary Pemberton's coach and horses, in which he used to ride about the town. The old officers appeared to be uneasy at his conduct; and some of them freely expressed their opinions. They said, that, before his promotion to the chief command, he sought for the counsels and company of officers of experience and merit; but now his companions were usually a set of boys, — the most dissipated fellows in the army. Lord Howe was much more sedate and dignified than his brother, — really dignified; for he did not seem to affect any pomp or parade. They were exceedingly chagrined and surprised at the capture of Burgoyne, and at first would not suffer it to be mentioned. We had received undoubted intelligence of the fact in a letter from Charles Thomson; and, upon communicating this circumstance to Henry Gurney, his interrogatories forced an acknowledgment from some of the superior officers, that it was, as he said, "alas, too true!"

One of my acquaintance — indeed, an intimate one — performed the part of a "nymph of the Blended Rose" in the splendid festival of the Meschianza; but I saw no part of the show, not even the decorated hall where the knights and ladies supped amidst the "grand Salema" of their turbaned attendants, nor even the ridotto part, which was gazed at from the wharves and warehouses by all the uninvited population of the town.

The Meschianza at Philadelphia.

This is the appellation of the most splendid pageant ever exhibited in our country, if we except the great "Federal Procession" of all trades and professions, through the streets of Philadelphia in 1788. The Meschianza was chiefly a tilt and tournament, with other entertainments, as the term implies; and was given on Monday, the 18th of May, 1778, at Wharton's country-seat in Southwark, by the officers of Gen. Sir William Howe's army, to that officer, on his quitting the command to return to England. A considerable number of our

city *belles* were present, which gave considerable offence afterwards to the Whigs, and did not fail to mark the fair as the "Tory ladies." The ill-nature and the reproach have long since been forgotten.

The company began to assemble at three to four o'clock, at Knight's Wharf, at the water edge of Green Street in the Northern Liberties; and, by half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole were embarked, in the pleasant month of May, in a "grand regatta" of three divisions. In the front of the whole were three flat-boats, with a band of music in each of them, "rowed regular to harmony." As this assemblage of vessels progressed, barges rowed on the flanks, "light skimming, stretched their oary wings," to keep off the multitude of boats that crowded from the city as beholders; and the houses, balconies, and wharves were filled with spectators all along the river-side.

When arrived at the fort below the Swedes' church, they formed a line through an avenue of grenadiers, and light-horse in the rear. The company were thus conducted to a square lawn of one hundred and fifty yards on each side, and which was also lined with troops. This area formed the ground for a *tilt*, or *tournament*. On the front-seat of each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the articles which they intended to bestow on their several gallant knights. Soon the trumpets at a distance announced the approach of the seven white knights, habited in white and red silk, and mounted on gray chargers richly caparisoned in similar colors. These were followed by their several esquires on foot. Besides these, there was a herald in his robe. These all made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies as they passed; and then they ranged in line with their ladies. Then their herald, Mr. Beaumont, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed their challenge in the name of "*the Knights of the Blended Rose*," declaring that the ladies of their order excel in wit, beauty, and accomplishments those of the whole world; and they are ready to enter the lists against any

knights who will deny the same, according to the laws of ancient chivalry. At the third repetition of the challenge, a sound of trumpets announced the entrance of another herald, with four trumpeters dressed in black and orange. The two heralds held a parley, when the black herald proceeded to proclaim his defiance in the name of "*the Knights of the Burning Mountain.*" Then retiring, there soon after entered "the black knights" with their esquires, preceded by their herald, on whose tunic was represented a mountain sending forth flames, and the motto, "I burn forever."

These seven knights, like the former ones, rode round the lists, and made their obeisance to the ladies, and then drew up fronting the white knights; and, the chief of these having thrown down his gauntlet, the chief of the black knights directed his esquire to take it up. Then the knights received their lances from their esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and, making a general salute to each other by a movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and, encountering in full gallop, shivered their spears. In the second and third encounter, they discharged their pistols. In the fourth, they fought with their swords.

From the garden, they ascended a flight of steps covered with carpets, which led into a spacious hall, the panels of which were painted in imitation of Sienna marble, enclosing festoons of white marble. In this hall and the adjoining apartments were prepared tea, lemonade, &c., to which the company seated themselves. At this time, the knights came in, and on their knee received their favors from their respective ladies. From these apartments, they went up to a ball-room, decorated in a light, elegant style of painting, and showing many festoons of flowers. The brilliancy of the whole was heightened by eighty-five mirrors decked with ribbons and flowers; and in the intermediate spaces were thirty-four branches. On the same floor were *four* drawing-rooms, with sideboards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the style of the ball-room. The ball was opened by the knights and their ladies; and the dances continued till ten o'clock, when

the windows were thrown open, and a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the fire-works. These were planned by Capt. Montresor, the chief engineer, and consisted of twenty different displays in great variety and beauty, and changing Gen. Howe's arch into a variety of shapes and devices. At twelve o'clock (midnight), supper was announced; and large folding-doors, before concealed, sprang open, and discovered a magnificent saloon of two hundred and ten feet by forty feet, and twenty-two feet in height, with three alcoves on each side, which served for sideboards. The sides were painted with vine-leaves and festoon-flowers, and fifty-six large pier-glasses, ornamented with green-silk artificial flowers and ribbons. There were also one hundred branches trimmed,[1] and eighteen lustres of twenty-four lights hung from the ceiling. There were three hundred wax-tapers on the supper-tables, four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. There were twenty-four black slaves in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets.

Towards the close of the banquet, the herald with his trumpeters entered, and announced the king and royal family's health, with other toasts. Each toast was followed by a flourish of music. After the supper, the company returned to the ball-room, and continued to dance until four o'clock in the morning. I omit to describe the two arches; but they were greatly embellished. They had two fronts, in the Tuscan order. The pediment of one was adorned with *naval* trophies; and the other, with *military* ones. Major André, who wrote a description of it (although his name is concealed), calls it "the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general." The whole expense was borne by twenty-two field-officers. The managers were Sir John Wrotlesby, Col. O'Hara, Majors Gardiner and Montresor. This splendid pageant blazed out in one short night. Next day, the enchantment was dissolved; and in exactly one month all

[1] All the mirrors and lustres, &c., were borrowed from the citizens, and were all sent home with all their ornaments attached to them as a compliment for their use. —*J. F. Watson.*

these knights, and the whole army, chose to make their march from the city of Philadelphia.

When I think of the few survivors of that gay scene who now exist (of some whose sprightliness and beauty are gone), I cannot but feel a gloom succeed the recital of the *fête.* I think, for instance, of one who was "then the queen of the Meschianza," since Mrs. L——, now *blind*, and fast waning from the "things that be." To her I am indebted for many facts of illustration. She tells me that the unfortunate Major André was the charm of the company. Lieut. André, his esquire, was his brother, a youth of about nineteen, possessing the promise of an accomplished gentleman. Major André and Capt. Oliver Delancey themselves painted the chief of the decorations. The Sienna marble, for instance, on the apparent side-walls, was on *canvas*, in the style of stage-scene painting. André also painted the scenes used at the theatre at which the British officers performed. The proceeds were given to the widows and orphans of their soldiers. The waterfall scene, drawn by him, was still in the building when it lately burnt. She assures me, that, of all that was borrowed for the entertainment, nothing was injured or lost. They desired to pay double if accidents occurred. The general deportment of the officers was very praiseworthy therein. There were no ladies of British officers, save Miss Auchmuty, the new bride of Capt. Montresor. The American young ladies present were not numerous, not exceeding fifty. The others were married ladies. Most of our ladies had gone from the city; and what remained were, of course, in great demand. The American gentlemen present were aged non-combatants. Our young men were Whigs generally, and were absent.

No offence was offered to the ladies afterwards for their acceptance of this instance of an enemy's hospitality. When the Americans returned, they got up a great ball to be given to the officers of the French army and the American officers of Washington's command. When the managers came to invite their guests, it was made a question whether the "Mes-

chianza ladies" should be invited. It was found they could not make up their company without them: they were therefore included. When they came, they looked differently habited from those who had gone to the country, "they having assumed the high head-dress," &c., of the British fashion; and so the characters, unintentionally, were immediately perceived at a glance through the hall. But, lots being cast for partners, they were soon fully intermixed; and conversation ensued as if nothing of jealousy had ever existed, and all umbrage was forgotten.

The same lady was also at a splendid supper and dance given by Capt. Hammond on board "The Roebuck." The ship was fully illuminated; and one hundred and seventy-two persons sat down to supper. Miss J. C——g, who was also a knight's lady, has kindly given me her original invitation from Sir Henry Calder (an officer of high rank), and also an original drawing by Major André of the dress for that *fête*. He sketched it to give the ladies an idea of the garb they should assume. In reality it was this: for the Blended Rose, a white silk, called a *polonaise*, forming a flowing robe, and open in front on the waist; the pink sash six inches wide, and filled with spangles; the shoes and stockings also spangled; the head-dress more towering than the drawing, and filled with a profusion of pearls and jewels. The veil was spangled, and edged with silver lace. She says the whole scene was like enchantment to her young mind.

The ladies of the Black Knights wore white sashes edged with black, and black trimmings to white silk polonaise gowns. The ticket is surmounted with Sir William Howe's crest; and the shield represents the sea, which Sir William is about to cross: hence "*Vive Vale.*" The setting glory of the sun, and the Latin scroll, seem to indicate, that, although their luminary is thus receding from them, it shall rise again (*resurgam*) in another hemisphere.

Privations.

I have often heard it stated by persons who went through the trials of that period, that we their descendants have no just conceptions of their state of suffering and deprivations. Their clothing was of the coarsest form, — of home-made, — made by the women's spinning done in the house: they also made all the shirting and sheeting, &c. Where so much was to be done, it was necessary that all should help: to this cause, I know that two lads, both afterwards commodores in the United States navy, were both taught to be good spinners on the little wheel. Tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, and all kinds of spices, were wholly gone in almost all country-places. Sage-tea and teaberry were used as substitutes. Salt was greatly needed, and could not be procured. When sometimes smuggled into the country, it was done in women's pockets. Salt-pans were settled all along the seacoast to make salt at expensive rates. In many places where the armies passed, flour was not to be had for bread. People in Virginia and elsewhere were obliged to live on pounded corn. The mills were equally dismantled by both of the warring parties. I have known persons in very respectable and decent families, that found very great difficulties to keep themselves even passably clothed. Women indulged in no fineries or changes then: all pretence to fashion was wholly out of the question. Wherever the armies were to pass and forage, &c., as through New Jersey and Virginia, and the Carolinas, the farmers lost nearly all they had that was eatable or movable. Their horses were pressed, and their cows and swine taken: they had no spirit to sow seed, or to till their grounds. There was no regular business in any thing: even apprentices were not safe; for they had to serve their turns in the several requisitions. There was, indeed, a mighty spirit of resistance raised and maintained by the men of that day; but the women felt the war extremely; and both men and women were most heartily glad when they at last saw that their struggles were to have end. It was an occasion of

extravagant and universal joy. It could never have been borne so long as it was, but that the practice of war then gave long seasons of respite during the several winters, allowing time to the worn-down to recruit their strength and spirits, and giving time to resort to new enterprises, and to new means of recruiting their forces, &c. Besides all this, it was almost a universal expectation that every next campaign would surely end the contest. None foresaw or feared a term of seven years.

In our present repose, and consciousness of strength and security, we can hardly conceive the state of excitement and concern daily felt in the Revolutionary period. A friend of mine, who was an observant and intelligent boy, dwelling on a farm near the Yellow Springs, in Chester County, has related to me some of the incidents of that time. Their ordinary religious sabbath worship was irregular, and broken up: their male neighbors, every here and there, were absent on militia service. The talk and greeting of the neighbors were generally about the absentees. News was very uncertain, and yet anxiously inquired after. News "by flood and field" occasionally came, which stirred and disturbed the whole community: sometimes it came saddening, of some one or other mishap befallen, to some one of their families. When the news of the landing of the British at the head of Elk, and of their advance upon the Brandywine, occurred, every family was put upon the tiptoe of expectation and alarm: besides which, new calls were made upon the people to go to headquarters as soldiers, guides, or wagoners. In the absence of the males of the families, women and children were full of apprehension. Floors were taken up, and out-houses made into concealed places for their most valuable articles of portable character. They had all undefined apprehensions of being plundered and abused. At and after the time of the battle of Brandywine, the country could be seen all in motion, in the rapid coming and going of men on horseback. In time, could be seen numerous bands and parties of wearied and discomfited soldiers, none of them aiming at order, and

some few of them without officers or arms. Some were going to an assigned point on the Schuylkill; but several were resolved to make their escape to their homes. Many of them were beggars for some refreshments; and all was cheerfully given to them which they could spare. For many nights, the family sat up all night, from wakeful apprehension. The father of the family I describe had been a Quaker, so strictly trained, that his sister, who was a preacher, would not wear her caps of any other than *brown* linen, — *white* being a condemned refinement, — for dress sake. Such a man, although averse to war, had by this time become so far warlike, that he had gone for the country, and was actually from home, in the ranks, where he took a severe cold from sleeping on the ground, and died.

On one of the nights of apprehension, there came to the house a small company of cavalry Their presence was disquieting anyhow; but when they took off their military cloaks, and displayed the red coats of British officers, the dread they caused was irrepressible. "What shall we do? and to what is this visit of the enemy to tend?" They saw the dismay, and soon quieted them by saying they were American officers in disguise, out upon a tour of recognizance near to the enemy. Every now and then, after the winter campaign was deemed closed, and the British were gayly revelling in Philadelphia, the dread of British foraging-parties was felt. Any thing of military aspect, and approaching them on horseback, was quickly interpreted as British assailants, and set the whole family in commotion. Sometimes they were parties of Americans, half as clamorous for needed succors as the British themselves would probably have been. Men acting as farmers felt as if they had no security for reaping what they might plant. The heart was heavy, and reluctant at its wonted toil. Mothers, acting in the absence of their husbands, looked upon their children, and wondered if their fathers should ever return to foster and rear them. Sad forebodings were but too often true. Such facts, thus faintly expressed, have been but too true a picture all over our

extended country of united colonies, wherever the approach of the hostile bands could be apprehended, or were realized. Those who lived upon the frontiers were kept in Indian alarms; and those along the Atlantic dreaded British invasion and ravages. Their march was always a cause of desolation and anxiety, even where their discipline was intended to check any individual and family aggressions.

Valley Forge.

P. S. Duponceau, Esq., who was one of the young officers of the army at Valley Forge (aide to Steuben), relates some facts of stirring interest. They bore, said he, their condition of half-naked and half-famished men, with fortitude, resignation, and patience. Sometimes you might see soldiers pop their heads out of their huts, and call out in an undertone, "No bread, no soldier!" But a single word from their officer would still their complaint. He has spoken of the Washington family in such picturesque terms as makes us see the life. The general, partaking of the hardships of his brave men, was accustomed to sit down with his invited officers, &c., to a scanty piece of meat, with some hard-bread and a few potatoes. At his house, called "Moore Hall," they drank the health and prosperity of the nation in humble toddy; and the luxurious dessert consisted of a plate of hickory-nuts. There his fortitude, and dignity of demeanor, always gave new spirits to his officers. Even in those scenes, Mrs. Washington, as was her practice in the winter campaigns, had joined her husband, and possessing always, at the head of his table, her mild, dignified countenance. Grave yet cheerful, her countenance and her manner reflected the feelings of the hero whose name she bore. Her presence inspired fortitude; and those who came to her with almost desponding hearts retired full of hope and confidence.

A gentleman (C. M.), who was an officer at the camp, has told me of some of their hardships there. Fresh beef they could scarcely get: of vegetables they had none, save sometimes some potatoes. Their table was loose planks, rough, as

split from the tree. One dish, of wood or of pewter, sufficed for a mess. A horn spoon, and tumbler of horn, was lent round. Their knife was carried in the pocket. Much of their diet was salted herrings, in such an injured state, that they would not hold together to be drawn out of the cask singly, but had to be shovelled up *en masse*. Sugar, coffee, tea, &c., were luxuries not seen. They had only Continental money; and it was so depreciated, it would not allure farmers to sell to them. Yet, cheerless as was such a state, when they drew three months' pay, a number of subaltern officers sallied out to seek mirth and jollity, and spent a month's pay in one night of merry revelry. Sometimes, for pleasantry, you might see a squad of men and officers affecting to have received a supply of whiskey (of which they were often without), and passing round the stone jug, as if filled, when, lo! the eager expectant found it was only water. The fun was, that the deceived still kept the secret, in hopes to pass it to another and another unwary wight. On one occasion of alarm, the men being marched out, in several instances were so shoeless as to mark the frozen ground with blood, when Gen. Conway, who saw it, exclaimed, "My dear fellows, my heart bleeds with you!"

Old Doctors.

[A friend of Mr. Watson's, writing under the *nom de plume* of Lang Syne, published the following reminiscences, which Mr. Watson copied.]

One of the earliest and one of the most vivid recollections in this city, by the reminiscent, is of the person of old Dr. Chovet, living at the time directly opposite the (now) "White Swan," in Race, above Third Street.[1] He it was who, by his genius, professional skill, and perseverance, finally perfected those wonderful (at the time) anatomical preparations in wax,

[1] It might justly surprise the present generation to know, that, in 1778, this Dr. Chovet advertised his anatomical lectures to take place at his amphitheatre at his dwelling-house in Water Street, near the old ferry, to continue during the winter; his charge three guineas. Observe, that Water Street then was the chief place of residence for the best families of the business class. — *J. F. Watson.*

which, since his death, have been in possession of the Pennsylvania Hospital. These anatomical preparations, the very sight of which is calculated to fill the mind with solemn awe, while beholding not only the streets, but the lanes, alleys, and inner chambers, of the microcosm, or little world of man, were beheld by the writer only some few years since, forcing back upon the memory the once aged appearance of the doctor, contrasted with the exertions made by him, and apparent to every one who beheld him, to appear active and sprightly in business, cleaving, as it were, to his "last sand." This aged gentleman and physician was almost daily to be seen pushing his way, in spite of his feebleness, in a kind of hasty walk, or, rather, shuffle; his aged head, and straight white hair, bowed, and hanging forward beyond the cape of his black old-fashioned coat, mounted by a small cocked hat, closely turned upon the crown upwards behind, but projectingly, and out of all proportion, cocked before, and seemingly the impelling cause of his anxious forward movements. His aged lips, closely compressed (sans teeth) together, were in continual motion, as though he were munching somewhat all the while; his golden-headed Indian cane not used for his support, but dangling by a knotted black silken string from his wrist. The ferrule of his cane, and the heels of his capacious shoes (well lined in winter-time with thick woollen cloth), might be heard jingling, and scraping the pavement, at every step. He seemed on the street always as one hastening, as fast as his aged limbs would permit him, to some patient dangerously ill, without looking at any one passing him to the right or left. He was always spoken of as possessing much sarcastic wit, and also for using expletives in his common conversation, in the opinion of those who spoke on the subject, to be neither useful nor ornamental.

An anecdote strikingly illustrative of the latter might here be given of the doctor, and a member of the Society of Friends, who had lent him his great-coat to shelter him, on his way home, from the then falling rain. The coat was loaned by the Friend to the doctor, with a moral condition annexed,

which, upon the return of the coat, he declared he had religiously performed, adding, in facetious vein, a supplemental remark to the Friend, descriptive of an unusual propensity he found himself to be laboring under during the whole time he had been enveloped in a plain coat. Having so said and done, they separated on the most friendly terms, with a hearty laugh on both sides. Does none remember?

Dr. Thomas Say lived in Moravian (now Bread) Street, on the west side, near Arch Street. Having to pass that way frequently to school, his person became very familiar. In fair weather, he was to be seen almost daily, standing, dressed in a light drab suit, with his arms gently folded, and leaning with one shoulder against the cheek of the door, for the support, evidently, of his rather tall and slender frame, now weakened by age. He was the same Dr. Thomas Say, who, many years before, had been in a trance of three days' continuance; during which time (whether in the body or out of the body, he could not tell), he beheld many wonderful matters, as is fully detailed in "The Life of Thomas Say," now extant, and written by his son Benjamin, deceased. He was of fair complexion; and his thinly spread hair, of the silvery white, curled slightly over and behind the ears, — in appearance very venerable, in his speech and manner mild and amiable, — as is well remembered concerning him, while he stood one day affectionately admonishing some boys, who had gazed perhaps too rudely at the aged man, of whom they had heard, probably, that he had seen a vision. He mildly advised them to pass on their way, pressing at the same time, and with lasting effect, upon the mind of one of them, never to stare (said he) at strangers and aged men.

The next aged physician of the Old School was Dr. Redman, who lived next door to Dr. Ustick's Baptist meeting-house, in Second, near Arch Street. The doctor had retired from practice altogether, and was known to the public eye as an antiquated-looking old gentleman, usually habited in a broad-skirted dark coat, with long pocket-flaps, buttoned across his under-dress; wearing, in strict conformity with the cut of

the coat, a pair of Baron Steuben's military-shaped boots, coming above the knees, for riding; his hat flapped before, and cocked up smartly behind, covering a full-bottomed powdered wig — in the front of which might be seen an eagle-pointed nose, separating a pair of piercing black eyes, — his lips exhibiting (but only now and then) a quick motion, as though at the moment he was endeavoring to extract the essence of a small quid. As thus described in habit and in person, he was to be seen almost daily, in fair weather, mounted on a short, fat, black, switch-tailed horse, and riding, for his amusement and exercise, in a brisk, racking canter, about the streets and suburbs of the city.

He was so well known, that, in his rambles about the town on foot, he would step in, without ceremony, at the first public office which presented itself to his view, and, upon his seeing any vacant desk or writing-table, set himself down, with a pleasant nod to some one present, and begin writing his letter or memorandum. One day, while thus occupied in his writing, he was suddenly addressed by a very forward, presuming person, who wanted of him some medical advice gratis. Finding himself thus interrupted, he lifted the corner of his wig, as usual, and desired the person to repeat his question, which he did loudly, as follows: "Doctor, what would you advise as the best thing for a pain in the breast?" The wig having dropped to its proper place, the doctor, after a seemingly profound study for a moment on the subject, replied, "Oh, ay! I will tell you, my good friend: the very best thing I could advise you to do for a pain in the breast is to — consult your physician."

These three veterans of the city in the science and practice of medicine in the time of the colonies — like three remaining apples, separate and lonely upon the uppermost bough of a leafless tree — were finally shaken to the ground by the unrelenting wind of death, and gathered to the "narrow house," as very readily surmised by the reader, no doubt.

My friend Mr. P., another Philadelphian, long residing in New York, has also communicated his reminiscences of some

of the Philadelphia faculty as they stood impressed upon his boyish judgment and feelings, which I shall add, to wit:—

"I wish to mention the names of a few physicians in my day. Dr. William Shippen, sen., resided, when he left off practice, in Germantown. At the age of ninety, he would ride in and out of the city on horseback, full gallop, without an overcoat, in the coldest weather. Dr. Thomas Bond died in 1784; always rode in a small phaeton; resided in Second Street, near Norris's Alley. Dr. Redman resided near the Baptist Meeting, in Second Street. A small black filly had the honor to carry the doctor on his visits, and would await his return at the door of the patient. The doctor would sometimes kindly lend his creature; but she was sure to throw the rider. Dr. Chovet, a most eccentric man, full of anecdote, and noted for his propensity for what is now termed quizzing, resided in Race, above Third Street. The doctor was what was termed a Tory; was licensed to say and do what he pleased, at which no one took umbrage. He one day entered the old coffee-house, corner of Market and Front Streets, with an open letter in his hand: it was twelve o'clock, change hour, the merchants all assembled. On seeing the doctor, they surrounded him, inquiring what news he had in that letter, which he stated he had just received by a king's ship arrived at New York. In reply to the inquiry, he said that the letter contained information of the death of an old cobbler in London, who had his stall in one of the by-streets, and asked the gentlemen what they supposed the cobbler had died worth. One said five thousand pounds, another ten thousand pounds, and another twenty thousand pounds sterling. 'No, gentlemen, no! You are all mistaken. Not one farthing, gentlemen,' running out, laughing at the joke at the expense of the collected mercantile wisdom of the city. Another time, having been sent for by the Spanish minister, Don Juan (I forget his name), who resided in old Mr. Chew's house in Third, between Walnut and Spruce Streets, the weather being rather unpleasant, the ambassador ordered his carriage to the door to convey the doctor home. The doctor, full of fun and joke,

directed the coachman to drive by the coffee-house, which, as he approached, was perceived by the merchants, who immediately drew up in order, hats off, to pay their respects to the Don, as minister from a friendly power. The doctor kept himself close back in the carriage until directly opposite the coffee-house, the gentlemen all bowing and scraping; when he pops out his head, 'Good-morning, gentlemen, good-morning. I hope you are all well. Thank you, in the name of his Majesty King George,' and drove off, laughing heartily at having again joked with the Philadelphia Whigs."

The few physicians mentioned in the preceding notices as having their pacing-nags, or a little wheeled vehicle, are intended as rarities among the profession. It was only an indulgence awarded to the aged and infirm to submit to motive assistance. Any young man resorting to it would have endangered his reputation and practice. Dr. Rush has told his friends how often he visited Kensington on foot to serve poor sick persons, from whom he expected nothing directly, but by the fame of which, in his successful practice in their behalf, he indirectly was rewarded with his future choice of practice there. It was not only to walk far, for smaller reward, but the time was before the fashion of umbrellas and boots, that they had to wade through unpaved lanes and alleys without defence against storms of rain, hail, or snow. As if it were inferred that men who professed to heal all maladies should themselves be invulnerable to the assaults of disease.

Lydia Darrah.

[Major Garden, whose anecdotes and reminiscences are mainly of the Southern campaign, gives, also, certain incidents relating to the movements of the army in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and, amongst others the story often told, in one form or another, of Lydia Darrah.]

The superior officers of the British army were accustomed to hold their consultations, on all subjects of importance, at the house of William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends, immediately opposite to the quarters of

the commander-in-chief, in Second Street. It was in December, in the year that they occupied the city, that the adjutant-general of the army desired Lydia to have an apartment prepared for the reception of himself and friends, and to order her family early to bed, adding, when ready to depart, "Notice shall be given to you to let us out, and to extinguish the fire and candles." The manner of delivering this order, especially that part of it which commanded the early retirement of her family, strongly excited Lydia's curiosity, and determined her, if possible, to discover the mystery of their meeting. Approaching without shoes the room in which the conference was held, and placing her ear to the keyhole, she heard the order read for the troops to quit the city on the night of the 4th, to attack the American army encamped at White Marsh. Returning immediately to her room, she laid herself down; but, in a little while, a loud knocking at the door, which for some time she pretended not to hear, proclaimed the intention of the party to retire. Having let them out, she again sought her bed, but not to sleep: the agitation of her mind precluded the possibility of enjoying it. She thought only of the dangers that threatened the lives of thousands of her countrymen; and, believing it to be in her power to avert the evil, determined, at all hazards, to apprise Gen. Washington of his danger. Telling her husband, at early dawn, that flour was wanting for domestic purposes, and that she should go to Frankfort to obtain it, she repaired to headquarters, got access to Gen. Howe, and obtained permission to pass the British lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, Lydia now pressed forward towards the American army, and, meeting Capt. Allen M'Lean (an officer, from his superior intelligence and activity, selected by Gen. Washington to gain intelligence, discovered to him the important secret, obtaining his promise not to jeopardize her safety by telling from whom he had obtained it. Capt. M'Lean with all speed informed the commander-in-chief of his danger, who, of course, took every necessary step to baffle the contemplated enterprise, and to show the enemy that he was prepared to receive them. Lydia

returned home with her flour, secretly watched the movements of the British army, and saw them depart. Her anxiety during their absence was excessive; nor was it lessened, when, on their return, the adjutant-general, summoning her to his apartment, and locking the door with an air of mystery, demanded whether any of the family were up on the night that he had received company at her house. She told him, that, without an exception, they had all retired at eight o'clock. "You, I know, Lydia, were asleep; for I knocked at your door three times before you heard me. Yet, although I am at a loss to conceive who gave the information of the intended attack to Gen. Washington, it is certain that we were betrayed; for, on arriving near his encampment, we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and at every point so perfectly prepared to receive us, that we were compelled, like fools, to make a retrograde movement, without inflicting on our enemy any manner of injury whatsoever."

Anecdotes of Robert Morris.

[From Garden's Anecdotes again we take several incidents in the career of Robert Morris, related mainly by Judge Peters.]

Mr. Robert Morris, to whom the United States is more indebted for their prosperity and happiness than to any other individual, with the exception of Gen. Washington, overcome by his feelings, quitted the hall [of Congress, after the receipt of alarming news from the army] with a mind completely depressed, without a present hope, or cheering expectation of future prosperity. On entering his counting-house, he received the welcome intelligence, that a ship which he had despaired of had at that moment arrived at the wharf with a full cargo of all the munitions of war, and of soldiers' clothing. He returned to Congress almost breathless with joy, and announced the exhilarating good news. Nor did propitious fortune end here. Accidentally meeting with a worthy Quaker who had wealth at command, and a hearty well-wisher to the American cause, although, from his religious principles, averse to war and fighting, he thought it no departure from the strict line of pro-

priety to endeavor, by every exertion, to awaken his sympathy, and obtain his assistance. Assuming, therefore, an expression of countenance indicative of the most poignant anguish and deep despair, he was passing him in silence, when the benevolent Quaker, who had critically observed him, and marked the agitation of his mind, feelingly said, "Robert, I fear there is bad news." The reply was, "Yes, very bad: I am under the most helpless embarrassment for the want of some hard money." — "How much would relieve thy difficulties, Robert?" The sum was mentioned. "But I could only give my private engagement in a note, which I would sacredly pledge my honor to repay," rejoined Mr. Morris. "Cease thy sorrows then, Robert: thou shalt have the money in confidence of thy silence on the subject as it regards me." The specie was procured, immediately remitted to Gen. Washington, and saved the army.

In 1779 or 1780, two of the most distressing years of the war, Gen. Washington wrote to me a most alarming account of the prostrate condition of the military stores, and enjoining my immediate exertions to supply deficiencies. There were no musket-cartridges but those in the men's boxes; and they were wet. Of course, if attacked, a retreat or a rout was inevitable. We (the Board of War) had exhausted all the lead accessible to us, having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted, and had offered abortively the equivalent, in paper, of two shillings specie per pound for lead. I went, in the evening of the day in which I received this letter, to a splendid entertainment given by Don Mirailles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad; but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under gloomy disasters, yet it seems *then* not sufficiently adroitly. Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual traits of depression. He accosted me in his usual blunt and disengaged manner: "I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume. What is the matter?" After some hesitation, I showed him the general's letter, which I had brought from the office with the intention of placing it at home in a

private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve, for some time. At length, however, with great and sincere delight, he called me aside, and told me that the "Holker," privateer, had just arrived at his wharf with ninety tons of lead, which she had brought as ballast. It had been landed at Martinique, and stone ballast had supplied its place; but this had been put on shore, and the lead again taken in. "You shall have my half of this fortunate supply. There are the owners of the other half," indicating gentlemen in the apartment. "Yes; but I am already under heavy personal engagements, as guaranty for the Department, to those and other gentlemen."—"Well, rejoined Mr. Morris, "they will take your assumption with my guaranty." I instantly, on these terms, secured the lead, left the entertainment, sent for the proper officers, and set more than one hundred people to work through the night. Before morning, a supply of cartridges was ready, and sent off to the army.

It may not be generally known; but it is an incontrovertible fact, that the plan of the campaign for the year 1781, as agreed upon by Gen. Washington and Admiral De Grasse, was to aim at the reduction of New York, and that the Southern enterprise was never contemplated, until unexpectedly, and to his extreme surprise, Gen. Washington (by the French admiral's breaking his engagements to come into New York Bay, and announcing his intention, through the admiral commanding the squadron at Rhode Island, to enter and remain for a few weeks in the Chesapeake) was obliged to change the whole plan of operations, which, from the powerful resources of his mind, he planned and performed in a sudden and masterly manner. An account had been published, by which it appears that the Count Rochambeau claimed the credit of planning the enterprise a year before it was put in execution. A military character who had rendered such important services to our country as were, by universal consent, attributed to him, needed no borrowed plume. He avows his having advised Count de Grasse not to venture into New York Bay. He should (had he acted consistently with his

duty), with candor, and in due season, have made this communication to Gen. Washington: whereas, the first intimation of a change of the original plan was the French admiral's letter from Rhode Island, which the general put into my hands a few hours after he had received it, with strong expressions of surprise and resentment. Assuredly, at this period, the expedition to the southward had never been thought of; but, as Count Rochambeau's countervailing advice had been attended with successful consequences, he adroitly takes advantage of this good-fortune, and turns an otherwise unjustifiable interference into personal merit. I was sent by Congress, under the belief that New York was the object, to consult with Gen. Washington on the supplies necessary for the attack; but the apprehension expressed by Count De Grasse, of danger to his heavy ships, should they enter the bay, and the avowal of his intention to sail for the Chesapeake, put at once an end to deliberation on the subject. A new object was now to be sought for, on which the co-operation of the allies might be employed with effect. I was present when the Southern enterprise was resolved on (claiming no merit or agency in the military part of it), and superintended the provision of every thing required by the general for the operation. From seventy to eighty pieces of battering-cannon, and one hundred of field-artillery, were completely fitted and furnished with *attirail* and ammunition; although, when I returned from camp to Philadelphia, there was not a field-carriage put together, and but a small quantity of fixed ammunition in our magazines. The train was progressively sent on in three or four weeks, to the great honor of the officers and the men employed in this meritorious service. *All this, together with the expense of provision for and pay of the troops, was accomplished on the personal credit of Mr. Robert Morris, who issued his notes to the amount of one million, four hundred thousand dollars, which were finally all paid.* Assistance was furnished by Virginia and other States, from the merit whereof I mean not to detract; but as there was no money in the chest of the War

Office, and the treasury of the United States empty, the expedition never could have been operative, and brought to a successful issue, had not, most fortunately, Mr. Morris's credit, superior exertions, and management, supplied the indispensable *sine qua non*, — the funds necessary to give effect to exertion.

Literary Cartridges.

To the instances given by Judge Peters of the happy arrival of supplies for the army at the moment that they were most needed, I would add another occurrence derived from the same authority. On our entering Philadelphia, in June, 1778, after the evacuation by the British troops, we were hard pressed for ammunition. We caused the whole city to be ransacked in search of cartridge-paper. At length I thought of the garrets, &c., of old printing-offices. In that once occupied as a lumber-room by Dr. Franklin when a printer, a vast collection was discovered. Among the mass was more than a cart-body load of *Sermons on Defensive War*, preached by a famous Gilbert Tenant, during an old British and French war, to rouse the Colonists to indispensable exertion. These appropriate manifestoes were instantly employed as cases for musket-cartridges, rapidly sent to the army, came most opportunely, and were fired away at the battle of Monmouth against our retiring foe.

Baron Steuben.

A friend, on the accuracy of whose statements I can confidently rely, told me that it could not easily be conceived to what severe trial the patience of the baron was put in his first efforts to establish a regular system of discipline; and that, on one occasion, having exhausted all his German and French oaths, he vociferated to his aide-de-camp, Major Walker, "*Vieu Walker — vieu, mon bon ami. Curse — damn de gaucherie of dese badauts, je ne puis plus. I can curse dem no more.*"

In private life, his virtues were exalted; and it would be difficult to determine whether he most excites our admiration for zeal and activity as a patriot and soldier, or tenderness

and humanity as a man. As I hold his character in high veneration, I have great delight in relating an anecdote which I received from Gen. Walter Stewart, the truth of which may be confidently relied on. After the capture of Yorktown, the superior officers of the allied army vied with each other in acts of civility and attention to the captive Britons. Lord Cornwallis and his family were particularly distinguished. Entertainments were given in succession by all the major-generals, with the exception of Baron Steuben. He alone withheld an invitation, not from a wish to be particular, nor that his heart was closed to the attentions due to misfortune. His soul was superior to prejudice; and as a soldier he tenderly sympathized in their fate, while poverty denied the means of displaying that liberality towards them which had been shown by others. Such was his situation, when, calling on Col. Stewart, and informing him of his intention to entertain the British commander-in-chief, he requested that he would advance him a sum of money as the price of his favorite charger. "'Tis a good beast," said the baron, "and has proved a faithful servant through all the dangers of the war; but, though painful to my heart, we must part." Col. Stewart, to prevent a step that he knew must be attended with great loss and still greater inconvenience, immediately tendered his purse, recommending, should the sum it contained prove insufficient, the sale or pledge of his watch. "My dear friend," said the baron, "'tis already sold. Poor N—— was sick, and wanted necessaries. He is a brave fellow, and possesses the best of hearts. The trifle it brought is set apart for his use. My horse must go: so no more, I beseech you, to turn me from my purpose. I am a major-general in the service of the United States; and my private convenience must not be put in the scale with the duty which my rank calls upon me imperiously to perform."

The liberal disposition of Baron Steuben afforded to his aide-de-camp, Major North, an opportunity of making a peculiarly happy repartee. On the summit of a hill, on the farm occupied by the baron, a monument was erected to the mem-

ory of a certain Mr. Provost, who, on account of his constant command of cash, had been styled, when living, *Ready-Money Provost.* A gentleman observing, that, in the event of death, the baron would be at no loss for a snug place of interment, Major North replied, "Then, sir, his disposition must alter with his state; for in life he will never tolerate the idea of laying by ready money."

Though poor himself, the baron had a number of pensioners. Of one of these I must relate an interesting anecdote. When Arnold apostatized, and attached himself to the British standard, Baron Steuben, at that period inspector-general of the army, to show his perfect abhorrence of the traitor, commanded that every soldier who bore the name should change it, or be immediately dismissed the service. Some days after, finding a soldier of Connecticut who had paid no attention to the mandate, he insisted that he should instantaneously be expelled from the ranks. "I am no traitor, my worthy general," said the soldier, "and will willingly renounce a name that the perfidy of a scoundrel has forever tarnished, if allowed to assume one which is dear to every American soldier. Let me be Steuben, and be assured that I will never disgrace you." — "Willingly, my worthy fellow," replied the baron. "Be henceforth Steuben, and add to the glory of a name that has already acquired lustre by the partial adoption of a brave man." The soldier, at the conclusion of the war, kept a tavern in New England, exhibiting a representation of his patron as a sign, and, as long as the baron lived, received a pension from him as a reward for his partial attachment.

The hospitality of Baron Steuben was unbounded. Introduced at his villa by a friend, to whose exertions in Congress he considered himself peculiarly indebted for a pension settled on him for life, he treated me with marked attention, and, at the moment of my departure, said with great politeness (Sunday being the day on which he kept open table for his friends), "*Souvenez-vous, mon jeune ami, pendant votre séjour à New York, que le dimanche est consacré à Dieu et à Steuben?*"

Dining with him shortly after the resignation of Mr.

Robert Morris as financier of the United States, the cause of which appeared inexplicable to the company present, "To me," said Baron Steuben, "there appears no mystery. I will illustrate my sentiments by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris, to embark for the United States, the better to insure comfort when in camp, I judged it of importance to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at Valley Forge when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that he was directed to attach himself to my train, and obey my orders. Commissaries arriving furnished a supply of beef and bread, and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils indispensable, in his opinion, for preparing a meal, and, finding none, in an agony of despair applied to the wagoner for advice. 'We cook our meat,' replied he, 'by hanging it up by a string, and turning it before a good fire until sufficiently roasted.' The next day, and still another, passed without material change. The commissary made his deposit. My cook showed the strongest indications of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing, but, with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted. He requested an audience, and demanded his dismission. 'Under happier circumstances, *mon général*,' said he, 'it would be my ambition to serve you; but here I have no chance of showing my talents; and I think myself obliged, in honor, to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am.' Believe me, gentlemen," continued the baron, "the treasury of America is at present just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge; and Mr. Morris wisely retires, thinking it of very little consequence *who turns the string*."

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES.

Bought for a Song.

[MADAME RIEDESEL, in her Journal, recounts some of her experiences in Virginia, where, with her husband, she remained a few weeks before their final departure for Canada. Her husband had become prostrated, partly by physical debility, partly by mental depression.]

The use of a certain bath in Virginia, which is called Frederick Spring, was prescribed for him; and we accordingly journeyed thither. I believe that he increased his disorder by always wetting his head before bathing; and what was still worse was, that, in spite of all we could do, his hair would remain damp. His fretfulness continued; and the thought of his imprisonment worried him more than ever. At night he could not sleep. I therefore hit upon the expedient of reading to him in a particularly drowsy tone. This was successful; for he always went to sleep. His hands and feet were constantly blue, and cold as ice. Whenever I thought that I might safely venture to lie down, his anguish would invariably wake him up. Every thing irritated him. One day a Virginian came into my room, and said that he was curious to see a German woman, eying me, at the same time, from head to foot. I was delighted at the idea of enjoying myself over something. But when, at his request, I brought him to my husband, the latter was so moved at the idea of his situation

compelling him to be gazed upon at the whim of this or that man, that the tears came into his eyes, and I sincerely repented of having been so inconsiderate.

We made at Frederick Spring the acquaintance of Gen. Washington's family, and also of Madame Garel (a very lovable woman) and her husband. She was an ardent American patriot, but reasonable; and we became great friends. She spent most of the forenoons with us. At such times Capt. Geismar played the violin, and I sang Italian airs, which gave her the greatest delight. One day, while thus engaged, a countryman, from whom we had endeavored by many kind words to obtain fresh butter, came in upon us. As the Americans generally are fond of music, he listened attentively, and, when I had finished, asked me to sing it once more. I asked him sportively what he would give me for it, as I did nothing gratis. "Two pounds of butter," he at once answered. The idea pleased me, and I began to sing. "Play another one," said he as soon as I had finished, "but something lively." At length I sang so much, that, the next morning, he brought me four or five pounds of fresh butter. He also had his wife with him, and entreated me to sing once more. I thus succeeded in winning their affection; and afterwards I lacked for nothing. The best of the joke was, that he actually believed I wished to be paid for my singing, and wondered much when I paid him for the butter, which he supposed they had already sold.

The Virginians are generally inert, a fate which they attribute to their hot climate; but on the slightest inducement, in a twinkling, they leap up, and dance about; and if a reel — an English or a Scotch national dance — is played for them, immediately the men catch hold of the women, who then jump up as if they were possessed; but, as soon as they are led back to their chairs, they sit on them like blocks of wood.

A Maryland Country-Seat.

During our sojourn at this bath, my husband received news which gave us all much pleasure; namely, that he and Gen.

Phillips, with their adjutants, had permission to go to New York in order to be exchanged. My husband, upon this, went back to Colle to make arrangements for the maintenance, in his absence, of the troops (the command of which he handed over to Col. Specht), and to take measures for the sale of our superfluous things, and especially our new house, which we had as yet not lived in; in which situation, indeed, we at various times afterwards found ourselves. We were often troubled in this way; for we would come to a place, expecting to remain for some time, but we would scarcely get our things to rights, at infinite pains, when we would receive an order bidding us instantly to depart. This time, however, every one was rejoiced. I set out from this bath in the month of August, 1777, to join my husband in Yorktown, Penn. Madame Garel, the clever woman whom I have already mentioned, had begged me to visit them at their country-seat in the Province of Maryland, in case we should be in the vicinity. I therefore determined to do it now. Capt. Freeman, one of my husband's English adjutants, remained with us. Capt. Edmonston had been exchanged through the intercession of his father. He was so devoted to the interests of my husband, and it gave him so much pain to leave him, that the latter was even obliged to persuade him to return to England. His departure affected us deeply, especially when he said, "I am certain that I shall never see you again."

On our journey to the country-seat of Mrs. Garel, Capt. Freeman saw a black snake, — which, however, is not dangerous, — licking a frog, and swallowing him down. Crying out sportively, "I declare myself the Knight of the Frog," he drew his sword, and split the snake open, when, lo! the frog hopped out of its stomach, thoroughly alive; at which we all were greatly amazed. Before we arrived, I was overturned with my wagon, but without the slightest injury. I had advised Madame Garel of my arrival; and she sent a man on horseback to meet me. After I had passed through a very pretty hamlet, inhabited by pure negroes, each of whom had

his garden, and understood some handicraft, we drove through a large courtyard, to a very beautiful house, where the whole family received us with a joyful welcome. The family consisted of an old father-in-law, eighty-four years of age, of a sprightly humor and the most extreme neatness, upon whose venerable countenance appeared happy contentment, four perfectly lovely grandchildren, and their kind, beloved mother, our amiable hostess. We were served upon silver, and entertained, not, it is true, with much display, but with taste. Nothing was wanting for our comfort. She said to me, that, as she hoped I would remain with her a long time, she had received me as if I belonged to the family.

The garden was magnificent; and on the following day she drove us out to show us her vineyard, which was splendid, and displayed great taste, in fact exceeding my expectations. First we went through a great fruit-garden. Then we ascended the vineyard by a winding path, which led up to the top of the hill. Between every vine, a poplar-rose and an amaranth grew. The effect of this arrangement was to give a magnificent appearance to every part of the vineyard, — to one looking down from the top, such a one, indeed, that, for beauty, I have not found its equal in any portion of America which I have seen. The husband of Madame Garel had travelled abroad, and had gathered these ideas of the laying-out of grounds in England and France. In other respects, he was not very lovable, but rather brusque and niggardly, and not at all suited to his wife, who, although she never showed it by outward signs, nevertheless did not appear to be happy. Her father-in-law she loved very much.

Not far from this estate was a town called Baltimore, which they told me was very pretty, and inhabited by many amiable families. We received a visit from an intimate friend of our hostess. Both these women reminded me of Rousseau's Heloise and her friend; and the old father, of the husband of Heloise. Madame Garel was as full of tender feeling as she, and would, I believe, have gladly had a St. Preux for a husband. We arranged for her a temple adorned with

flowers, after the design of Capt. Freeman, and dedicated it to Friendship and Gratitude. She wrote, me some years afterward, that the family still continued to trim it with flowers. The lovely, agreeable Madame Garel is now dead; and her family, but especially her children, have met with a great loss. We remained here eight or ten days; and our parting was very sad. They supplied us with provisions of the best quality, enough to last for a long time. We, however, did not really need them, as the Royalists through friendly feeling, and the others through custom, welcomed us kindly, and furnished us with every thing needful for our sustenance. In this country, it would be held a crime to refuse hospitality to a traveller.

An American Cincinnatus.

[Major Garden, from whom we have already quoted, gives most of his reminiscences and anecdotes of persons and events in the Southern States; and it is from his ana that we give the following.]

After the battle of the Cowpens, great industry was used by Lord Cornwallis to retake the captured prisoners. He was unwearied in pursuit, and, it was imagined, with considerable prospect of success. Under these circumstances, Gen. Greene directed Dr. Read to repair with all expedition to the residence of Gen. Lock, near Salisbury, and tell him verbally that immediate exertion was necessary, and that he must raise, by the next day, one thousand men, to cover the retreat of Major Hyrne, to whose charge the prisoners were committed. Arrived at his house, Dr. Read asked if the general was visible. "He is at plough in his field," was the reply. "In what direction?" said the doctor. "This path," said a bystander, "will carry you to him." But a short distance was passed over, when Dr. Read met an old man on a sorry tacky, with a plough before him, to whom he said, "Tell me, friend, where I can find Gen. Lock." — "Come with me," was the reply, "and I will carry you to him." The route was now retrograde, and led toward the house. When the doctor arrived there, believing that he was trifled with, he said in anger, "But where

is the general?"—"You shall see him immediately," was the answer. The old man then retired into a chamber, but returned instantaneously in a full suit of regimentals and a large cocked hat, exclaiming, "*I am Gen. Lock: your business with me, friend?*" Dr. Read immediately delivered his message; when the old man replied, "It shall be done!" and immediately sending off his servants, with orders to his officers to summon their men for duty, actually joined Hyrne the next morning (who had five hundred men of the Seventy-first British Regiment in charge) with a corps of one thousand mounted riflemen.

Privations of Officers.

An officer of rank belonging to our army, severely wounded at Gates's defeat, informed me, that, as he passed over the field of battle in the wagon which was to convey him to Camden, a sergeant of the Thirty-third British Regiment, looking into it with an expression of generous sympathy, said, "You appear, sir, severely injured, and much exhausted by the loss of blood. Take my canteen: its contents may revive and strengthen you." An expression of compassionate feeling, at all times fascinating, could not at such a period be received but with peculiar gratitude. The gift was accepted, and contained wine of an excellent quality. Let me suppose that other soldiers were supplied with liquor as liberally as this benevolent sergeant, and how great the contrast with the condition of our unfortunates, who, for many days previous to the battle, had not, even under the pressure of their greatest fatigues, been cheered with a single glass of spirits. Dr. William Read, superintending the Continental Hospital at Hillsborough subsequent to the defeat at Camden, making a representation to Gen. Gates of the deplorable condition of the sick and wounded, was asked by him, "What have you to comfort them?"—"Literally nothing," replied Dr. Read. "Then," rejoined the general, "their situation is truly deplorable; since I neither possess the means of yielding present relief, nor immediate prospect of affording any."

Even to those who still retained their health, the loss of

baggage was attended with incalculable increase of calamity. The comfort of a necessary change of linen was denied; and more than one officer, from the impossibility of appearing with decency on parade, was compelled altogether to avoid it.

Of the deplorable situation of the Continental officers, even of the highest grade, some idea may be formed from the fact I am about to relate, and which may be relied on as perfectly correct. Dr. Fayssoux, joining the army of Gen. Greene in North Carolina, called at the hut of Gen. Huger, the second in command, but was refused admission. The doctor insisted on his right to enter: the sentinel, in conformity to his orders, denied it. The altercation was heard by the general, who, recognizing the voice of his friend, desired that he might be allowed to pass into the hut. "Pardon me, doctor," said the general, who lay on the ground, wrapped up in an old military cloak, "for giving you so ungracious a reception; but the fact is, the chances of war have robbed me of every comfort, and I confined myself to solitude and an old cloak while my washerwoman prepares for a future occasion the only shirt I own." If an officer of distinguished rank, universally beloved and respected, for whose accommodation there was not an individual in the service who would not have made sacrifices, was thus circumstanced, what must have been the miseries of the lower grades, and wretchedness of the private sentinels? Applying to a gentleman, on the accuracy of whose information I could place the most implicit confidence, relative to the sufferings of the army after the battle of Guilford, he replied, "I have known the whole army subsist for several days on Indian corn, grated down on tin canteens, in which holes had been punched for the occasion, having no other subsistence of bread kind; every mill having been destroyed by the enemy. This was particularly the case during the pursuit of the army of Cornwallis retiring upon Wilmington, when such was the extremity of suffering from the want of animal food, that the Continental soldiers were feign to put up with the offal left in the slaughter-pens of the retreating army. Of our privations

relative to the comforts of necessary clothing against the inclemencies of a vigorous season, I can with truth assure you, that, for the greater part of the winter, I shared with Gen. Huger and Col. Kosciusko an old cloak of the general's, being without a blanket, or any other protection whatever."

From long marches, incessant fatigue, and scanty and unwholesome food, the diseases which prevailed had, for the most part, a malignant tendency; and stimulants were considered as essential to counteract the threatening symptoms. Wine, spirit, and the medicines that were most requisite, were not to be procured; and on decoctions of snake-root alone, to obtain which the whole country was ransacked, depended the chance to the afflicted of recovery. Where surgery was necessary to give relief, the difficulty to the operator was no less distressing. When the gallant Capt. Watts of Washington's fell at Eutaw, a ball having passed through his lungs, Dr. Irvine assured me that he was compelled to cut up a tent found on the field to make bandages, before he could dress his wounds. On another occasion, I knew a gentleman attached to the medical department, whose anxious mother, at the moment of his departure for the army, apprehending accident to himself, slipped six rolls of bandages into his portmanteau, and who assured me that, a smart engagement speedily following, none other were to be found for the relief of the wounded than the bandages in his possession. The evidence of the medical gentlemen who still survive, Drs. Read, Irvine, Broomfield, and Stephens, if it were necessary to call for it, would fully corroborate the statement made of the total want of the supplies essential to the support of exhausted nature. And in more than one instance I have myself beheld the hardy veteran sink into his grave, to whom even a small portion of renovating wine or cordial might have restored sufficient vigor to resist the fatal pressure of the disease.

Manning's Presence of Mind.

The intrigues and efforts of Lord Cornwallis to excite insurrection, backed by a very formidable force, had produced

among the Highland emigrants a spirit of revolt, which it required all the energies of Gen. Greene to counteract before it could be matured. The zeal and activity of Lieut.-Col. Lee, whose usefulness exceeded calculation, united to his acuteness, and happy talent of obtaining intelligence of every movement, and of the most secret intentions of the enemy, pointed him out as the fittest man for this important service. He was accordingly selected, with orders to impede the intercourse of Lord Cornwallis with the disaffected, to repress every symptom of revolt, and promptly to cut off every party that should take up arms for Britain. Constantly on the alert, he was equally solicitous to give security to his own command, while he harassed the enemy. A secure position was on one occasion taken near a forked road, one division of which led directly to Lord Cornwallis's camp, about six miles distant. The ground was chosen in the dusk of evening; and, to prevent surprise, patrols of cavalry were kept out on each fork during the night. An order for a movement before day had been communicated to every individual, and was executed with so little noise and confusion, that Lieut. Manning, waking at early dawn, found himself, excepting one soldier, left alone. Stephen Green, the attendant of Capt. Carns, lay near him, resting on the portmanteau of his superior, and buried in profound sleep. Being awakened, he was ordered to mount and follow, while Manning, hastening towards the fork, hoped to fall upon the track, and speedily rejoin his regiment. Much rain had fallen during the night; so that, finding both roads equally cut up, Manning chose at hazard, and took the wrong one. He had not proceeded far before he saw at the door of a log-house a rifleman leaning on his gun, and, apparently, placed as a sentinel. Galloping up to him, he inquired if a regiment of horse, and body of infantry, had passed that way. "Oh, no!" cried the man (whistling loudly, which brought out a dozen others, completely armed, and carrying each a red rag in his hat): "you, I suppose, are one of Greene's men." The badge which they bore marked their principles. Without the slightest indication of alarm, or even hesitation, Manning

pointed to the portmanteau carried by Green, and exclaimed, "Hush, my good fellow! no clamor, for God's sake! I have *there* what will ruin Greene. Point out the road to Lord Cornwallis's army; for all depends upon early intelligence of its contents." — "You are an honest fellow" (was the general cry), "and have left the rebels just in time; for the whole settlement are in arms to join Col. Pyle to-morrow" (naming the place of rendezvous), "where Col. Tarleton will meet and conduct us to camp." — "Come," said the man to whom he had first spoken, "take a drink: 'Here's confusion to Greene, and success to the king and his friends.' This is the right road; and you will soon reach the army, or, rather, let me conduct you to it myself." — "Not for the world, my dear fellow!" replied Manning. "Your direction is plain; and I can follow it. I will never consent that a faithful subject of his Majesty should be subjected to the dangers of captivity or death on my account. If we should fall in with a party of rebels, and we cannot say that they are not in the neighborhood now, we should both lose our lives. I should be hanged for desertion; and you, for aiding me to reach the British army." This speech produced the effect he desired. The libation concluded, Manning rode off, amid the cheers of the company, and, when out of sight, crossed to the other road, and urging his horse to full speed, in a short time overtook and communicated the interesting intelligence to his commander. Lee was then meditating an attack upon Tarleton, who had crossed the Haw River to support the insurgents; but, perceiving the vast importance of crushing the revolt in the bud, he informed Gen. Greene of his plan by a confidential messenger, and hastened to the point of rendezvous, where Pyle, with upwards of four hundred men, had already arrived. It is unnecessary to detail the sanguinary scene which followed. Pyle, completely deceived, and, to the last, believing the Legionary Dragoons the soldiers of Tarleton, was overpowered, and, with a considerable portion of his force, became victims of credulity.

Many other proofs could be adduced of Manning's pres-

ence of mind, and cool intrepidity in action. It is grateful to me to mention one of these. At the battle of Eutaw, after the British line had been broken, and the *Old Buffs*, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats that they were to perform, were running from the field, Manning, in the enthusiasm of that valor for which he was so eminently distinguished, sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him until he found himself near a large brick house, into which the York Volunteers, commanded by Cruger, were retiring. The British were on all sides of him, and not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but, springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, and exclaiming in a harsh tone of voice, "Damn you, sir! you are my prisoner," wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him by force from the house, and, keeping his body as a shield of defence from the heavy fire sustained from the windows, carried him off without receiving any injury. Manning has often related, that, at the moment when he expected that his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he, with great solemnity, commenced an enumeration of his titles: "I am, sir, Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British Army, Captain in the Fifty-second Regiment, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston."— "Enough, enough, sir," said the victor: "you are just the man I was looking for. Fear nothing for your life: you shall screen *me* from danger, and I will take special care of *you*." He had retired in this manner some distance from the brick house, when he saw Capt. Robert Joiett of the Virginia line, engaged in single combat with a British officer. They had selected each other for battle a little before; the American armed with a broad-sword, the Briton with a musket and bayonet. As they came together, a thrust was made at Joiett, which he happily parried; and both dropping their artificial weapons, being too much in contact to use them with effect, resorted to those with which they had been furnished

by Nature. They were both men of great bulk and vigor; and while struggling, each anxious to bring his adversary to the ground, a grenadier, who saw the contest, ran to the assistance of his officer, made a longe with his bayonet, missed Joiett's body, but drove it beyond the curve into his coat. In attempting to withdraw the entangled weapon, he threw both the combatants to the ground; when, getting it free, he raised it deliberately, determined not to fail again in his purpose, but to transfix Joiett. It was at this crisis that Manning approached, not near enough, however, to reach the grenadier with his arm. In order to gain time, and to arrest the stroke, he exclaimed in an angry and authoritative tone, "You damned brute! will you murder the gentleman?" The soldier, supposing himself addressed by one of his own officers, suspended the contemplated blow, and looked around to see the person who had thus spoken to him. Before he could recover from the surprise into which he had been thrown, Manning, now sufficiently near, smote him with his sword across the eyes, and felled him to the ground; while Joiett, disengaged himself from his opponent, and, snatching up the musket as he attempted to rise, laid him dead by a blow from the butt-end of it. Manning was of inferior size, but strong and remarkably well formed; Joiett, literally speaking, a giant. This, probably, led Barry, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother-officers how he came to be taken, "I was overpowered by a huge Virginian."

Colonel Peter Horry.

This officer was a descendant of one of the many Protestant families who removed to Carolina from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He early took up arms in defence of his country, and, through all the trials of peril and privation experienced by Marion's brigade, gave ample proof of his strict integrity and undaunted courage. The fame which he acquired as one of the band of heroes who defended the post at Sullivan's Island was never tarnished. For

although, in a moment of despondency, he once said to his general, "I fear our happy days are all gone by," it was not the consequences that might accrue to himself, but the miseries apprehended for his country, that caused the exclamation; for never were his principles shaken: never, even for a moment, did the thought of submission enter his bosom. No man more eagerly sought the foe; none braved danger with greater intrepidity, or more strenuously endeavored to sustain the military reputation of his country. A ludicrous story is told of him, that, though probably varied in the narration, has its foundation in truth. Col. Horry was once ordered to wait the approach of a British detatchment in ambuscade, — a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power; when from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word "*Fire!*" In vain he made the attempt: it was "*Fi, fi, fi, fi!*" but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed, "*Shoot*, damn you! *shoot!* You know very well what I would say. *Shoot*, *shoot*, and be damn'd to you!" He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on all occasions increased his reputation. At Quimby, Col. Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out, "I am wounded, colonel," Horry replied, "Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post." — "But I can't stand, colonel: I am wounded a second time!" — "Then lie down, Baxter; but quit not your post." — "Colonel," cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again; and, if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces." — "Be it so, Baxter; but stir not." He obeyed the order, and actually received a fourth wound before the engagement ended.

Dr. Skinner.

I had, during the last campaign in the South, continued opportunity of witnessing the eccentricities of this extraordinary character; but while I admired his facetious and entertaining conversation, his exquisite humor, and occasional

exhibition of sportive or pointed irony, I could not but consider him as a very dangerous companion. Col. Lee has stated that he had a dire objection to the field of battle, yet, in private society, was always ready for a quarrel. It might be truly asserted that it required infinite circumspection not to come to points with him, since he really appeared to consider tilting as a pleasing pastime, and was (as an Irish soldier once said of him) "an honest fellow, just as ready to fight as eat." In his regiment, and among his intimates, he was regarded as a privileged man, and allowed to throw the shafts of his wit with impunity. This was a fortunate circumstance, as he would at any time rather have risked the loss of his friend than the opportunity of applying a satirical observation in point. When first he appeared in the lower country, he wore a long beard and huge fur cap; the latter through necessity, the first from some superstitious notion the meaning of which it was impossible to penetrate. An officer who really esteemed him, asking him why he suffered his beard to grow to such an unusual length, he tartly replied, "It is a secret, sir, betwixt my God and myself, that human impertinence shall never penetrate." On a night alarm at Ninety-six, as Col. Lee was hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he met Skinner in full retreat, and, stopping him, said, "What is the matter, doctor? Whither so fast? Not frightened, I hope?"—"No, colonel, no," replied Skinner, "not absolutely frightened; but, I candidly confess, most damnably alarmed." His strong resemblance to the character of Falstaff, which Col. Lee has also noticed, was very remarkable. "He was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others." Like the fat knight, too, in the calculation of chances, not over scrupulous in distinctions betwixt *meum* and *tuum*, and I should decidedly say, in his narrations of broils and battles, too much under the influence of Shrewsbury clock. I have seldom met with a man more fond of good and dainty cheer, or a more devoted idolater of good wine; but, when they were not to be met with, the plainest food and most simple liquor were enjoyed with the highest relish. A lady of the lower country, address-

ing herself to a young officer who had been much accustomed to enjoy every species of luxury, asked how he had supported the privations experienced during the last campaign in the interior, he replied, that hunger made a simple rasher on the coals as delicious as the most sumptuous fare; and, where wine could not be obtained, he relished whiskey. "I am grieved, my young friend," said Skinner with great gravity, "mortified beyond expression to hear such a declaration from your lips, since it has long been my opinion that the man who would drink so mean a liquor as whiskey would steal."

In person, Skinner was not unlike the representation generally given of Sancho; in his government, exhibiting extravagant pretensions to state and self-consequence. Nor was he insensible to the influences of the tender passion. He not only could love, but he believed himself possessed of every requisite to inspire passion, particularly priding himself upon a roguish leer with the eye, that he deemed irresistible. When disencumbered of his beard, he was presented at Sandy Hill (the point of attraction to all the military) to Mrs. Charles Elliott, the amiable and benevolent hostess of the mansion. The facetious Capt. Carns, who was his friend on the occasion, indulging his natural propensity to quiz, pointed her out to Skinner as an object highly worth the attention of a man of enterprise. The bait was attractive; and he bit at it with the eagerness of a hungry gudgeon. On his first appearance, Skinner had shown evident marks of confusion on account of the uncouth appearance of his cap. Mrs. Elliott had perceived it, and, retiring for an instant, returned with an elegant military hat, which she placed on his head, and, gracefully bowing, ran off. Skinner was mute with astonishment. He looked at the hat and at the lady, and then at the hat again, and, turning to his friend, seemed, in the language of Falstaff, to say, —

"Her eye did seem to scorch me like a burning-glass."

The expression of his countenance was to Carns a sufficient indication of the agitation of his bosom. The hint was

not lost. "Well," he feelingly exclaimed, "if ever a broad and palpable invitation was given, this certainly may be considered as such. Why, Skinner, what charm, what philter, do you use to produce such havoc?" — "Fie, fie!" said the enraptured doctor, adjusting his dress, and rising upon tip-toe. "Tempt me not, my friend, to make myself ridiculous. Mine is not a figure to attract the attention of a fair lady: it cannot, cannot happen!" — "I will not," rejoined Carns, "compliment you, Skinner, on your personal attractions. You are a man of sense, a man of discernment, too wise to be flattered; but I certainly have seen men less elegantly formed than you are, and altogether without that *je ne sais quoi* so fascinating, that you pre-eminently possess: besides, you have a fine, open, healthy countenance, a prepossessing smile, and a prodigiously brilliant and piercing eye." — "Ah, ha!" cried Skinner, "have you discovered *that?* You are a man of penetration, a man of taste! Yes, Carns, I *have* an eye; and if it has its usual trick, its tender expression (you understand what I would say), I may, perhaps, be happy." Carns, for a time, gave indulgence to the effusions of his vanity, but would not suffer him to make himself completely ridiculous. Love was very speedily forgotten; and a kind invitation to feel himself at home in the most hospitable mansion in the State made Skinner the proudest and happiest of men.

Falstaff maintained that it was proper for every man "to labor in his vocation." Skinner asserted "that every man had his sphere of action, beyond the limits of which he ought never to emerge." "Mine," said he, "amidst the tumults of war, the conflicts of battle, is in the rear. There I am always to be found. I am firm at my post. What did Matthew Irvine get by quitting his? A wound, a villanous wound! Shall I follow his example, step out of my sphere, and set myself up as a mark to be shot at? Oh, no! I am a stickler for the strict performance of duty, but feel no ambition to shine beyond it."

Being asked which of the ladies of South Carolina possessed, in his estimation, the greatest attractions, he very

readily replied, "The widow Izard, beyond all comparison. I never pass her magnificent sideboard, but the plate seems ready to tumble into my pocket."

Arriving near the bank of the river, on the night of the contemplated attack upon John's Island, he was asked whether he intended to pass the ford.

"By no means!" replied Skinner. "I am not fond of romantic enterprise, and will not seek for perilous achievements where the elements, more than the enemy, are to be dreaded. The river is too deep, and my spirits are not buoyant: I should sink, to a certainty, and meet a watery grave. Death by water-drinking! I shudder at the thought of it. I will remain and take care of the baggage; and as many of you as can boast a change may be sure to meet, at your return, the comforts of clean linen, and the most cordial welcome that I can give you."

Lafayette and Huger.

[Major Huger of South Carolina was an officer who fell before Charleston; but of his son, Col. Francis Kinlock Huger, there is an anecdote related by Major Garden, which, while not strictly pertaining to Revolutionary times, has an interest and appropriateness, on account of the incident which it narrates of a payment of the debt which the country owes Lafayette. That general had been received into Major Huger's family on his first arrival in this country; and the memory of his visit was so kept alive, that, when the occasion came, the enthusiasm and affection of a son of the house displayed itself in a very chivalric form. Lafayette, it will be remembered, left France when the Jacobins were in the ascendency, in 1792, but was arrested by the Austrians, and confined at Olmutz.]

The anxious wish to free from captivity a man who had boldly stepped forward, the champion of liberty, originated with Dr. Bollman,[1] a young Hanoverian, active, intrepid, and

[1] Garden afterward corrects this statement, and shows Bollman to have been the instrument of Lafayette's former aides.

intelligent, but communicated confidentially to his friend Huger, with an inquiry if he was inclined to second the enterprise; it was embraced with alacrity, and entered on with an ardor that insured his unremitted efforts to produce its accomplishment. The preparatory arrangements were speedily settled. Huger feigned indisposition; and, Bollman assuming the character of his attending physician, horses were purchased; and, after visiting several German cities, the friends arrived at Olmutz. Constantly intent on the object of their association, an acquaintance was speedily formed with the jailer to whose custody the illustrious prisoner was committed, and without appearing to take too great an interest in his fate, by speaking occasionally of the severity of his treatment, which they candidly acknowledged they thought disproportioned to his offence, obtained permission to send him books that might beguile the tedium of solitude, and afford some mitigation of his griefs. The jailer, a simple, benevolent man, saw no impropriety in the transaction while the books delivered were subjected to his inspection, and the opportunity afforded of ascertaining that there was nothing improper in their contents. Thus a correspondence was established. Lafayette, informed of the source of this unhoped-for indulgence, at once conceived that more was meant than met the eye. He therefore carefully perused the book, and found, in different places, words written with a pencil, which, being put together, gave him the names of the parties, and a clew to their designs, which, if approved, would at once determine them, at all hazards, to free him from his captivity. The book was returned with an open note, thanking them for their civility in sending it, and an assurance that it had been read with *marked attention*, and that he was, in the highest degree, *charmed with its contents*. In this manner, and by the stratagem of writing in lemon-juice on the back of a note, — in its visible contents altogether trivial, with a hint in the book sent, "Quand vous aurez lu ce billet, mettez le au feu;" which, when complied with, caused the intended communication distinctly to appear in legible characters, — he was

made acquainted with their arrangements, and the day fixed on to put their plans in execution. They had been already apprised by the jailer, that his prisoner, though generally closely confined, was permitted, under the charge of proper attendants, to take exercise without the walls; that he rode in an open cabriolet, accompanied by an officer, and attended by an armed soldier, who mounted behind by way of guard; and that, when at a distance from the walls, it was their custom to descend and walk together, for the better enjoyment of exercise.

On the day appointed, Lafayette was requested to gain as great a distance from the town as possible, and on their approach, by an appointed signal, to discover himself, as he was unknown to both.

Every preliminary being arranged, the friends quitted Olmutz, well mounted, Bollman leading a third horse, and in anxious expectation awaited the approach of the object of their solicitude.

The city is situated about thirty miles from Silesia, in the midst of a plain, which, taking the town as a centre, extends three miles each way, without the interposition of woods, rocks, or impediments of any kind. From the walls, every thing passing within these limits could be distinctly seen. Sentinels were posted at all points to give the alarm whenever a prisoner endeavored to escape, and considerable rewards promised to all who contributed their aid to secure him. These were indeed appalling difficulties, but not sufficient to check the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, intent to break the chains of a hero against whom no accusation rested, but an ardent and unceasing effort to better the condition of his fellow-men.

Lafayette at length appeared, accompanied by his usual attendants. The preconcerted signal was given, and returned. A conflict speedily succeeded, which gave freedom to the prisoner. The led horse was presented by Huger, who exclaimed, "Use the means, sir, that are offered for escape; and may Fortune be your guide!" But, before he could mount, the gleam of the sun upon the sword that had been wrested

from the officer startled the animal, who broke his bridle, and fled. Bollman rode off in pursuit, hoping to overtake him. In the interim, Huger, with a generosity truly chivalric, insisted that Lafayette should mount the horse that he himself rode, and hasten to the place appointed as a rendezvous. "Fly!" he exclaimed: "the alarm is given, the peasants are assembling. Save yourself!" The advice was followed, and in a little time the fugitive was out of sight. Bollman, who had in vain pursued the frightened horse, now returned, and, taking Huger up behind him, galloped away, following the route of Lafayette. They had gone but a little way, when the horse, unequal to such a burden, stumbled and fell; and Bollman was so terribly bruised as to be scarcely able to rise from the ground. The gallant Huger aided his exertions to remount, and, superior to every selfish consideration, earnestly entreated him to follow Lafayette, declaring that he could easily reach the woods which bordered the plain, and in their recesses find security. Bollman, though with extreme reluctance, complied.

During the rencounter which had taken place, the soldier who had remained with the cabriolet, instead of assisting his officer, ran off towards the town; but the alarm had been given long before his arrival there. The transaction had been seen from the walls, the cannon fired, and the country raised. Bollman evaded his pursuers by telling them that he himself was in pursuit. Huger, less fortunate, was marked by a party who never lost sight of him, and, being overtaken, was seized, and carried back in triumph to Olmutz. Meanwhile, Lafayette was rapidly advancing in his flight, and had actually progressed ten miles, when, arriving at a spot where the road divided, he was at a loss which to choose, and unluckily took the wrong one. Its direction very speedily induced him to suspect the truth; and he stopped to make inquiry of a man, who, concluding that he was a prisoner attempting to escape, gave him a wrong direction, running to a magistrate to communicate his suspicion; so that Lafayette, at a moment that he believed himself regaining a road that would give him security, found himself surrounded by an armed force, and again a prisoner.

To the interrogation of the magistrate, his answers were so apt and ready, and a tale invented to account for the rapidity of his movement so plausible and so satisfactory, that, expressing his conviction of his innocence, he was about to dismiss him, when a young man, entering the apartment with papers which required magisterial signature, after fixing his eyes attentively on the prisoner, said, "This is Gen. Lafayette! I was present when he was delivered up by the Prussians to the Austrian commandant at ——. This is the man: I cannot be mistaken." This declaration at once settled his fate. He, too, was triumphantly conducted to Olmutz. Bollman escaped into Prussian Silesia, but, after two days, was arrested, and again delivered over to the Austrian authorities.

On the arrival of Huger at Olmutz, he was carried before Count Archo, the military commandant of the city, a veteran of high respectability, who conducted himself during the examination with gentleness and humanity, but after some inquiries, delivered him over to the civil authority.

Three days after this, chained hand and foot, the dauntless enthusiast was again brought before the commandant and civil officer, to be further interrogated. The temper and disposition towards him seemed now essentially changed.

The civil officer this day took the lead in the examination; and when Huger complained, with strong expressions of indignation, of his treatment, the judge imperiously demanded, "Know you, sir, the forfeit of your conduct?" An answer being returned in the negative, he very solemnly and impressively replied, "Your life!" But, apparently in order to remove the impression that such a sentence was calculated to produce, Count Archo immediately turned the discourse into a panegyric upon the emperor, telling him that his youth, his motives, and conduct, could not but secure his clemency. "Clemency!" said Huger. "How can I expect it from a man who did not act even with justice towards Lafayette?" A check was immediately given to the boldness of the prisoner; and Count Archo then mildly added, "I judge of others from my own feelings. The attempt to injure me I freely forgive;

and, if ever I shall need a friend, I wish that friend may be an American." [1]

Anecdote of Joseph Wigfall.

[From the newspapers of the day, some incidents may be taken, though the whole style of journalism was so different from that now prevailing, as to render the papers less abundant in material made to hand than would be the case now. We take the following from the Pennsylvania Packet of July 15, 1780.]

When it was found necessary to call in the detachment of American troops which had been posted at Lampriere's Ferry,[2] opposite to Charleston, S.C., three men of Gen. Hogan's North-Carolina brigade were by some accident left behind, who, being in danger of falling into the enemy's hands, took shelter in the woods, and were travelling on towards Georgetown. In hopes of facilitating their march, and to profit by misfortune, one of them, who was clad in scarlet, suggested a stratagem of which his comrades approved, and which he carried into effect. He left his arms and ammunition with the other two, and went into the plantation of a poltroon Tory, or one of those mean-spirited wretches who ought forever to be stigmatized under the character of property-men, and to be made fair game to all parties. These creatures were early eager and noisy in fomenting the present war, but withdrew themselves the moment their fears dictated danger to their persons or their estates.

The brave North-Carolinian personated a messenger despatched by some of that tribe, and addressed the owner of the plantation in the following terms: "Sir, I understand you are a friend to the king and his government." The property-man, not a little alarmed at the sight of a Red-coat, hastily

[1] Major Garden seems to think he has told all his story, and perhaps he has. The reader may be glad to be assured, however, that Huger was released after a short confinement, and Lafayette remained about two years in prison.

[2] After the British had been strengthened by the re-enforcements from New York, on the 18th of April, they took post on Haddrell's Point, and obliged the Americans to abandon their post at Lampriere's Ferry.

interrupted him, "Yes, yes, sir! I am as true, faithful, and loyal a subject as any in his Majesty's dominions." — "I have been told so," said the soldier. "I am sent by some of his Majesty's friends to inform Lord Cornwallis of the approach of a rebel army from the northward, which is coming on very rapidly, and I am afraid will surprise that part of the king's army which his lordship commands in this quarter of the country, unless his lordship is speedily apprised of their design. I have travelled through swamps and thick woods to avoid being stopped by the rebels, and last night had the misfortune to lose my horse, saddle, &c." — "Sir," replied the Tory, "you shall have the best horse I am master of, — my own riding-horse; and I beg you will be expeditious in delivering your message; for, if the rebels come here, I shall be ruined, perhaps hanged. I don't know what they'll do to me, because I am a faithful subject. — Boy, saddle Spider, and bring him immediately for this gentleman: make haste!" Spider, a fine blooded horse was produced, with saddle, bridle, holsters, and pistols. This encouraged the soldier to intimate the loss of his side-arms. The turncoat, with equal haste, supplied him with his own militia sword. When the soldier was ready to mount, he remarked, the weather looked gloomy, and threatened rain, and that, among other articles, he had lost his surtout. "Sir," said the apostate, "I have a very fine roculoe at your service: pray make use of it, and go on as fast as possible, through wet and dry: your business is of great consequence." Thus equipped, the soldier rode off, and presently rejoined his companions, who were waiting for him in the bush. The three, all armed, and one mounted, proceeded on their journey for Georgetown. When they had marched a few miles, they encountered two of the British light-horse, who had been marauding, and plundering helpless women of their apparel. These fellows they took into custody, and conducted them safely into Georgetown, together with Spider and his furniture, the captured cavalry and their accoutrements, the silver-mounted sword, and the "very fine roculoe," splendidly marked on the cape, JOSEPH WIGFALL.

Duel between Dr. Haley and Delancy.

[From the "Traditions and Reminiscences of Dr. Joseph Johnson," we take the remaining incidents in this volume.]

In 1771, on the 16th of August, an altercation arose, at a genteel house of entertainment in St. Michael's Alley, between Dr. John Haley and Delancy, — an elegant, accomplished royalist of New York, a brother of Mrs. Ralph Izard. Delancy being irritated, probably from being foiled in argument, insulted Dr. Haley by giving him the "lie." Haley immediately challenged Delancy to fight with pistols at that house, and proposed that they should go together to an upper room, alone, and without seconds. Delancy accepted the challenge and the proposed arrangement. He took one of the pistols offered to him by Haley. They fought across a table, fired at the same moment; and Delancy was killed.

Dr. Haley was an Irishman by birth, an eminent practitioner of medicine in Charleston. He warmly espoused the popular cause in opposition to royalty, and, as a man of education and influence, was much encouraged by the leaders of the incipient revolution. Delancy being a very distinguished man among the Royalists, much irritation was exhibited among them at his death and the circumstances attending it. The Whigs, on the other hand, defended Dr. Haley, and concealed him until his trial came on. During this concealment, being secluded from society, and deprived of his usual occupations of mind and body, he became melancholy; and this depression was increased by an accidental occurrence that took place while he was in this seclusion. In passing, after dark, across the enclosure where he staid in the country, a clothes-line, which had been left extended and unseen, suddenly caught him by the throat, and stopped his course. He considered this to be ominous of his fate; and the impression could not be dispelled by the reasoning or the jokes of his friends. He may have imbibed superstitious fears from nursery-tales in his youth, which sometimes, even in manhood, imbitter the feelings. The firmest minds have their moments of weakness;

and, in his situation, such depression might be expected. Dr. Haley knew, that having fought without witnesses, and killed his opponent, the laws of his country, and the usages of courts, considered him a murderer, and that he must be tried for his life. His cause, however, had been taken up as a party dispute. Thomas Heyward, the Pinckneys, and the Rutledges, defended him in his trial. They proved that Delancy was the aggressor; that he not only accepted the challenge, but the terms also; that he took Haley's offered pistol, and voluntarily followed him up stairs into a private room, as had been proposed; that he fired with intent to kill Haley with his own pistol, for the two balls with which it was loaded were taken out of the wall just back of his adversary, — one on each side of where he stood. Haley was acquitted; and his acquital was considered a great triumph by the Whigs and popular party, situated as they were under the royal government. It was also considered by the Royalists a proportionate source of chagrin.

Anecdotes of John Walters Gibbs.

Many anecdotes were told of John Walters Gibbs, but few of which are now remembered. Besides being a great humorist, he was a gentleman in character and deportment. It is well known that rum (made by distillation from fermented sugar or molasses) was drunk almost universally at that time in America. Many were intemperate in the use of it; and, among others, a man of some note, named Hill, had become a drunkard; and his life was shortened in consequence. Mr. Gibbs wrote the following epigram at the time of his death: —

> The essence of the dulcet cane
> Has sunk a "Hill" six feet beneath the plain.

After the Revolution, Mr. Gibbs found himself, like most others, in narrow circumstances, and opened a counting-house in his former line as broker and auctioneer. He was uneducated in the Wall-street school; and, after various expedients to draw attention and obtain employment, he said that he was so much reduced, that he was alarmed if he heard his wife speak

of going out, lest she should purchase something that he was unable to pay for, and thus expose his poverty. At length he advertised a sum of money to be loaned out, when he had scarcely enough to pay for the advertisement. This brought many applicants to his office: he had never seen so many customers there before. To all of them he expressed himself very sorry that they had come so late. The money was all disposed of; but he expected to have more shortly, &c. It happened, beyond his expectations, that a gentleman called to say, that, having read his advertisment, he had come, not to borrow but to loan money through his agency, supposing him to be best acquainted with the relative credits of borrowers. This was just what Mr. Gibbs wanted: it gave him not only commissions, but credit and custom. He could now speculate, and, as opportunity offered, would sell out at a profit.

Shortly after this, a gang of negroes was sent to him for sale; and, about the same time, an English merchant called with an invoice of wigs, to inquire if there was any chance of selling them. He had been misled by some wag in England, punning on the party term Whig, who said that Whigs were all the rage now in America. Mr. Gibbs promptly undertook to sell the wigs, and advertised to sell the negroes on a certain day, *each having on a new and fashionable wig.* Accordingly, on the day of sale, a great company assembled; and the negroes were put up for sale, each with a powdered wig over his natural black wool, and each wig to be paid for at a guinea apiece, let the negroes sell for what they may. The novelty of the scene, and Mr. Gibbs's humor, inspired the assembled people. The bids were very lively and liberal. The negroes were all well sold; and the powdered, old-fashioned wigs, with long cues, and great rolls of curls, all brought a guinea apiece in addition.

During the Revolution, when the citizens were harassed by frequent drafts to serve in the militia, and substitutes were hired to relieve them from the duty, Mr. Gibbs was still ready to amuse himself and others. He was one day on the vendue table, professionally engaged, when a green-looking back-

woodsman looked up, and asked, "What he was doing thar?" Mr. Gibbs whispered, in answer, that he would put the countryman in a way of making 200 or 300 dollars, if he would come up there, and not interrupt him. He immediately set up the countryman for sale, as a substitute, to the highest bidder. "Here, gentlemen, is an able-bodied substitute; will serve three months for him who will pay him best. You all see that he is sound, sober, honest, and no runaway. Who bids $100? I will warrant him full of blood and courage. Who bids $150, 150, 200, 250? I'll knock him down." At this apparent threat, the countryman turned short round to defend himself. "That's a brave fellow!" said Mr. Gibbs: "see how ready he is to fight. He is worth $50 more to any man. Who will give $300 for this fine fellow? It's your bid, sir, $300: he is yours, sir." The countryman now asked, for the first time, what he was to do; and on being told that he must go and fight the British, Tories, and Indians, he said very dryly, "I be darned if I do!" After some further bantering, they agreed to let the countryman off, if he would treat them to a bowl of punch.

During the Revolution, Mr. Gibbs was frequently on guard-duty in the volunteer company to which he was attached. He observed that one member of the company was always ready to answer at roll-call morning and evening, but never could be found when his squad was called out in turn for patrol. Mr. Gibbs found, by watching, that this gentleman always retired into the church at which the company were stationed, and slept all night in the pulpit. For more reasons than one, he determined to expose the trick practised on them, and prevent its continuance. When they were again going on duty, Mr. Gibbs procured a calf, and secured it secretly in the pulpit before the meeting of the company. After roll-call, his sleepy companion strolled off as usual. Mr. Gibbs kept his eye upon him, but said nothing. After a while, a tremendous outcry and downfall was heard in the church; and Mr. Gibbs, taking a light, called on the company present to go with him, and see if any thing supernatural would make its appearance.

The group soon arrived at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, and, to their astonishment, found their comrade prostrate on the floor, and the calf, dazzled by the light, standing mutely over him. After removing the calf, their comrade came to his senses, and declared, that, when he heard the scraping and rattling made by the cloven-footed animal in the pulpit, he really believed it to be the Devil, come to punish him for his irreverence in this case, and for other sins. After this, if ever negligent of duty, his fellow-soldiers would only bleat at him like a calf, and he became very punctual.

On one occasion Mr. Gibbs invited a party to dine with him, of whom only one or two were his old convivial associates in fun and frolic. The rest were all habitual stutterers, and, the more they stuttered, the better suited to his purpose. He arranged them at table so as to increase the effect. Each one was politely asked what he would be helped to, what part he would prefer, &c.; and, while trying hard to express their wishes and thanks, there was a general display of grimaces, with uncouth but unutterable sounds. Each guest must be content to eat what was before him, or be laughed at, in his fruitless endeavors to ask for what he would have preferred.

Some of the guests were displeased at the evident intention of their host, but were so well plied with his excellent wine, so well filled with his good cheer, so well amused with his social and entertaining conversation, and with the good stories and jokes of those who did not stutter, that they at last retired in good humor with Mr. Gibbs, and all the world besides.

Gen. Thomas Polk of North Carolina.

In the fall of 1782, while a child, I remained two or three months in Charlotte with my father's family. I remember to have seen the then Gen. Polk and his sons repeatedly. The general was plain and unassuming in his deportment, more like a farmer or miller than a general. The sons were wild, frolicsome blades, four in number, named Charles, William,

James, and Ezekiel. I there heard it told that the general was, on some occasion, speaking of highway robberies, sometimes committed by a single man. He expressed his surprise at their frequent occurrence, without capture or resistance, and went on to say that he had never been robbed, and no single man would dare attempt it. His sons all heard it; and Charles resolved to try him. Hearing that his father was going on some by-road to receive a sum of money, he waylaid him, and demanded the instant delivery of all that he had. The father grasped at his pistols, but Charles was too quick for him; and seeing a pistol, as he supposed, presented to his breast, he gave up the money, and went home very much fretted and mortified at the result. After some condolence with their father, the young men inquired the cause of his depression, and offered their aid in any difficulties. He then told them that he had been robbed of such a sum of money on the road designated. They all expressed surprise, and asked if he did not go armed on that occasion. He acknowledged that he had his pistols, but had not time to use them. They then, with apparently greater surprise, concluded that there must have been several highwaymen associated; and he, with increased mortification, acknowledged that there was but one, but said he was taken by surprise, and off his guard. The three youngest sons then retired; and Charles, returning the money, acknowledged that he had taken it from him. "What!" said the general: "and did you endanger your father's life?"—"No, sir!" said Charles. "What! did you not present a pistol to my breast?"—"No, sir!" said Charles. "How can you say that?" said the father. "I assure you, sir," said Charles, "it was only my mother's brass candlestick, that I took off from your own mantlepiece."

Peeling a Prisoner.

Fort Watson, it will be remembered, was a British fort, built on the top of an Indian mound, at least forty feet above the surrounding country, near the margin of Scott's Lake, on the upper part of Santee River. When this fort was taken

by the united forces of Marion and Lee, Lieut. Manning, of Lee's legion, was one of the officers ordered to take charge of the prisoners. The Americans were very destitute of clothing, food, and other necessaries. When the inhabitants of the fort marched out, Manning observed one of them, uncommonly stout for his height, and yet thin in his face: his name was Rosher. Manning went up to him, and asked, "What have you here, my good fellow? Is all this from good living?"— "No," said Rosher, "we often suffered very much for want of food, and, but for our surrender, should soon have suffered cruelly."— Well, then, my good fellow, unbutton, and show us what makes you so corpulent: unburden yourself." So the soldier commenced to take off coat after coat, waistcoat after waistcoat, and shirt after shirt, until he had removed a dozen, or more; Manning all the while, encouraging him. "Come, pull away, my good fellow: be quick, if you please! You are a godsend to my half-clad comrades. Be in a hurry, if you please!" until he came down to his old buff friend, of which Manning did not wish to fleece him. "Now, my good fellow, be pleased to try it lower down." So Rosher continued to take off breeches after breeches, stockings after stockings, &c., until he had nearly got all off. Lieut. Manning then told him to choose a suit of the best, and be thankful to the Americans, who had kindly saved him from starving in that bit of a fort. Rosher resided, several years after the peace, in the neighborhood of Fort Watson, and often told this story himself among his other adventures.

VIOLENT SURGERY.

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men were Robert Simons and William Withers, two young men equally inconsiderate. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and, while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practised shot, was examining his pistols to see if they were in prime order for any emergency; while Simons sat near him, either reading, or absorbed in thought, or the want of thought — a revery. "Bob," said Withers, "if you

had not that bump on the bridge of your nose, you would be a likely young fellow." — "Do you think so?" said Simons, and again sunk into his revery. Withers, for want of something else to do, was pointing his pistol at different objects, to steady his hand, and practise the grasp, weight, and level of his favorite weapons. At last, as Simons sat sideways to him, Withers's eyes were again attracted by the prominent bridge of his nose. "Bob," said Withers, "I think that I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose." — "Ah!" said Bob. "Shall I shoot?" said Withers. "Shoot," said Bob; and crack went the pistol. The ball could not have been better aimed: it struck the projecting bridge, and demolished it forever. The bone was, of course, shattered; and, instead of Simons being improved in his appearance, he became a very ugly man. I knew Robert Simons personally: he lived many years at a plantation on Ashley River, called Mount Gerizim.

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